A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

BY L. STERNE

London: George Routledge and Sons.

AUTHOR'S UNABRIDGED EDITION.

J. F. COOPER'S NOVELS.

PRICE 6D. EACH.

Routledge's Complete Edition.

THE PILOT.
THE DEERSLAYER.
THE PATHFINDER.
THE PIONEERS.
THE PRAIRIE.
THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.
THE HEADSMAN.
LIONEL LINCOLN.
OAK OPENINGS.
THE BORDERERS.
SATANSTOE.
NED MYERS.
THE SEA LIONS.
THE SPY.
MILES WALLINGFORD.
AFLOAT AND ASHORE.
THE WATERWITCH.
HOMEWARD BOUND.
EVE EFFINGHAM.
MARK'S REEF.
WYANDOTTE.
THE BRAVO.
THE HEIDENMAUER.
PRECAUTION.
THE RED ROVER.
THE TWO ADMIRALS.

Routledge's Sixpenny Novels, &c.

Uniform with the above.

THE COLLEEN BAWN.
ROBINSON CRUSOE.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.
TRISTRAM SHANDY.
THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.
WASHINGTON IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK.

LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

RB 79.451

Walter Scott
Selkirk

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

AND

LETTERS.

BY

LAURENCE STERNE.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. OGDEN AND CO.,
170, ST. JOHN STREET, CLERKENWELL, E.C.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

—THEY order, said I, this matter better in France.

....You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me, with the most civil triumph in the world....Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, that one-and-twenty miles, sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights :—I'll look into them : so, giving up the argument,—I went straight to my lodgings, put up half-a-dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches ;—"the coat I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do ;"—took a place in the Dover stage ; and, the packet sailing at nine the next morning, —by three I had got set down to my dinner upon a fricaseed chicken, so incontestibly in France that, had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the efforts of the *droits d'aubaine ;**—my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches, portmanteau and all, must have gone to the King of France :—even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck !—Ungenerous ! to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects have beckoned to their coast !—by Heaven ! Sire, it is not well done ; and much does it grieve me 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with !

But I have scarce set a foot in your dominions—

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finished my dinner, and drunk the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper,—I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No, said I, the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race : they may be misled, like other people ; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek, more warm and friendly to man than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—Just God ! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way ?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand ! he pulls out his purse, and, holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him as if he sought for an object to share it with.—In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate,—the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life performed it with so little friction that 'twould have confounded the most *physical precieuse* in France : with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine.

I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea carried Nature, at that time, as high as she could go ;—I was at peace with the world before, and this finish'd the treaty with myself.

—Now, was I a King of France, cried I, what a moment for an orphan to have begged his father's portmanteau of me !

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD scarce uttered the words, when a poor Monk, of the order of St. Francis, came into the room, to beg something for his convent.—No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies,—or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant ;—*sed non quoad hanc*,—or be it as it may,—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours, they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves ;—'twould oft be no discredit to us to suppose it was so : I'm sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied to have it said by the world—"I had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may,—the moment I

* All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scots excepted) dying in France are seized, by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot ;—the profit of these contingencies being farmed, there is no redress.

cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket, button'd it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy; but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty:—truth might lie between,—he was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed with the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted,—mild, pale, penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth; it look'd forwards, but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Brahmin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and, as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order;—and did it with so simple a grace,—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it.—

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address:—'tis very true,—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world! the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic.—I felt the full force of the appeal.—I acknowledge it, said I;—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet,—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm!—the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *Order of Mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing to my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate.—The monk made me a bow.—But of all others, resum'd I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights: and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore.—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent.—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic in return for his appeal,—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry:—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none:—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door.—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times,—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language.—I considered his grey hairs:—his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate.—I have behaved very ill, said I, within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage, however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now, there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise,—and Nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walked out into the coach-yard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: an old *desobligeant*,* in the furthest corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight; so I instantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessein, the master of the hotel;—but Monsieur Dessein being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived at the inn,—I drew the taffeta-curtain betwixt us, and, being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *desobligeant*.

PREFACE.

IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

IT must have been observed, by many a peripatetic philosopher, that Nature has set up, by her own unquestionable authority, certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man; she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his sufferings at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits; but 'tis so ordered that, from the want of languages, connexions, dependencies, and, from the difference in educations, customs, and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow hence that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated adventurer: he must buy what he has little occasion for, at their own price;—his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large discount,—and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers, for such conversation as he can find it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party

* A chaise so called in France, from its holding but one person.

This brings me to my point, and naturally leads me (if the see-saw of this *desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as final causes of travelling.

Your idle people, that leave their native country, and go abroad for some reason or reasons which may be derived from one of these general causes:—

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable necessity.

The two first include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity, or spleen, subdivided and combined *ad infinitum*.

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents, travelling under the direction of governors recommended by the magistrate;—or young gentlemen, transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number is so small that they would not deserve a distinction, were it not necessary, in a work of this nature, to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character: and these men I speak of are such as cross the seas, and sojourn in a land of strangers, with a view of saving money, for various reasons, and upon various pretences; but, as they might also save others a great deal of unnecessary trouble by saving their money at home,—and, as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species of emigrants, I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following heads:—

Idle Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers;

then follow

The Travellers of Necessity,
The Delinquent and Felonious Traveller,
The Unfortunate and Innocent Traveller,
The Simple Traveller,

And last of all (if you please) The Sentimental Traveller (meaning thereby myself), who have travelled, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account,—as much out of *Necessity*, and the *besoin de Voyager*, as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my forerunners,

that I might have insisted upon a whole niche entirely to myself; but I should break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle.* It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a Traveller himself, that, with study and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue;—it will be one step towards knowing himself, as it is great odds but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (observe he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape that the same grape produced upon the French mountains,—he was too phlegmatic for that;—but, undoubtedly, he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor;—but whether good, bad, or indifferent,—he knew enough of this world to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynheer* might possibly overset both in his new vineyard; and, by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor Traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but whether useful knowledge and real improvements are all a lottery;—and, even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety, to turn to any profit:—but, as the chances run prodigiously the other way both as to the acquisition and application, I am of opinion that a man would act as wisely if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either;—and indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time cost me when I have observed how many a foul step the Inquisitive Traveller has measured, to see sights and look into discoveries, all which, as Sancho Panza said to Don Quixote, they might have seen dry-shod at home. It is an age so full of light that there is scarce a country or corner of Europe whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others.—Knowledge, in most of its branches, and in most affairs, is like music in an Italian street, whereof those may partake who pay nothing.—But there is no nation under Heaven,—and God is my record (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work)—that I do not speak it vauntingly,—But there is no nation under Heaven abounding with more variety of learning,—where the sciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more surely won, than here,—where Art is encouraged, and will soon rise high,—where Nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for,—and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with:—Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going?—

...We are only looking at this chaise, said they....Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat.... We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *Inquisitive Traveller*,—what could occasion its motion....'Twas the agitation, said I, coolly, of writing a preface. ...I never heard, said the other, who was a *Simple Traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *desobligeant*....It would have been better, said I, in a *vis-à-vis*.

As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room

CALAIS.

I PERCEIVED that something darkened the passage more than myself, as I stepped along it to my room; it was effectually Mons. Dessein, the master of the hotel, who had just returned from vespers, and with his hat under his arm was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *desobligeant;* and Mons. Dessein speaking of it with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belonged to some *Innocent Traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Mons. Dessein's honour to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard: and having sallied out thence but a vamped-up business at first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures,—but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard. Much, indeed, was not to be said for it,—but something might,—and, when a few words will rescue Misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now, was I the master of this hotel, said I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Mons. Dessein's breast, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *desobligeant*; it stands swinging reproaches at you every time you pass by it.

Mon Dieu! said Mons. Dessein,—I have no interest....Except the interest, said I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Mons.

Dessein, in their own sensations,—I'm persuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your spirits. You suffer, Mons. Dessein, as much as the machine.

I have always observed, when there is as much *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman is eternally at a loss within himself whether to take it or let it alone; a Frenchman never is; Mons. Dessein made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he.—But, in this case, I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss. Figure to yourself, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris,—figure to yourself how much I should suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit*.

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it,—and returning Mons. Dessein his bow, without more casuistry we walked together towards his remise, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post-chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street to determine the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde Park Corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor swordsman, and no way a match for Mons. Dessein, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me to which the situation is incident;—I looked at Monsieur Dessein through and through,—eyed him as he walked along in profile,—then *en face*;—thought he looked like a Jew,—then a Turk,—disliked his wig,—cursed him by my gods,—wished him at the Devil!

And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four Louis d'ors, which is the most I can be overreached in?—Base passion! turning myself about, as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment,—base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man and every man's hand against thee.... Heaven forbid! said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the monk:—she had followed us unperceived.—Heaven forbid, indeed! said I, offering her my own;—she had a black pair of silk gloves, open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, so accepted it without reserve,—and I led her up to the door of the remise.

Monsieur Dessein had *diabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himself to have it opened, and so attentive to the obstacle that I continued holding her hand almost without knowing it; so that Mons. Dessein left us together, with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the remise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now, a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street. In the latter case 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without;—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank—you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment, upon Mons. Dessein's leaving us, had been fatal to the situation,—she had infallibly turned about;—so I began the conversation instantly.

—But what were the temptations (as I write not to apologize for the weakness of my heart in this tour,—but to give an account of them)—shall be described with the same simplicity with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *desobligeant*, because I saw the monk in close conference with the lady just arrived at the inn, I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said he was telling her what had passed: something jarred upon it within me,—I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding, it saves the judgment a world of pains.—I was certain she was of a better order of beings:—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness, with which she gave me her hand, showed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and, as I led her on, I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread a calmness over all my spirits.

—Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!

I had not yet seen her face, 'twas not material; for the drawing was instantly set about, and, long before we had got to the door of the remise, *Fancy* had finished the whole head, and pleased herself as much with its fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the Tiber for it;—but thou art seduced, and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us

seven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with so many charms dost thou do it, and thou deckest out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels of light, 'tis a shame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the remise, she withdrew her hand from across her forehead, and let me see the original :—it was a face of about six-and-twenty,—of a clear transparent brown, simply set off without rouge or powder ;—it was not critically handsome, but there was that in it which, in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it,—it was interesting ; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that state of its declension which had passed the two first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to its loss ; —but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines ; I wish'd to know what they had been,—and was ready to enquire, had the same *bon ton* of conversation permitted as in the days of Esdras)—*What aileth thee? and why art thou disquieted? and why is thy understanding troubled?* In a word, I felt benevolence for her, and resolved, some way or other, to throw in my mite of courtesy if not of service.

Such were my temptations ;—and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady, with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned closer to the door of the remise than was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady, said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings ; to take two utter strangers by their hands,—of different sexes, and, perhaps, from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in such a cordial situation as Friendship herself could scarce have achieved for them, had she projected it for a month.—

...And your reflection upon it shows how much, Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure.

When the situation is what we would wish, nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so.—You thank Fortune, continued she ;—you had reason,—the heart knew it, and was satisfied ; and who but an English philosopher would have sent notice of it to the brain to reverse the judgment?

In saying this, she disengaged her hand, with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning that it suffered a pain, which worthier occasions could not have inflicted.—I was mortified with the loss of her hand ; and the manner in which I had lost it carried neither oil nor wine to the wound. I never felt the pain of a peevish inferiority so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply ; some way or other, God knows how, I regained my situation.

—She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking, from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I had been mistaken in her character ; but, upon turning her face towards me,—the muscles relaxed, and I saw the same unprotected look of distress which first won me to her interest :—melancholy ! to see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow,—I pitied her from my soul ; and, though it may seem ridiculous enough to a torbid heart,—I could have taken her into my arms, and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsation of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers, told her what was passing within me. She looked down : —a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own,—not as if she was going to withdraw hers,—but as if she thought about it ;—and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct, more than reason, directed me to the last resource in these dangers,—to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it of myself : so she let it continue till Mons. Dessein returned with the key ; and, in the meantime, I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within six paces of us as the idea of him cross'd my mind ; and was advancing towards us, a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. He stopped, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness, and, having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me....You shall taste mine, said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one), and putting it into his hand....'Tis most excellent, said the monk....Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all ; when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect

it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blush'd as red as scarlet: *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together,—you never used me unkindly....I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. ...I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few, who feel, to analyse. Excuse me, Madam, replied I,—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations....'Tis impossible, said the lady.... My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him,—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal.—The lady opposed it; and I joined with her,—in maintaining that it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place when, in such a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubbed his horn-box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction, he made a low bow, and said, 'Twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest; but, be as it would, —he begged we might exchange boxes.—In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it,—with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom, —and took his leave.

I guard this box as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better. In truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the justlings of the world: they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when, upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits as I am going to add that, in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months; and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off. I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him,—when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections that I burst into a flood of tears;—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits, which had suffered a revulsion from her, crowded back to her as I did it.

Now the two travellers, who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happened at that crisis to be passing by, and, observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we must be *man and wife* at least; so, stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the remise, the one of them, who was the Inquisitive Traveller, asked us if we set out for Paris the next morning?...I could only answer for myself, I said;—and the lady added, she was for Amiens....We dined there yesterday, said the Simple Traveller....You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris.—I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence *that Amiens was in the road to Paris;* but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn-box to take a pinch of snuff, I made them a quiet bow, and wished them a good passage to Dover.—They left us alone.

Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise?—and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion and bad propensity in my nature took the alarm as I stated the proposition:—It will oblige you to have a third horse, said *Avarice*, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket. You know not what she is, said *Caution;* or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whisper'd *Cowardice.*

—Depend upon it, Yorick, said *Discretion*, 'twill be said you went off with a mistress; and came, by assignation, to Calais for that purpose.

—You can never after, cried *Hypocrisy*, aloud, shew your face in the world;—nor rise, quoth *Meanness*, in the church;—nor be any thing in it, said *Pride*, but a lousy prebendary.

But 'tis a civil thing, said I;—and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose that I know of but to encompass the heart with adamant,—I turn'd instantly about to the lady.—

But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street by the time I that had made the determination; so I set off

after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was master of; but observing she walk'd with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand,—with the slow, short-measur'd step of thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fixed upon the ground, it struck me she was trying the same cause herself.—God help her! said I, she has some mother-in-law, or tartufish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion, as well as myself; so, not caring to interrupt the process, and deeming it more gallant to take her at discretion than surprise, I faced about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the remise, whilst she walk'd musing on one side.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on the first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy that she was of the better order of beings;—and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, that she was a widow, and wore a character of distress,—I went no further; I got ground enough for the situation which pleased me; and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me ere something within me called out for a more particular inquiry;—it brought on the idea of a further separation:—I might possibly never see her more:—the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces through which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself. In a word, I wished to know her name,—her family,—her condition;—and, as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know whence she came; but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I formed a score different plans.—There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly;—the thing was impossible.

A little French *debonnaire* captain, who came dancing down the street, showed me it was the easiest thing in the world;—for popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and, before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to present him to the lady.—I had not been presented myself;—so, turning about to her, he did it just as well, by asking her if she had come from Paris?....No: she was going that route, she said....*Vous n êtes pas de Londres?*....She was not, she replied....Then Madame must have come through Flanders....*Apparemment vous êtes Flamande?* said the French captain.—The lady answered, she was....*Peut-être de Lisle?* added he....She answered, she was not of Lisle....Nor Arras?...nor Cambray?...nor Ghent?...nor Brussels?....She answered, she was of Brussels.

...He had the honour, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war;—that it was finely situated, *pour cela*, — and full of noblesse when the Imperialists were driven out by the French (the lady made a slight curtsey);—so giving her an account of the affair, and of the share he had had in it,—he begged the honour to know her name,—so made his bow.

—*Et Madame a son mari?* said he, looking back when he had made two steps,—and, without staying for an answer,—danced down the street.

Had I served seven years' apprenticeship to good-breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

As the little French captain left us, Mons. Dessein came up with the key of the remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Mons. Dessein opened the door of the remise, was another old tatter'd *desobligeant*; and notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the church-yard but an hour before, the very sight of it stirred up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought it 'twas a churlish beast into whose heart the idea could first enter to construct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as myself: so Mons. Dessein led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris, so were, in all respects, as good as new. They were too good;—so I passed on to a third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price....But 'twill scarce hold two, said I, opening the door and getting in....Have the goodness, Madam, said Mons. Dessein, offering his arm, to step in....The lady hesitated half a second, and stepped in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to Mons. Dessein, he shut the door of the chaise upon us.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

C'EST *bien comique*, 'tis very droll, said the lady, smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left to-

gether by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies,—*c'est bien comique*, said she.

...There wants nothing, said I, to make it so but the comic use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to,—to make love the first moment—and an offer of his person the second.

..'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady.

...It is supposed so, at least;—and how it has come to pass, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better, than any other nation upon earth; but, for my own part, I think them arrant bunglers; and, in truth, the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *sentiments!*

I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of clothes out of remnants;—and to do it—pop,—at first sight by declaration,—is submitting the offer and themselves with it, to be sifted with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if she expected I should go on.

—Consider then, Madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers,—

That grave people hate Love for the name's sake,—

That selfish people hate it for their own,—

Hypocrites for Heaven's,—

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frightened than hurt by the very *report*....

What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays who ever lets the word come out of his lips till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it becomes tormenting! A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm,—nor so vague as to be misunderstood—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it,—leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind.

—Then I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing,—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR DESSEIN came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady that Count de L——, her brother, was just arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite goodwill for the lady, I cannot say that I rejoiced in my heart at the event,—and could not help telling her so;—for it is fatal to a proposal, Madam, said I, that I was going to make to you.

...You need not tell me what the proposal was, said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted me,—a man, my good Sir, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman but she has a presentiment of it some moments before.

...Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preservation.

...But I think, said she, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend; and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(she stopped a moment)—I believe your good-will would have drawn a story from me which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In saying this she suffered me to kiss her hand twice; and, with a look of sensibility mixed with concern, she got out of the chaise,—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life. My time seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady; and, knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myself into motion,—I ordered post-horses directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! said I, hearing the town-clock strike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais,—

What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on!

—If this won't turn out something,—another will;—no matter,—'tis an essay upon human nature;—I get my labour for my pains,—'tis enough;—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren;—and so it is: and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a desert, I would fine out wherewith in it to call forth my affections:—If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to;—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection;—I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert; if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn;—and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris,—from Paris to Rome—and so on;—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice; and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted.—He wrote an account of them; but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon :—he was just coming out of it. *'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit,** said he.... I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I ;—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home ; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, "wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals who each other eat : the Anthropophagi."—He had been flay'd alive, and bedevill'd, and used worse than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at....

I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. ...You had better tell it, said I, to your physician.

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour ; going from Rome to Naples—from Naples to Venice,—from Venice to Vienna,—to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of ; but he had travell'd straight on, looking neither to his right hand nor his left, lest Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them, if it is to be found ; but Heaven itself, was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it ; every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival.—Nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity.—I heartily pity them ; they have brought up no faculties for this work : and was the happiest mansion in Heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy that the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postilion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting.—Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me that *that* was the very thing.

A servant ! that I do, most sadly, quoth I. —Because, Monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman. ...But why an English one more than any other?...They are so generous, said the landlord....I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night.

* Vide S——'s Travels.

...But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur, added he....Set down one livre more for that, quoth I....It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois presentait un ecu à la fille de chambre....Tant pis, pour Mademoiselle Janatone*, said I.

Now Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me I should not have said *tant pis ;*—but *tant mieux.*—*Tant mieux, toujours, Monsieur*, said he, when there is anything to be got ;—*tant pis*, when there is nothing....It comes to the same thing, said I.—*Pardonnez moi*, said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe, once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux*, being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis, at our Ambassador's table, demanded of Mr. H—, if he was H— the poet?—No, said Mr. H—, mildly....*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

...It is H— the historian, said another.... *Tant mieux*, said the Marquis.—And Mr. H—, who is a man of an excellent heart, returned thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoken of,—saying only first, that, as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing—Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him ; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord delivered this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon ;—and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of Nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight ; but never more so than when a poor Devil comes to offer his service to so poor a Devil as myself ; and, as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account—and this, more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case ;—and, I may add, the gender, too, of the person I am to govern.

When La Fleur entered the room, after every discount I could make, for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour ; so I hired him first,—and then began to enquire what he could do.—But I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them ; besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his

talents do: and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *serving* for a few years: at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found, moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it opened no further track of glory to him,—he retired *a ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu*;—that is to say, upon nothing.

...And so, quoth Wisdom, you have hired a drummer to attend you, in this tour of yours through France and Italy!...Pshaw! said I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a humdrum *compagnon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the Devil and all to pay besides? When a man can extricate himself with a *equivoque* in such an unequal match,—he is not ill off....But you can do something else, La Fleur? said I.... *O qu' oui!* he could make spatterdashes, and could play a little upon the fiddle.—Bravo! said Wisdom.—Why I play a bass myself, said I;—we shall do very well. You can shave, and dress a wig a little, La Fleur?—He had all the dispositions in the world....It is enough for Heaven, said I, interrupting him,—and ought to be enough for me.—So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever Nature painted in one, on the other—I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

As La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little further in his behalf, by saying that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me than in regard to this fellow;—he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper;—it supplied all defects:—I had a constant resource in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own—(I was going to have added, of his too); but La Fleur was out of the reach of everything; for whether it was hunger or thirst, or cold or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill-luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by,—he was eternally the same; so, if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am,—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb;—but he seemed, at first sight, to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and, before I had been three days in Paris with him,—he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half-a-dozen shirts, and a silk pair of breeches: and bid him fasten all upon the chaise,—get the horses put to,—and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

...*C'est un garcon de bonne fortune*, said the landlord, pointing through the window, to half-a-dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him as the postilion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town; and there is scarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt. He has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love."...I am heartily glad of it, said I; 'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur's éloge as my own, having been in love with one princess or other almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so till I die, being firmly persuaded that, if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another: whilst this interregnum lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up,—I can scarce find in it to give misery a sixpence: and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can; and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good-will again; and would do any thing in the world, either for or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

—But in saying this,—sure I am commending the passion,—not myself.

A FRAGMENT.

—THE town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations,—libels, pasquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day;—'twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst,

came to pass that the Andromeda of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it; but, of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations than the tender strokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic speech of Perseus, *O Cupid, prince of Gods and men*, &c. Every man almost spoke pure iambics the next day, and talked of nothing but Perseus's pathetic address,—"O Cupid, prince of Gods and men!" in every street of Abdera, in every house,—"O Cupid! Cupid:"—in every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drop from it, whether it will or no,—nothing but "Cupid! Cupid! prince of Gods and men!"—The fire caught, —and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itself to Love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of helebore, not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death;—Friendship and Virtue met together, and kissed each other in the street;—the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera;—every Abderite took his oaten pipe; and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down, and listened to the song.

—'Twas only in the power, says the Fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for at the inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty who surround you. Let no man say, "Let them go to the Devil!"—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables; and they have had sufferings enow without it. I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them:—they will be registered elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

—A well-a-way! said I,—I have but eight sous in the world, showing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for them.

A poor tattered soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole *parterre* cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish, brisk fellow, who stood over against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined. The poor little fellow pressed it upon them with a nod of welcomeness—*Prenez-en,—prenez*, said he, looking another way: so they each took a pinch.—Pity thy box should ever want one, said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it,—taking a small pinch out of his box to enhance their value, as I did it.—He felt the weight of the second obligation more than of the first,—'twas doing him an honour. —the other was only doing him a charity;— and he made me a bow to the ground for it.

...Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaigned and worn out to death in the service,—here's a couple of sous for thee.—*Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left: so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begged....The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher et tres-charitable Monsieur.... There's no opposing this, said I.

My Lord Anglois!—the very sound was worth the money;—so I gave *my last sous for it*. But, in the eagerness of giving, I had overlooked a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believe, would have perished ere he could have asked one for himself; he stood by the chaise, a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days.

—Good God! said I, and I have not one single sous left to give him....But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of Nature, stirring within me;—so I gave him—no matter what,—I am ashamed to say *how much* now,—and was ashamed to think how little then; so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse.—Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore*, said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing, —he pulled out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away;—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life ; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far-side of a little *bidet*,* and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs), he cantered away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.

—But what is happiness ! what is grandeur, in this painted scene of life !—A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career ;—his bidet would not pass by it,—a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kicked out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Christian, saying neither more nor less upon it than *Diable!* so presently got up, and came to the charge again astride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again, then this way,—then that way, and, in short, every way but by the dead ass : La Fleur insisted upon the thing,—and the bidet threw him.

—What's the matter, La Fleur, said I, with this bidet of thine? .. *Monsieur*, said he, *c'est un cheval le plus opiniatre du monde*....Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way, replied I.—So La Fleur got off him, and, giving him a good sound lash, the bidet took me at my word, and away he scampered back to Montriul.—*Peste!* said La Fleur.

It is not *mal-à-propos* to take notice here that, though La Fleur availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter,—namely, *Diable!* and *Peste!* that there are, nevertheless, three in the French language, like the positive, comparative, and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable! which is the first and positive degree, is generally used in ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectations,—such as—the throwing one's doublets,—La Fleur's being kicked off his horse, and so forth,—Cuckoldom, for the same reason is always—*Le Diable.*

But, in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the bidets's running away after leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots,—'tis the second degree;

'Tis then *Peste!*

And for the third—

—But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries must have been their lot, and how bitterly so refined a people must have smarted to have forced them upon the use of it.

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in distress !—whatever is my *cast*, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

—But, as these were not to be had in France, I resolved to take every evil just as it befel me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant with himself, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of sight,—and then, you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frightened horse in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaise or into it.

I preferred the latter, and, in half an hour, we got to the post-house at Nampont.

* Post-horse.

THE DEAD ASS.

NAMPONT.

—AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet,—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me.—I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child ; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much ; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his : but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with an ass's pannel and its bridle on one side which he took up from time to time, —then laid them down,—look'd at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand,—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle,—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made,—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready : as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia ; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

—It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany ; but having, in one week, lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay Nature his tribute,—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the condi-

tions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey;—that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody, who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern.—La Fleur offered him money.—The mourner said he did not want it;—it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him;—and, upon this, he told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean Mountains, which had separated them from each other for three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass; and that they had scarce either ate or drank till they met.

...Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast;—I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.... Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive;—but now, that he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him,—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself.—Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass,—'twould be something.

THE POSTILION.

NAMPONT.

THE concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into required some attention; the postilion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pavé* in full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I should have had a high opinion of the postilion, had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace.—On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for Heaven's sake to go slower:—and the louder I called the more unmercifully he galloped.—The deuce take him and his galloping too, said I, he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postilion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill, about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him,—and then with myself for being so.

My case then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me.

...Then, prithee, get on,—get on, my good lad, said I.

...The postilion pointed to the hill,—I then tried to return to the story of the poor German and his ass;—but I had broke the clue,—and could no more get into it again than the postilion could into a trot.

—The deuce go, said I, with it all! Here am I, sitting as candidly disposed to make the best of the worst as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for evils, which Nature holds out to us: so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep; and the first word which roused me was—Amiens.

—Bless me! said I, rubbing my eyes,—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

THE words were scarce out of my mouth when the Count de L***'s post-chaise, with his sister in it, drove hastily by; she had just time to make me a bow of recognition,—and of that particular kind of it which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I quite finished my supper, her brother's servant came into the room with a billet, in which she said she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to present myself to Madame R——, the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris.—There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story—that she still owed it to me; and if my route should ever lay through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L——, that Madame de L—— would be glad to discharge the obligation.

—Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels;—'tis only returning from Italy, through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home;—'twill scarce be ten posts out of my way; but were it ten thousand! with what a moral delight it will crown my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer! To see her weep, and, though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night beside her!

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one: and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on

the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before,—swearing, as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey.—Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity;—she had a right to my whole heart:—to divide my affections was to lessen them;—to expose them was to risk them; where there is risk, there may be loss:—and what wilt thou have, Yorick, to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence,—so good, so gentle, and unreproaching!

—I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself;—but my imagination went on,—I recalled her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say adieu! I looked at the picture she had tied in a black ribband about my neck,—and blushed as I looked at it.—I would have given the world to have kissed it,—but was ashamed; and shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands,—shall it be smitten to its very root,—and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?

Eternal Fountain of Happiness! said I, kneeling down upon the ground—be thou my witness,—and every pure spirit which tastes it, be my witness also, that I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards Heaven!

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not smiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry,—and not one thing had offered to signalize his zeal for my service from the time he had entered into it, which was almost four-and-twenty hours. The poor soul burned with impatience; and the Count de L—'s servant coming with the letter, being the first practicable occasion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it, and, in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back parlour in the *auberge*, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy; and the Count de L—'s servant, in return, not to be behind-hand, in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and, as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in shewing them, La Fleur in less than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and, leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hotel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the household, dogs and cats, besides an old monkey, a dancing! I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L—, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to ask about it; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had loaded himself, in going up stairs, with a thousand compliments to Madame de L—, on the part of his master; added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L—'s health; told her that Monsieur his master was *au desespoire* for her re-establishment from the fatigues of her journey; and, to close all, that Monsieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour....And he has done me the honour, said Madame de L—, interrupting La Fleur, to send a billet in return.

Madame de L— had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations;—he trembled for my honour—and, possibly, might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en egards vis à vis d'une femme!* so that, when Madame de L— asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter,—*O qu'oui*, said La Fleur, so, laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right side-pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right;—then contrariwise,—*Diable!*—then sought every pocket, pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob;—*Peste!*—then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor,—pulled out a dirty cravat,—a handkerchief,—a comb,—a whip-lash,—a night-cap,—then gave a peep into his hat—*Quelle étourderies!* He had left the letter upon the table in the *auberge;*—he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure; he told the whole story simply as it was; and only added that, if Monsieur had forgot (*par hazard*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas;*—and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now, I was not altogether sure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no;—but if I had,—a Devil himself could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have mistook the road, or embarrassed me in so doing—his heart was in no fault—I was under no necessity to write;—and, what weighed more than all,—he did not look as if he had done amiss.

...'Tis all very well, La Fleur, said I.—

'Twas sufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and returned with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and, coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance that I could not help taking up the pen.

I began, and began again; and, though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been expressed in half-a-dozen lines, I made half-a-dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stepp'd out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink—then fetched sand and seal-wax.—It was all one; I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again.—*Le Diable l'emporte*, said I, half to myself—I cannot write this self-same letter, throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down my pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket, wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour.—Then prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pulled out a little dirty pocket-book, cramm'd full of small letters and billet-doux in a sad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the string which held them all together, ran them over, one by one, till he came to the letter in question—*La voilà*, said he, clapping his hands; so, unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

Madame,

Je suis penetré de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit en même temps au desespoir par ce retour imprevû du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce sour la chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais, vive la joie! et toute la mienne sera de penser à vous.

L'amour n'est *rien* sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais se desesperer.

On dit aussi que Monsieur le Corporal monte la large Mercredi; alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun à son tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je suis, Madame,
Avec toutes les sentiments les plus
respecteux et les plus tendres,
tout à vous,
JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count—and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday,—and the letter was neither right nor wrong;—so, to gratify the poor fellow, who stood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter,—I took the cream gently off it,—and, whipping it up in my own way,—seal'd it up, and sent it to Madame de L—; and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half-a-dozen lacqueys and a couple of cooks—'tis very well in such a place as Paris,—he may drive in at which end of a street he will.

A poor prince, who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field, and signalize himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it,—I say *up into it*—for there is no descending perpendicularly amongst 'em with a "*Me voici, mes enfans,*"—here I am,—whatever many may think.

I own, my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and, looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of leasure.—The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had lost their vizards;—the young, in armour bright, which shone like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the east,—all,—all,—tilting it like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore, for fame and love.

...Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom;—seek—seek some winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled, nor flambeau shot its rays;—there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind *grisette* of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries!—

—May I perish! if I do, said I, pulling out a letter which I had to present to Madame de R—. I'll wait upon this lady the very first thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go seek me a barber directly,—and come back and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he absolutely refused to have anything to do with my wig; 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

—But I fear, friend, said I, this buckle won't stand....You may immerse it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand.

What a great scale is every thing upon in this city! thought I.—The utmost stretch of an English periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confess I do hate all conceptions as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of Nature that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime, in this instance of it, is this:—That the grandeur is *more* in the *word*, and *less* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas; but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it to try the experiment:—the Parisian barber meant nothing.

The pail of water standing beside the great deep makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech;—but 'twill be said,—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it, without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the matter, *the French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national character more in these nonsensical *minutiæ* than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk, and talk so much alike, that I would not give nine-pence to choose among them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber's hands that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R—— that night: but when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account; so, taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged, I walked forth, without the determination where to go to;—I shall consider of that, said I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it; like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

—Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opera Comique*....Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half-a-dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till, at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat on a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door.

...*Tres volontiers*; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that, had I been laying out fifty Louis d'ors with her, I should have said —"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take,—you must turn first to your left hand,—*mais prenez garde*,—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second,—then go down a little way, and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, which you must cross, and there any one will do himself the pleasure to show you.

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first;—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out,—she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said:—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of her shop, as if to look whether I went right or not,—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot.—Is it possible? said she, half laughing.—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight curtsey.

—*Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop; and taking up the ruffle in my hands which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat

down herself in her low chair, and I instantly set myself down beside her.

He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment. ...And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature; and, certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist) I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world. .. Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery.—

Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever! How wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession! and thou shouldst have laughed and moralized on—Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said "there are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's pulse.*"—But a *grisette's*, thou would'st have said,—and in an open shop, Yorick!—

—So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband, coming unexpectedly from a back-parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning.—'Twas nobody but her husband, she said—so I began a fresh score—Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he passed by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse.—The husband took off his hat, and, making me a bow, said, I did him too much honour; and, having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out,—and can this man be the husband of this woman!

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh. In the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different, for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there:—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is Salique having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot.

—Surely,—surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone; thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she....With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected.—She was going to say something civil in return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves.—*Apropos*, said I, I want a couple of pair myself.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful *grisette* rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over-against her: they were all too large. The beautiful *grisette* measured them one by one across my hand,—it would not alter the dimensions.—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least.—She held it open;—my hand slipped into it at once.—It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little.—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended that all the languages of Babel let loose together, could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it,—it is enough in the present to say, again, the gloves would not do; so, folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter;—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful *grisette* looked sometimes at the gloves, then sideways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence;—I followed her example: so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack :—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration that she looked into my very heart and veins.—It may seem strange ; but I could actually feel she did.

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful *grisette* had not asked a single livre above the price. I wished she had asked a livre more ; and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about,—Do you think, my dear sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a sous too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith ! not I, said I ; and if you were, you are welcome. So, counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out ; and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into, but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse, but that I once knew one—for he is no more,—and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death, but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans ; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet (it might be the book of the opera) with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and, putting them into a shagreen case, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world, the sense is this :—

"Here's a poor stranger come into the box ; he seems as if he knew nobody : and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose :—'tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face, and using him worse than a German."

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud : and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was sensible of his attention, and returned him a thousand thanks for it."

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality as to get master of this *short hand*, and to be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically that, when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way ; and have more than once stood behind the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina de F*** was coming out, in a sort of a hurry :—she was almost upon me before I saw her : so I gave a spring to one side, to let her pass. She had done the same, and on the same side too : so we ran our heads together : she instantly got to the other side to get out : I was just as unfortunate as she had been ; for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again. We both flew together to the other side, and then back,—and so on :—it was ridiculous : we both blushed intolerably ; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first ;—I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage. She looked back twice, and walked along it rather sideways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her.—No, said I, that's a vile translation ; the Marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her ; and that opening is left for me to do it in :—so I ran and begged pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me ;—so we reciprocally thanked each other. She was at the top of the stairs ; and seeing no *cicisbeo* near her, I begged to hand her to her coach ; so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure.—Upon my word, Madam, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out.—And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter.—I wish to Heaven you would make a seventh, said I.—With all my heart, said she, making room.—Life is too short to be long about the forms of it ;—so I instantly stepped in, and she carried me home with her....And what became of the concert? St. Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add that the connection, which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one ; and who that was will probably come out in this chapter ; so that, being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*,—and that was the unaccountable sport of Nature in forming such numbers of dwarfs. —No doubt, she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world : but in Paris there is no end to her amusements.— The goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *Opera Comique* with me, I measured every body I saw walking in the streets by it.—Melancholy application ! especially where the size was extremely little,—the face extremely dark,—the eyes quick,—the nose long,—the teeth white, —the jaw prominent,—to see so many miserables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down :—every third man a pigmy ;—some by ricketty heads and hump-backs ;—others by bandy legs ;—a third set arrested by the hand of Nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth;— a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees ; from the first rudiments and stamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A Medical Traveller might say 'tis owing to undue bandages ;—a Splenetic one, to want of air ;—and an Inquisitive Traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses,—the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seventh stories such numbers of the *Bourgeoisie* eat and sleep together. But I remember, Mr. Shandy the Elder, who accounted for nothing like any body else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred that children, like other animals, might be increased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world ; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so coop'd up that they had not actually room enough to get them.—I do not call it getting any thing, said he ;—'tis getting nothing.— Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, 'tis getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five-and-twenty years of the tenderest care and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said of it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carrousel to the Palais Royal, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and helped him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty.... Never mind, said I, some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size nor strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon ; and had scarce got seated beside my old French officer ere the disgust was exercised by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust, somehow or other, into this luckless place ; —the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides ; but the thing which incommoded him most was a tall, corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first on one side, then on the other ; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined :—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest drawwell in Paris ; so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress.—The German turned his head back, looked down upon him as Goliah did upon David,—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn-box.—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk, so tempered to *bear and forbear!* —how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint !

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eyes with emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter?—I told him the story in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife.—The German looked back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of senti-

ment a party: I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it.—The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for, leaning a little over, and nodding to a sentinel, and pointing at the same time, with his finger, at the distress,—the sentinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance, the thing told itself; so, thrusting back the German instantly with his musket,—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him....This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together....And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

...In England, dear Sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance,—by saying it was a *bon mot*;—and, as a *bon mot* is always worth something in Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to ask the old French officer, "What was the matter?" for a cry of "*Haussez les mains, Monsieur l'Abbé!*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as unintelligible to me as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me it was some poor Abbé in one of the upper *loges*, who he supposed had got planted *perdu* behind a couple of *grisettes*, in order to see the opera, and that the *parterre*, espying him, were insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation....And can it be supposed, said I, that an ecclesiastic would pick the *grisettes'* pockets?—The old French officer smiled, and, whispering in my ear, opened a door of knowledge which I had no idea of.

...Good God! said I, turning pale with astonishment,—is it possible that a people so smit with sentiment should at the same time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves?—*Quelle grossierté!* added I.

...The French officer told me it was an illiberal sarcasm at the church which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Molière:—but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining.—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *grossiertés*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns;—that he had been in most countries, but never in one but where he found some delicacies, which others seemed to want. *Le pour et le contre se trouvent en chaque nation;* there is a balance, said he, of good and bad everywhere; and nothing but knowing it is so can emancipate one half of the world from the prepossession which it holds against the other:—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *scavoir vivre*, was by seeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of such candour and good sense as coincided with my first favourable impressions of his character:—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistook the object:—'twas my own way of thinking,—the difference was, I could not have expressed it half so well.

It is alike troublesome to both the rider and his beast—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and starting all the way at every object which he never saw before.—I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet I honestly confess that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blushed at many a word the first month—which I found inconsequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town.—Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart.—In our return back Madame de Rambouliet desired me to pull the cord—I asked her if she wanted any thing?—*Rien que pous pisser*, said Madame de Rambouliet.

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p—ss on.—And, ye fair mystic nymphs, go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path,—for Madame de Rambouliet did no more.—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste *Castalia*, I could not have served at her fountain with more respectful decorum.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son, upon the same subject, into my head,—and that bringing in Hamlet,—and Hamlet the rest of Shakespeare's Works, I stopt at the Quai de Conti, in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world....*Comment!* said I, taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us....He said, they were sent him only to be got bound; and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B****.

...And does the Count de B****, said I, read Shakespeare?...*C'est un esprit fort*, replied the bookseller.—He loves English books; and, what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the English too....You speak this so civilly, said I, that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a Louis d'or or two at your shop.—The bookseller made a bow,

and was going to say something, when a young decent girl, about twenty, who, by her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop and asked for *Les Egaremens du Cœur et de l'Esprit.* The bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green satin purse, run round with a riband of the same colour, and, putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out of the door together.

—And what have you to do, my dear, said I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you have one? nor, 'till Love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, canst thou ever be sure it is so....*La Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl....With reason, said I; for, if it is a good one, 'tis a pity it should be stolen; 'tis a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face than if it was dressed out with pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her satin purse by its riband in her hand all the time.—'Tis a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it—(she held it towards me)—and there is very little in it, my dear, said I;—but be as good as thou art handsome, and Heaven will fill it. I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespeare; and, as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and, tying up the riband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more a humble curtsey than a low one—'twas one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down,—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you'll remember it;—so don't, my dear, lay it out in ribands.

...Upon my word, Sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable; in saying which, as is usual in the little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand:—*En verité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart,* said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks; so notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second curtsey in setting off; and, before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop, to tell me again—she thanked me.

—It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world; but I see innocence, my dear, in your face,—and foul befal the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

The girl seemed affected, some way or other, with what I said;—she gave a low sigh;—I found I was not empowered to enquire at all after it,—so said nothing more, till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

—But, is this the way, my dear, said I, to the Hotel de Modene?...She told me it was; —or that I might go by the Rue de Gueneguault, which was the next turn....Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Gueneguault, said I, for two reasons: first, I shall please myself: and next, I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can.—The girl was sensible I was civil,—and said, she wished the Hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre....You live there? said I....She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R***....Good God! said I, 'tis the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens....The girl told me that Madame R***, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him....So I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R***, and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this passed.—We then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egaremens du Cœur*, &c., more commodiously than carrying them in her hand:—they were two volumes; so I held the second for her whilst she put the first into her pocket;—and then she held the pocket, and I put in the other after it.

'Tis sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We set off afresh;—and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm.—I was just bidding her,—but she did it of herself, with that undeliberating simplicity which shewed it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness. —Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Gueneguault, I stopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness.—She bid me adieu twice;—I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us that, had it happened any where else, I'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men,—I did what amounted to the same thing,—

—I bid God bless her!

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been inquired after by the Lieutenant de Police....The deuce take it, said I,—I know the reason. It is time the reader should know it; for, in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head; but that, had I told it then, it might have been forgot now;—and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with so much precipitation that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it; so hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *suite*. The Count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty,—only said his inclination to serve me could reach no further than Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris; however when I had once passed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I must make friends and shift for myself.

Let me get to Paris, Monsieur le Comte, said I,—and I shall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been enquiring after me—the thing instantly recurred;—and, by the time La Fleur had well told me, the master of the hotel came into my room, to tell me the same thing, with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly asked after: the master of the hotel concluded by saying he hoped I had one....Not I, faith! said I.

The master of the hotel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this;—and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succour a distressed one: the fellow won my heart by it; from that single trait, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely on it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

Mon Seigneur! cried the master of the hotel;—but, recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it—If Monsieur, said he, has not a passport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one....Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference....Then certes, replied he, you'll be sent to the Bastile, or the Chatelet, *au moins*....Poo! said I, the King of France is a good-natured soul, he'll hurt nobody..., *Cela n'empeche pas*, said he,—you will certainly be sent to the Bastile to-morrow morning....But I've taken your lodgings for a month, answered I; and I'll not quit them before the time for all the Kings of France in the world....La Fleur whispered in my ear—that nobody could oppose the King of France. *Pardi*, said my host, *ces Messieurs Anglois sont des gens tres extraordinaires;*—and, having both said and sworn it,—he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE HOTEL AT PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly; and, to show him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropped the subject entirely; and, whilst he waited upon me at supper, talked to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris and of the *opera comique*.—La Fleur had been there himself, and had followed me through the streets as far as the bookseller's shop; but seeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deemed it unnecessary to follow me a step further,—so, making his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut,—and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the police, against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation.

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us, the moment I was going to set out.—I must tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburthened with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for? Upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head and said it would not do; so pulled out his purse, in order to empty it into mine. ...I've enough, in conscience, Eugenius, said I....Indeed Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius; I know France and Italy better than you....But you don't consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the King of France's expense....I beg pardon, said Eugenius, drily; really, I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or *nonchalance*, or philosophy, or pertinacity;—or what is it in me, that,

after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Bastile—the terror is in the word.—Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower;—and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of.—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year.—But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within,—at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning.—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly—for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised.—But strip it of its towers—fill up the foss—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man, which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I look'd up and down the passage, and, seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity.—"I can't get out," said the starling.—God help thee! said I,—but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty.—"No," said the starling; "I can't get out—I can't get out."

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly call'd home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I,—still thou art a bitter draught! and, though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to *Liberty*, whom all, in public or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron;—with thee, to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose Court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,—and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me,

—I took a single captive; and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood;—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time;—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice!—His children!—

But here my heart began to bleed; and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait,

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calender of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there:—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down,—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the Iron enter into his soul!—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.—I started up from my chair, and, calling La Fleur,—I bid him bespeak me a remise, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

—I'll go directly, said I, myself to Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he should see anything upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heart-ache—I told him I would go to bed by myself—and bid him go do the same.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my remise the hour I proposed,—La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this self-same bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the Honourable Mr.**** was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom; who, not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet;—and, by course of feeding it, and taking it at once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris, the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling; and, as he had little to do better the five months his master staid there, he taught it, in his mother's tongue, the four simple words—(and no more)—to which I owned myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy, the lad had given it to the master of the hotel. But his little song for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him:—so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes; and, telling the story of him to Lord A——, Lord A. begged the bird of me; in a week Lord A. gave him to Lord B—; Lord B. made a present of him to Lord C—; and Lord C.'s gentleman sold him to Lord D.'s for a shilling:—Lord D. gave him to Lord E., and so on, half round the alphabet. From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners.—But as all these wanted to get in, and my bird wanted to get out, he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if by any mere chance have ever seen him,—I beg leave to inform them that that bird was my bird,—or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing further to add upon him but that, from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms.—And let the herald's officers twist his neck about if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to ask protection of any man: for which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself; but this going to Monsieur le Duc de C—— was an act of compulsion;—had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastile for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to writhe myself into Monsieur le Duc de C'——s good grace.—This will do, said I.—Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous tailor, without taking his measure.—Fool! continued I,—see Monsieur le Duc's face first;—observe what character is written in it;—take notice in what posture he stands to hear you; mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs; and for the tone—the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you; and, from all these together, you'll compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the Duke;—the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! said I, I wish it well over.—Coward again! as if man to man was not equal, throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the field, why not face to face in the cabinet too? and trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself, and betrays his own succours ten times, where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C—— with the Bastile in thy looks;—my life for it,

thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half-an-hour with an escort.

I believe so, said I.—Then I'll go to the Duke, by Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world.

—And there you are wrong again, replied I; a heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes,—'tis ever on its centre.—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates, I find I shall do very well: and by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmast,—nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the saloon, I was met by a person who possibly might be the *maître d'hotel*, but had more the air of one of the under-secretaries, who told me the Duc de C— was busy.—I am utterly ignorant, said I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger, and, what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Englishman, too....He replied that did not increase the difficulty.—I made him a slight bow, and told him I had something of importance to say to Monsieur le Duc. The secretary looked towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to some one.—But I must not mislead you, said I,—for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to Monsieur le Duc de C—, but of great importance to myself.... *C'est une autre affaire*, replied he....Not at all, said I, to a man of gallantry. But pray, good Sir, continued I, when can a stranger hope to have *accesse?*...In not less than two hours, said he, looking at his watch.—The number of equipages in the court-yard seemed to justify the calculation that I could have no nearer a prospect; and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Bastile itself, I instantly went back to my remise, and bid the coachman drive me to the *Cordon Bleu*, which was the nearest hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it;—I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATISSIER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half way down the street, I changed my mind: as I am at Versailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; so I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets.—I suppose the town is not very large, said I.—The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb; and that numbers of the first dukes and marquisses and counts had hotels.—The Count de B—, of whom the bookseller at the Quai de Conti had spoken so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind.—And why should I not go, thought I, to the Count de B—, who has so high an idea of English books and Englishmen,—and tell him my story? So I changed my mind a second time. In truth, it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R—, in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her;—but I am governed by circumstances;—I cannot govern them: so seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him, and inquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned, a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *patés*.—It is impossible, La Fleur, said I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the croix set in gold, with its red riband, he said, tied to his button-hole; and had looked into the basket, and seen the *patés* which the Chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in a man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him, as I sat in the remise. The more I looked at him, his croix, and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain.—I got out of the remise, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron, which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib that went half way up his breast. Upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His basket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damask napkin: another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was such a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout that one might have bought his *patés* of him as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight;—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and, having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *patés* into my hand,—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me, in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service; in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that, at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without the provision, he found

himself in a wide world, without friends, without a livre ;—and, indeed, said he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he said it, to his croix.)—The poor Chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene by winning my esteem, too.

The King, he said, was the most generous of princes ; but his generosity could neither relieve nor reward every one ; and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patisserie ;* and added he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way,—unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor Chevalier de St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace ; and as his croix had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done.—He had told the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense that it had reached at last the king's ears ;—who, hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity, —he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another, out of its order, to please myself ; the two stories reflect light upon each other,—and 'tis a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is,—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house of d'E——, in Brittany, into decay. The Marquis d'E—— had fought up against his condition with great firmness ; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obscurity.—But he had two boys who looked up to him for light ;—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword,—it could not open the way,—the mounting was too expensive,—and simple economy was not a match for it :—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France saving Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom.—But, in Brittany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it ; and, taking an occasion when the States were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court ; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side ;—Here, said he, take it ; and be trusty guardians of it till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword ; he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and, in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house, returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune, which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition. I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family : he supported his lady ;—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother ;—he put his handkerchief to his face twice.—

—There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him : and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard :—'twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up :—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same,—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it,—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place,—I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find," said he, "some other way to get it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it,—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied his feelings !

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monsieur le Comte de B——. The set of Shakspeare was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were,—I told him I had come

without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me.—It is my countryman, the great Shakspeare, said I, pointing to his works, *et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami*, apostrophizing his spirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur-là.*—

The Count smiled at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I looked a little pale and sickly, insisted upon my taking an arm-chair; so I sat down; and to save him conjectures upon a visit so out of all rule, I told him simply of the incident in the book-seller's shop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the story of a little embarrassment I was under, than to any other man in France....And what is your embarrassment? let me hear it, said the Count. ...So I told him the story just as I have told it the reader.

—And the master of my hotel, said I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monsieur le Comte, that I should be sent to the Bastile; —but I have no apprehension, continued I,—for, in falling into the hands of the most polished people in the world, and being conscious I was a true man, and not come to spy the nakedness of the land, I scarce thought I lay at their mercy.—It does not suit the gallantry of the French, Monsieur le Comte, said I, to shew it against invalids.

An animated blush came into the Count de B——'s cheeks as I spoke this—*Ne craignez rien*—Don't fear, said he....Indeed I don't, replied I again.—Besides, continued I, a little sportingly, I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris; and I do not think Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul is such an enemy to mirth as to send me back crying for my pains.

—My application to you, Monsieur le Comte de B—— (making him a low bow) is to desire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good-nature, or I had not said half as much,—and once or twice said,—*C'est bien dit.* So I rested my cause there,—and determined to say no more about it.

The Count led the discourse: we talked of different things,—of books, and politics, and men; and then of women.—God bless them all! said I, after much discourse about them, there is not a man upon earth who loves them so much as I do. After all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them; being firmly persuaded that a man who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought.

Eh bien; Monsieur l'Anglois, said the Count, gaily;—you are not come to spy the nakedness of the land;—I believe you;—*ni encore*, I dare say, *that* of our women; but permit me to conjecture,—if *par hazard* they fell into your way, that the prospect would not affect you.

I have something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation; in the sportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thousand things to a dozen of the sex together,—the least of which I could not venture to a single one to gain Heaven.

Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte, said I: as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them;—and for that of your women (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) I am so evangelical in this, and have such a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on; but I could wish, continued I, to spy the *nakedness* of their hearts, and through the different disguises of customs, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them to fashion my own by; and, therefore, am I come.

It is for this reason, Monsieur Le Comte, continued I, that I have not seen the Palais Royal nor the Luxembourg,—nor the Façade of the Louvre,—nor have attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues, and churches.—I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings, and loose sketches, hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itself.

The thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home into France, and from France will lead me through Italy;—'tis a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of *Nature*, and those affections which arise out of her, which make us love each other,—and the world, better than we do.

The Count said a great many civil things to me upon the occasion; and added, very politely, how much he stood obliged to Shakspeare for making me known to him.—But, *à-propos*, said he;—Shakspeare is full of great things;—he forgot the small punctilio of announcing your name:—it puts you under the necessity of doing it yourself.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me than to set about telling any one who I am,—for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of than myself; and I have often wished I could do it in a single word,—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life I could accomplish this to any purpose;—for Shakspeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-digger's scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK; and, advancing the book to the

Count, with my finger all the way over the name,—*Me voici!* said I.

Now, whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put out of the Count's mind by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account; 'tis certain, the French conceive better than they combine;—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candour and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case:—"He could not bear," he said, "to look into sermons wrote by the King of Denmark's jester."...Good, my Lord! said I; but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your Lordship thinks of has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourished in Horwendillus's Court;—the other Yorick is myself, who have flourish'd, my Lord, in no Court.—He shook his head... Good God! said I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great with Alexander the Coppersmith, my Lord!...'Twas all one, he replied.

...If Alexander, King of Macedon, could have translated your Lordship, said I, I'm sure your Lordship would not have said so.

The poor Count de B**** fell but into the same *error*.

...*Et, Monsieur, est il Yorick?* cried the Count....*Je le suis*, said I....*Vous?...Moi—moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Comte....Mon Dieu!* said he, embracing me,—*Vous êtes Yorick?*

The Count instantly put the Shakspeare into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B*** had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakspeare into his pocket.—*Mysteries, which must explain themselves, are not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up;* 'twas better to read Shakspeare; so, taking up "*Much Ado about Nothing*," I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro, and Benedict, and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the passport.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—Long,—long since had ye number'd out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground. When my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scatter'd over with rose-buds of delights; and, having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd.—When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course;—I leave it,—and, as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian Fields than I have of Heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them:—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido, and wish to recognise it;—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours;—I lose the feelings for myself in hers, and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely, this is not walking in a vain shadow,—nor does man disquiet himself in vain *by it*:—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only.—I can safely say, for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my passport in his hand. M. le Duc de C——, said the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a statesman.——*Un homme qui rit*, said the Duke, *ne sera jamais dangereux.*—Had it been for any one but the King's jester, added the Count, I could not have got it these two hours....*Pardonnez moi*, Mons. le Count, said I, I am not the King's jester....But you are Yorick?...Yes....*Et vous plaisantez?*...I answered, Indeed I did jest—but was not paid for it;—'twas entirely at my own expense.

We have no jester at Court, M. le Comte, said I; the last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.;—since which time, our manners have been so gradually refining that our Court at present is so full of patriots, who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of our country;—and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout—there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of.

Voilà un persiflage! cried the Count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

As the passport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justices, to let Mr. Yorick, the King's jester, and his baggage, travel quietly along—I own the triumph of obtaining the passport was not a little tarnished by the figure I cut in it.—But there is nothing unmix'd in this world; and some of the gravest of our divines have carried it so far as to affirm that enjoyment itself was attended even with a sigh—and that the greatest *they knew of terminated, in a general way*, in little better than a convulsion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his Commentary upon the Generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote; and, at last, had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

...'Tis strange! writes Bevoriskius, but the facts are certain; for I have had the curiosity to mark them down, one by one, with my pen;—but the cock-sparrow, during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his caresses three-and-twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius, is Heaven to his creatures!

Ill fated Yorick! that the gravest of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world which stains thy face with crimson to copy, even in thy study.

But this is nothing to my travels;—so I twice,—twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French? said the Count de B——, after he had given me the passport.

The reader may suppose that after so obliging a proof of courtesy, I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the enquiry.

...*Mais passe, pour cela.*—Speak frankly, said he: do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of?...I had found every thing, I said, which confirmed it....*Vraiment*, said the Count, *les Francois sont polis*....To an excess, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *excesse*, and would have it I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time, as well as I could, against it;—he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

I believe, M. le Comte, said I, that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the social and other calls have occasion, by turns, for every key in him; so that, if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony....The Count de B—— did not understand music; so desired me to explain it some other way....A polished nation, my dear Count, said I, makes every one its debtor; and, besides, Urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection that man, take him altogether, is empower'd to arrive at;—if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I must not presume to say how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of;—but should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their refinements, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse du cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions than courteous ones—we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character, which distinguishes them not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

I had a few of King William's shillings, as smooth as glass, in my pocket, and, foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded so far:—

See, M. le Comte, said I, rising up, and laying them before him upon the table,—by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together, in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and passing but few people's hands, preserve the first sharpness which the fine hand of Nature has given them;—they are not so pleasant to feel—but, in return, the legend is so visible that, at the first look, you see whose image and superscription they bear. But the French, M. le Comte, added I (wishing to soften what I had said), have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this;—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and a good-temper'd people as is under Heaven;—if they have a fault, they are too *serious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, rising out of his chair.

Mais vous plaisantez, said he, correcting his exclamation....I laid my hand upon my breast, and, with earnest gravity, assured him it was my most settled opinion.

...The Count said he was mortified, he could not stay to hear my reasons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C——.

But, if it is not too far to come to Versailles, to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleasure of knowing you retract your opinion—or in what manner you support it,—But, if you do support it, *M. Anglois*, said he, you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole world against you.—I promised the Count I would do myself the honour of dining with him before I set out for Italy:—so took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment inquiring for me....I do not know, said the porter, whether she is gone

away or not.—I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs ; and, when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with : Madame de R*** had sent her upon some commission to a *marchant des modes* within a step or two of the hotel de Modene ; and, as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her inquire if I had left Paris ; and, if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door, she returned back, and went into the room for a moment or two, whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May,—the crimson window-curtains (which were of the same colour as those of the bed) were drawn close,—the sun was setting, and reflected through them so warm a tint in the fair *fille de chambre's* face, —I thought she blushed ;—the idea of it made me blush myself ;—we were quite alone, and that superinduced a second blush before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half-guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man ;—'tis sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it,—not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves ;—'tis associated—But I'll not describe it ;—I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before ;—I sought five minutes for a card ; I knew I had not one. I took up a pen,—I aid it down again,—my hand trembled :—the Devil was in me.

I know as well as any one he is an adversary whom, if we resist, he will fly from us ; but I seldom resist him at all, from a terror that, though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt from the combat ;—so I give up the triumph for security ; and, instead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the bureau, where I was looking for a card,— took up first the pen I cast down, then offered to hold the ink ; she offered it so sweetly I was going to accept it, but I durst not ;—I have nothing, my dear, said I, to write upon. ...Write it, said she, simply, upon any thing.

—I was just going to cry out, then I will write it, fair girl, upon thy lips !

—If I do, said I, I shall perish ; so I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begged, she would not forget the lesson I had given her....She said, indeed she would not, and, as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turned about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine ; it was impossible not to compress them in that situation ;—I wished to let them go ; and, all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it, —and still I held them on.—In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again ; —and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing.—I had still hold of her hands—(and how it happened I can give no account ;) but I neither asked her, nor did I think of the bed ;—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I'll just show you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it some time—then into the left.—" She had lost it."—I never bore expectation more quietly ; it was in her right pocket at last ; she pulled it out ; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted satin, and just big enough to hold the crown :—she put it into my hand ; it was pretty ; and I held it ten minutes, with the back of my hand resting upon her lap, looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock ; the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little house-wife, threaded a small needle, and sewed it up. I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day, and, as she passed her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off...See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot, —I could not, from my soul, but fasten the buckle in return ; and, putting in the strap,— and, lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right, in doing it so suddenly, it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre,—and then—

THE CONQUEST.

YES,—and then—Ye, whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits but for his conduct under them !

If nature has so wove her web of kindness that some threads of love and desires are entangled with the piece,—must the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me such stoics, great Governor of Nature ! said I to myself: wherever thy Providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue ; whatever is my danger,—whatever is my situation,—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man,—and, if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice; for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.

As I finished my address, I raised the fair

fille de chambre up by the hand, and led her out of the room:—she stood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket,—*and then*,—the victory being quite decisive,—and not till then, I pressed my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

If a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber;—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of music, which had called forth my affections; therefore, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for some time, looking at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a single object which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure, of a philosophic, serious, adust look, which passed and repassed sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel.—The man was about fifty-two, had a small cane under his arm, was dressed in a dark drab-coloured coat, waistcoat, and breeches, which seemed to have seen some years' service;—they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn. He passed me without asking any thing,—and yet did not go five steps farther before he asked charity of a little woman.—I was much more likely to have given of the two. He had scarce done with the woman, when he pulled his hat off to another who was coming the same way. An ancient gentleman came slowly, and, after him, a young smart one. He let them both pass, and asked nothing: I stood observing him half-an-hour; in which he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose;—the first was, why the man should *only* tell his story to the sex;—and secondly, what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which softened the hearts of the women, which he knew 'twas to no purpose to practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery:—the one was, he told every woman what he had to say in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition:—the other was, it was always successful;—he never stopped a woman but she pulled out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening; so I walked up stairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I was immediately followed up by the master of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I must provide lodgings elsewhere....How so, friend? said I....He answered I had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bedchamber, and 'twas against the rules of his house....Very well, said I, we'll all part friends, then,—for the girl is no worse,—and, I am no worse,—and you will be just as I found you.—It was enough, he said, to overthrow the credit of his hotel.—*Voyez vous, Monsieur*, said he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been sitting upon.—I own it had something of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at breakfast.

...I should not have minded, Monsieur, said he, if you had had twenty girls...'Tis a score more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon....Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning....And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris make a difference in the sin?...It made a difference, he said, in the scandal.—I like a good distinction, in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man....I own it necessary, resumed the master of the hotel, that a stranger at Paris should have opportunities presented to him of buying lace, and silk stockings, and ruffles, *et tout cela;* and 'tis nothing if a woman comes with a band box....O' my conscience, said I, she had one; but I never looked into it....Then, Monsieur, said he, has bought nothing?...Not one earthly thing, replied I....Because, said he, I could recommend you to one who would use you *en conscience*....But I must see her this night, said I.—He made me a low bow, and walked down.

Now shall I triumph over this *maître d'hôtel*, cried I;—and what then? Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow.—And what then?—What then!—I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others.—I had no good answer left; there was more of spleen than of principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the *grisette* came in with her box of lace.—I will buy nothing, however, said I, within myself.

The *grisette* would shew me every thing.—I was hard to please: she would not seem to see it.—She opened her little magazine, and laid all her laces, one after another, before me;—unfolded and folded them up again, one by one, with the most patient sweetness.—I might buy,—or not;—she would let me have every thing at my own price:—the poor creature seemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seemed artful, as in one I felt simple and caressing.

If there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse;—my heart relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly as the first.—Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant of a host, thought I, looking up in her face, so much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four Louis d'ors in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and shewing her the door till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

—The master of the hotel will share the profit with her:—no matter,—then I have only paid, as many a poor soul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

CALAIS.

When La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it.—So I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hotel that I was sorry, on my side, for the occasion I had given him;—and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.

This was a sacrifice not to him, but myself, having resolved after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I entered it.

C'est deroger à noblesse, Monsieur, said La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he said it.—*Et encore, Monsieur*, said he, may change his sentiments:—and if (*par hazard*) he should like to amuse himself....I find no amusement in it, said I, interrupting him.

...*Mon Dieu!* said La Fleur,—and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious;—something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he could not get off; I could not conceive what it was; and indeed gave myself little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which was that of the man's asking charity before the door of the hotel.—I would have given anything to have got to the bottom of it; and that not out of curiosity,—'tis so low a principle of enquiry, in general, I would not purchase the gratification of it with a two-sous piece;—but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so certainly softened the heart of every woman you came near was a secret at least equal to the philosopher's stone; had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been master of it.

I tossed and turned it almost all night long in my brains, to no manner of purpose; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my spirits as much troubled with my *dreams* as ever the King of Babylon had been with his; and I will not hesitate to affirm it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris, as much as those of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

It was Sunday: and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed I scarcely knew him.

I had covenanted at Montriul to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same.—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing.—I wished him hanged for telling me.—They looked so fresh that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow than that they had come out of the Rue de Friperie.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a handsome blue satin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered;—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but 'twas clean scoured, the gold had been touched up, and, upon the whole, was rather showy than otherwise;—and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a *solitaire;* and had insisted with the *fripier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches' knees.—He had purchased muslin ruffles *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money; and a pair of white silk stockings for five more;—and, to top all, Nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair drest in the first style, and with a hand-

some *bouquet* in his breast. In a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and, by combining both together, it instantly struck me that the favour he wished to ask of me, the night before, was to spend the day as every body in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le gallant vis-à-vis de sa maîtresse.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-à-vis* Madame de R***.—I had retained the remise on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it : I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue, in these embarrassments ;—the sons and daughters of Service part with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts ; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters ;—no doubt they have set their self-denials at a price,—and their expectations are so unreasonable that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold,—Behold, I am the servant,—disarms me at once of the powers of a Master.

Thou shalt go, La Fleur, said I.

And what Mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris?—La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said, 'twas a *petite demoiselle*, at Monsieur le Count de B****'s.—La Fleur had a heart made for society ; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master,—so that, somehow or other,—but how, Heaven knows,—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle*, upon the landing of the staircase, during the time I was taken up with my passport ; and, as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his. The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people ! that, once a week at least, are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

La Fleur had left me something to amuse myself with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant-leaf ; and, as the morning was warm, and he had a good step to bring it, he had begged a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt the currant-leaf and his hand.—As that was plate sufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was ; and as I resolved to stay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur*, to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfast by myself.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the currant-leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper ;—but, stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third,—I thought it better worth ; so I shut the window, and, drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais' time ; and, for aught I know, might have been wrote by him : it was, moreover, in a Gothic letter, and that so faded and gone off by damps and length of time it cost me infinite trouble to make anything of it.—I threw it down, and then wrote a letter to Eugenius,—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afresh ;—and then, to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza.—Still it kept hold of me ; and the difficulty of understanding it increased but the desire.

I got my dinner ; and, after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again ; and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almost as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonsensical inscription, I thought I made sense of it ; but, to make sure of it, the best way, I imagined, was to turn it into English, and see how it would look then ;—so I went on leisurely as a trifling man does, sometimes writing a sentence,—then taking a turn or two,—and then looking how the world went, out of the window ; so that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it.—I then began, and read it as follows :—

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

—Now as the Notary's wife disputed the point with the Notary with too much heat,—I wish, said the Notary (throwing down the parchment) that there was another Notary here, only to set down and attest all this.

...And what would you do then, Monsieur? said she, rising hastily up.—The Notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the Notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply....I would go, answered he, to bed....You may go to the Devil, answered the Notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the Notary not caring to lie in the same bed with

a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the Devil, went forth with his hat, and cane, and short cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at ease towards the Pont Neuf.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have passed over the Pont Neuf must own that it is the noblest,—the finest,—the grandest,—the lightest,—the longest,—the broadest that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe.—

By this it seems as if the author of the Fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worst fault which Divines and the Doctors of the Sorbonne can allege against it is that, if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, 'tis more blasphemously *sacre Dieu'd* there than in any other aperture of the whole city,—and with reason, good and cogent, Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with such unpremeditable puffs that, of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor Notary, just as he was passing by the sentry, instinctively clapped his cane to the side of it; but, in raising it up, the point of his cane, catching hold of the loop of the sentinel's hat, hoisted it over the spikes of the balustrade clear into the Seine.

—*'Tis an ill wind*, said a boatman, who catched it, *which blows nobody any good.*

The sentry, being a Gascon, incontinently twirled up his whiskers and levelled his arquebuse.

Arquebuses in those days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrowed the sentry's match to light it;—it gave a moment's time for the Gascon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage.—*'Tis an ill wind*, said he, catching off the Notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor Notary crossed the bridge, and, passing along the Rue de Dauphine into the Fauxbourg of St. Germain, lamented himself as he walked along in this manner:—

Luckless man that I am! said the Notary, to be the sport of hurricanes all my days!—to be born to have the storm of ill language levelled against me and my profession wherever I go!—to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempest of a woman!—to be driven forth out of my house by domestic winds, and despoiled of my castor by pontific ones!—to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents!—Where am I to lay my head?—Miserable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points in the whole compass can blow unto thee, as it does to the rest of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the Notary was passing on by a dark passage, complaining in this sort, a voice called out to a girl, to bid her run for the next Notary.—Now the Notary being the next, availing himself of his situation, walked up the passage to the door, and, passing through an old sort of saloon, was ushered into a large chamber, dismantled of everything but a long military pike,—a breast-plate,—a rusty old sword, and bandoleer, hung up equi-distant in four different places against the wall.

An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and unless decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head upon his hand, in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was set close beside it, and close by the table was placed a chair:—the Notary sat him down in it; and, pulling out his ink-horn and a sheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and, dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breast over the table, he disposed everything to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

...Alas! Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, I have nothing to bequeath, which will pay the expense of bequeathing, except the history of myself, and I could not die in peace unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me.—It is a story so uncommon, it must be read by all mankind;—it will make the fortunes of your house....The Notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn....Almighty Director of every event in my life! said the old gentleman, looking up earnestly, and raising his hands towards Heaven,—Thou, whose hand has led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this scene of desolation, assist the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man!—Direct my tongue by the spirit of eternal truth, that this stranger may set down nought but what is written in that *Book* from whose records, said he, clasping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted!—the Notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye.

...It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, which will rouse up every affection in nature;—it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of Cruelty herself with pity.—

The Notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn;—and the old gentleman, turning a little more towards the Notary, began to dictate his story in these words:—

...And where is the rest of it, La Fleur? said I,—as he just then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT, AND THE BOUQUET.*

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came close up to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wrapped round the stalks of a *bouquet* to keep it together, which he had presented to the *demoiselle* upon the *boulevards*....Then prithee, La Fleur, said I, step back to her, to the Count de B****'s hotel, *and see if thou canst get it*....There is no doubt of it, said La Fleur; and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back, quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment. *Juste Ciel!* in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewell of her—his faithless mistress had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen—the footman to a young sempstress,—and the sempstress to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it.—Our misfortunes were involved together,—I gave a sigh,—and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear.

...How perfidious! cried La Fleur....How unlucky! said I.

...I should not have been mortified, Monsieur, quoth La Fleur, if she had lost it.... Nor I, La Fleur, said I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be seen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good Sentimental Traveller. I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon-day, in large and open streets,—Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner you sometimes see a single short scene of hers worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together; and yet they are *absolutely* fine; and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher quite as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of 'em; and for the text,—"Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia,"—is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out from the *Opera Comique* into a narrow street; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*,† or wish to get off quietly o'foot when the opera is done. At the end of it towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half way down; but near the door, 'tis more for ornament than use, you see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude; it burns,—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discerned, as I approached within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing, arm in arm, with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*:—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand.—I was in black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-six; the other, of the same size and make, of about forty: there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them;—they seemed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations. I could have wished to have made them happy; their happiness was destined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it singular that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms,—and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed astonished at it as much as myself....Twelve sous! said one....A twelve-sous piece! said the other,—and made no reply.

—The poor man said he knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bow'd down his head to the ground.

...Poo! said they,—we have no money.

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renewed his supplication.

...Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me....Upon my word, honest man! said the younger, we have no change....Then God bless you! said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change!—I observed the eldest sister put her hand in her pocket.—I'll see, said she, if I have a sous!...A sous! give twelve, said the supplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you! be bountiful to a poor man.

...I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

...My fair charitable! said he addressing himself to the elder,—what is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet that they outshine the morning, even in this dark passage; and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both as they just passed by?

The two ladies seemed much affected; and impulsively, at the same time, they both put their hands into their pockets, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

* Nosegay.
† Hackney-coach.

The contest between them and the poor supplicant was no more,—it was continued betwixt themselves which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity;—and, to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED hastily after him: it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had so puzzled me; and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it;—'twas flattery.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to Nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages of the heart.

The poor man, as he was not straitened for time, had given it here in a larger dose: 'tis certain he had a way of bringing it into less form, for the many sudden cases he had to do with in the streets; but how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentrate, and qualify it,—I vex not my spirit with the inquiry;—it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-sous pieces,—and they can best tell the rest who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world not so much by doing services as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it, because you have planted it.

Mons. le Comte de B****, merely because he had done me one kindness in the affair of the passport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank;—and they were to present me to others,—and so on.

I had got master of my *secret* just in time to turn these honours to some little account; otherwise, as is commonly the case, I should have dined or supped a single time or two round; and then, by *translating* French books and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen that I had got hold of the *couvert** of some more entertaining guest; and, in course, should have resigned all my places, one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****. In days of yore he had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'Amour*, and had dressed himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since....The Marquis de B**** wished to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain. "He could like to take a trip to England;" and asked much of the English ladies....Stay where you are, I beseech you, Mons. le Marquis, said I.—*Les Messieurs Anglois* can scarce get a kind look from them as it is.—The Marquis invited me to supper.

Mons. P****, the farmer-general, was just as inquisitive about our taxes.—They were very considerable, he heard....If we knew but how to collect them, said I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Mons. P****'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to Madame de Q*** as an *esprit*.—Madame de Q*** was an *esprit* herself: she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat, before I saw she did not care a sous whether I had any wit or no—I was let in to be convinced she had.—I call Heaven to witness I never once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de V*** vowed to every creature she met, "she had never had a more improving conversation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French woman;—she is coquette,—then Deist,—then *dévote;* the empire during these is never lost;—she only changes her subjects; when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the slaves of love, she re-peoples it with the slaves of infidelity, and then with the slaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas: the colour of the rose was fading fast away;—she ought to have been a Deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sofa with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely.—In short, Madame de V*** told me she believed nothing.—I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was sure it could not be her interest to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as hers could be defended; that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a Deist;—that it was a debt I owed my creed not to conceal it from her—that I had not been five minutes upon the sofa beside her before I had begun to form designs;—and what is it but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had excited in her breast, which could have checked them as they rose up?

...We are not adamant, said I, taking hold of her hand; and there is need of all restraints, till Age in her own time steals in and lays them on us.—But, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand,—'tis too—too soon.—

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V***.—She affirmed to Mons. D*** and the Abbé M*** that in

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon.

one half-hour I had said more for revealed religion than all their Encyclopœdia had said against it.—I was lifted directly in Madame de V***'s *coterie*;—and she put off the epocha of Deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was shewing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the farthest corner of the room, to tell me my *solitaire* was pinned too straight about my neck....It should be *plus badinant*, said the Count, looking down upon his own;—but a word, Mons. Yorick, *to the wise*....

—And *from the wise*, Mons. le Comte, replied I, making him a bow,—*is enough*.

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met,—*Pardi! ce Mons. Yorick a autant d'esprit que nous autres....Il raisonne bien*, said another....*C'est un bon enfant*, said a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drunk and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but 'twas a dishonest *reckoning*;—I grew ashamed of it: it was the gain of a slave:—every sentiment of honour revolted against it;—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly system*;—the better the *coterie*,—the more children of Art,—I languished for those of nature; and one night, after a most vile prostitution of myself to half-a-dozen different people, I grew sick,—went to bed; ordered La Fleur to get me horses in the morning, to set out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now,—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France,—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lighted up,—a journey through each step of which music beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me,—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.—

Just Heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes;—and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into,—and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strongly into my mind that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance in quest of melancholy adventures;—I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth. She had lost her husband: he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of Maria's sense, about a month before.—She had feared, at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left;—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself;—still she could not rest.—Her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road.

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be turned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postilion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road, leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar. She was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand:—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines;—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper;—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted with a silken net.—She had superadded likewise, to her jacket, a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she kept tied by a string to her girdle. As I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string.—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover, or her little goat: for, as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steeped it in my own,—and then in hers—and then in mine,—and then I wiped hers again;—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.

MARIA.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before?... She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts;—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft;—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him, in case she should ever see him again; which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket, to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril.—On opening it, I saw an *S* marked in one of the corners.

—She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once,—and returned:—that she found her way alone across the Appenines,—had travelled over all Lombardy without money,—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell;—but *God tempers the wind,* said Maria, *to the shorn lamb.*

...Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I:—and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup;—I would be kind to thy Sylvio;—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back;—when the sun went down I would say my prayers; and when I had done thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe: nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart!

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream....And where will you dry it, Maria? said I....I'll dry it in my bosom, said she;—'twill do me good.

...And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows;—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying anything, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin.—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate; in a moment or two Maria returned to herself,—let her pipe fall,—and rose up.

...And where are you going, Maria? said I....She said, to Moulines....Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and, lengthening the string to let the dog follow,—in that order we entered Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet, when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms:—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly;—still she was feminine; and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for, in woman, that, could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup,* but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—Imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds;—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally unfitted me. In every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, sitting pensive under her poplar: and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her.

Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows!—thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and 'tis thou who liftest him up to Heaven!—Eternal fountain of our feeling!—'tis here I trace thee,—and this is thy "*divinity which stirs within me;*"—not that, in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction!*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself;—all comes from thee, great,—great *Sensorium* of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but fall upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish,—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains;—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock.—This moment I behold him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death!—his gentle heart bleeds with it!

Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walkest off with anguish,—but thy joys shall balance it;—for happy is thy cottage,—and happy is the sharer of it,—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postilion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket. As the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again as well as we could; but the postilion had thrown away the nails; and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor Devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn; and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house;—and, on the other side, was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house,—so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could; and, for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast;—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and, with a respectful cordiality, would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room: so I sat down at once, like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and, taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and, as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this? or, tell me, Nature, what else 'twas that made this morsel so sweet,—and to what magic I owe it that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste,—the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran altogether into a back apartment to tie up their hair,—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their *sabots*; and, in three minutes, every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin.—The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

The old man had, some fifty years ago, been no mean performer upon the *vielle*,—and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sang now and then a little to the tune,—then intermitted,—and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance when, from some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld religion mixing in the dance;—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay—

...Or a learned prelate either, said I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

WHEN you have gained the top of Mount Taurira, you run presently down to Lyons;—adieu, then, to all rapid movements!—'tis a journey of caution; and it fares better with sentiments not to be in a hurry with them; so I contracted with a *voiturin* to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin, through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people: fear not; your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your valleys be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created; with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the

scythe or to the sickle—but to that little thou grantest safety and protection ; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so sheltered !

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads, your rocks, your precipices ; the difficulties of getting up, the horrors of getting down, mountains impracticable,—and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block up his road. The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madame ; and, by the time my *voiturin* got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing, before a passage could anyhow be gained. There was nothing but to wait with patience :—'twas a wet and tempestuous night ; so that, by the delay and that together, the *voiturin* found himself obliged to put up five miles short of his stage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the roadside.

I forthwith took possession of my bedchamber, got a good fire, ordered supper, and was thanking Heaven it was no worse—when a *voiturin* arrived with a lady in it, and her servant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as she ushered them in, that there was nobody in it but an English gentleman ;—that there were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room which held another. The accent in which she spoke of this third bed did not say much for it ; however, she said there were three beds, and but three people,—and she durst say the gentleman would do anything to accommodate matters.—I left the lady not a moment to make a conjecture about it, so instantly made a declaration that I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor as to have a right to do the honours of it ; so I desired the lady to sit down, pressed her into the warmest seat, called for more wood, desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warmed herself five minutes at the fire before she began to turn her head back, and to give a look at the beds: and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed.—I felt for her —and for myself ; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the same room was enough, simply by itself, to have excited all this ;—but the position of them (for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other as only to allow a space for a small wicker-chair betwixt them) rendered the affair still more oppressive to us ; —they were fixed up, moreover, near the fire ; and the projection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which crossed the room on the other, formed a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our sensations :—if any thing could have added to it, it was that the two beds were both of them so very small as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together, which, in either of them, could it have been feasible, my lying beside them, though a thing not to be wished, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have passed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no consolation to us :—'twas a damp, cold closet, with a half dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass nor oil-paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I did not attempt to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it ; so it reduced the case in course to this alternative,—that the lady should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the closet herself, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid,—or, that the girl should take the closet, &c.

The lady was a Piedmontese of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks. The maid was a Lyonoise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved. There were difficulties every way,—and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now—I have only to add that it did not lessen the weight, which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper ; and, had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnished, our tongues had been tied up till Necessity herself had set them at liberty ;—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them ; so that, by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least, without reserve, upon our situation. We turned it every way, and debated and considered it in all kinds of lights in the course of a two hours' negotiation ; at the end of which the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace,—and, I believe, with as much religion and good faith on both sides as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follow :

First. As the right of the bedchamber is in Monsieur,—and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be warmest, he insists upon the

concession, on the lady's side, of taking up with it.

Granted on the part of Madame, with a proviso, That, as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, that the *fille de chambre* shall fasten up the opening, either by corking pins or needle and thread, in such a manner as shall be deemed a sufficient barrier on the side of Monsieur.

Second. It is required, on the part of Madame, that Monsieur shall lie the whole night through in his *robe de chambre.*

Rejected: in as much as Monsieur is not worth a *robe de chambre;* he having nothing in his portmanteau but six shirts and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article,—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre;* and so it was stipulated and agreed upon that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

Third. It was insisted upon, and stipulated for, by the lady, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, Monsieur should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted, provided Monsieur's saying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed; there was one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise; protesting, as I do, that if it is not the most delicate in nature, 'tis the fault of his own imagination,—against which this is not my first complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation or what was, I know not; but so it was, I could not shut my eyes; I tried this side and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight, when Nature and Patience both wearing out,—O my God! said I.

...You have broken the treaty, Monsieur, said the lady, who had no more sleep than myself. I begged a thousand pardons; but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation.... She maintained 'twas an entire infraction of the treaty....I maintained it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the point, though she weakened her barrier by it; for, in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

...Upon my word and honour, Madame, said I, stretching my arm out of the bed by way of asseveration,—

(I was going to have added that I would not have trespassed against the remotest idea of decorum for the world)—

—But the *fille de chambre,* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet; and, it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line between her mistress and me;—

So that, when I stretched out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*—

THE END OF THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

DEDICATION BY THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER

To DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

WHEN I was asked to whom I should dedicate this volume, I carelessly answered, To no one.—Why not? (replied the person who put the question to me.) Because most dedications look like begging a protection to the book. Perhaps a worse interpretation may be given to it. No, no! already so much obliged, I cannot, will not, put another tax upon the generosity of any friend of Mr. Sterne's or mine. I went home to my lodgings, and gratitude warmed my heart to such a pitch that I vowed they should be dedicated to the man my father so much admired—who, with an unprejudiced eye, read, and approved, his works, and moreover, loved the man.—'Tis to Mr. Garrick, then, that I dedicate these Genuine Letters.

Can I forget the sweet Epitaph* which proved Mr. Garrick's friendship and opinion of him? 'Twas a tribute to friendship—and as a tribute of my gratitude I dedicate these volumes to a man of understanding and feeling.—Receive this, as it is meant.—May you, dear Sir, approve of these Letters as much as Mr. Sterne admired you—but Mr. Garrick, with all his urbanity can never carry the point half so far, for Mr. Sterne was an enthusiast, if it is possible to be one, in favour of Mr. Garrick.

This may appear a very simple dedication, but Mr. Garrick will judge by his own sensibility that I can feel more than I can express, and I believe he will give me credit for all my grateful acknowledgments.

I am, with every sentiment of gratitude and esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

London, June, 1775. LYDIA STERNE DE MEDALLE.

* Shall pride, a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where Genius, Wit, and Humour, sleep with *Sterne*?

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THE LETTERS.

IN publishing these Letters, the Editor does but comply with her mother's request, which was that, if any Letters were published under Mr. Sterne's name, those she had in her possession (as well as those that her father's friends would be kind enough to send her) should be likewise published.—She depends much on the candour of the Public for the favourable reception of them,—their being genuine,* she thinks and hopes, will render them not unacceptable.—She has already experienced much benevolence and generosity from her late father's friends—the remembrance of which will ever warm her heart with gratitude!

* Besides the letters printed by Mrs. Medalle, those addressed by Mr. Sterne to "Eliza," (Mrs. Eliza Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq., Counsellor, at Bombay,) and a few others, are added to the present Collection.

LETTERS.

I.—To Miss L——.*

YES! I will steal from the world, and not a babbling tongue shall tell where I am—Echo shall not so much as whisper my hiding place:—suffer thy imagination to paint it as a little sun-gilt cottage, on the side of a romantic hill—dost thou think I will leave love and friendship behind me? No! they shall be my companions in solitude, for they will sit down and rise up with me in the amiable form of my L——. We will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise, before the arch-fiend entered that undescribable scene.

The kindest affections will have room to shoot and expand in our retirement, and produce such fruit as madness, and envy, and ambition, have always killed in the bud.—Let the human tempest and hurricane range at a distance, the desolation is beyond the horizon of peace.—My L. has seen a polyanthus blow in December—some friendly wall has sheltered it from the biting wind.—No planetary influence shall reach us, but that which presides and cherishes the sweetest flowers. God preserve us! how delightful this prospect in idea! We will build and we will plant in our own way—simplicity shall not be tortured by art—we will learn of nature how to live—she shall be our alchymist to mingle all the good of life into one salubrious draught.—The gloomy family of care and distrust shall be banished from our dwelling, guarded by the kind and tutelar deity—we will sing our choral songs of gratitude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage.

Adieu, my L. Return to one who languishes for thy society. L. STERNE.

II.—To the Same.

YOU bid me tell you, my dear L., how I bore your departure for S——, and whether the valley where D'Estella stands retains still its looks—or, if I think the roses or jessamines smell as sweet as when you left it.—Alas! every thing has now lost its relish and look! The hour you left D'Estella I took to my bed.—I was worn out with fevers of all kinds, but most by that fever of the heart with which thou knowest well I have been wasting these two years—and shall continue wasting till you quit S——. The good Miss S——, from the forebodings of the best of hearts, thinking I was ill, insisted upon my going to her. What can be the cause, my dear L., that I never have been able to see the face of this mutual friend, but I feel myself rent to pieces? She made me stay an hour with her, and in that short space, I burst into tears a dozen different times—and in such affectionate gusts of passion that she was constrained to leave the room, and sympathize in her dressing-room. I have been weeping for you both, said she, in a tone of the sweetest pity—(for poor L.'s heart, I have long known it, her anguish is as sharp as yours, her heart as tender—her constancy as great,—her virtues as heroic)—Heaven brought you not together to be tormented. I could only answer her with a kind look, and a heavy sigh—and returned home to your lodgings (which I have hired till your return) to resign myself to misery.—Fanny had prepared me a supper—she is all attention to me—but I sat over it with tears; a bitter sauce, my L., but I could eat it with no other—for the moment she began to spread my little table, my heart fainted within me.—One solitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glass;—I gave a thousand pensive penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced, in those quiet and sentimental repasts—then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child. I do so this very moment, my L.; for, as I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper, as I trace the word L——. O thou blessed in thyself, and in thy virtues—blessed to all that know thee—to me most so, because more do I know of thee than all thy sex. This is the philtre, my L., by which thou hast charmed me, and by which thou wilt hold me thine, whilst virtue and faith hold this world together. This, my friend, is the plain and simple magic, by which I told Miss —— I have won a place in that heart of thine, on which I depend so satisfied that time or distance, or change of every thing which might alarm the hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspense in mine. Wast thou to stay in S—— these seven years, thy friend, though he would grieve, scorns to doubt, or to be doubted—'tis the only exception where security is not the parent of danger. I told you poor Fanny was all attention to me since

* This, and the three subsequent letters, were written by Mr. Sterne to his wife, while she resided in Staffordshire, before their marriage. Her maiden name has not been ascertained.

your departure, contrives every day bringing in the name of L. She told me last night (upon giving me some hartshorn), she had observed my illness began the very day of your departure for S. ; that I had never held up my head, had seldom, or scarce ever smiled, had fled from all society—that she verily believed I was broken-hearted, for she had never entered the room, or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily—that I neither ate, or slept, or took pleasure in anything as before ; judge then, my L., can the valley look so well, or the roses and jessamines smell so sweet as heretofore? Ah me—but adieu : the vesper bell calls me from thee to my God. L. STERNE.

III.—To the Same.

BEFORE now, my L. has lodged an indictment against me in the high court of Friendship ; I plead guilty to the charge, and entirely submit to the mercy of that amiable tribunal. Let this mitigate my punishment, if it will not expiate my transgression, do not say that I shall offend again in the same manner, though a too easy pardon sometimes occasions a repetition of the same fault. A Miser says, Though I do no good with my money to-day, to-morrow shall be marked with some deed of beneficence. The Libertine says, Let me enjoy this week in forbidden and luxurious pleasures, and the next I will dedicate to serious thought and reflection. The Gamester says, Let me have one more chance with the dice, and I will never touch them more. The Knave of every profession wishes to obtain but independency, and he will become an honest man. The female Coquette triumphs in tormenting her inamorato, for fear, after marriage, he should not pity her.

The apparition of the fifth instant (for letters may almost be called so) proved more welcome as I did not expect it. Oh my L., thou art kind, indeed, to make an apology for me, and thou never wilt assuredly repent of one act of kindness—for being thy debtor, I will pay thee with interest. Why does my L. complain of the desertion of friends? Where does the human being live that will not join in this complaint? It is a common observation, and perhaps too true, that married people seldom extend their regards beyond their own fireside. There is such a thing as parsimony in esteem, as well as money, yet, as one costs nothing, it might be bestowed with more liberality. We cannot gather grapes from thorns, so we must not expect kind attachments from persons who are wholly folded up in selfish schemes. I do not know whether I most despise or pity such characters — nature never made an unkind creature—ill usage and bad habits have deformed a fair and lovely creation.

My L., thou art surrounded by all the melancholy gloom of winter, wert thou alone, the retirement would be agreeable. Disappointed ambition might envy such a retreat, and disappointed love would seek it out. Crowded towns and busy societies may delight the unthinking and the gay, but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom. Methinks I see my contemplative girl now in the garden, watching the gradual approaches of spring. Dost not thou mark with delight the first vernal buds? the snow-drop, and primrose, these early and welcome visitors spring beneath thy feet. Flora and Pomona already consider thee as their handmaid ; and in a little time will load thee with their sweetest blessing. The feathered race are all thy own, and with them, untaught harmony will soon begin to cheer thy morning and evening walks. Sweet as this may be, return—return, the birds of Yorkshire will tune their pipes, and sing as melodiously as those of Staffordshire.

Adieu, my beloved L., thine too much for my *peace*, L. STERNE.

IV.—To the Same.

I HAVE offended her whom I so tenderly love! what could tempt me to it! but if a beggar was to knock at thy gate, wouldst thou not open the door and be melted with compassion? I know thou wouldst, for Pity has erected a temple in thy bosom. Sweetest, and best of all human passions—let thy web of tenderness cover the pensive form of affliction, and soften the darkest shades of misery! I have re-considered this apology, and, alas! what will it accomplish? Arguments, however finely spun, can never change the nature of things : very true, so a truce with them.

I have lost a very valuable friend by a sad accident, and, what is worse he has left a widow and five young children to lament this sudden stroke. If real usefulness and integrity of heart could have secured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate ; These dark and seemingly cruel dispensations of Providence often make the best of human hearts complain. Who can paint the distress of an affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterness over a numerous, helpless, and fatherless offspring! God! these are thy chastisements, and require (hard task!) a pious acquiescence.

Forgive me this digression, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend; and, what is more excellent, an honest man. My L. ! thou wilt feel all that kindness can inspire in the death of ——. The event was sudden, and thy gentle spirit would be more alarmed on that account. But, my L., thou hast less to lament, as old age was creeping on, and the period of doing good, and being useful, was nearly over. At sixty years of age the

tenement gets fast out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a discharge. In such a situation, the poet might well say,

"The soul uneasy," &c.

Mr. L. talks of leaving the country, may a kind angel guide thy steps hither! Solitude at length grows tiresome. Thou sayest thou wilt quit the place with regret, I think so too. Does not something uneasy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whose temper and company one has long been acquainted with. I think I see you looking twenty times a day at the house, almost counting every brick and pane of glass, and telling them at the same time, with a sigh, you are going to leave them. Oh, happy modification of matter! they will remain insensible of thy loss. But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden? The recollection of so many pleasing walks must have endeared it to you. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, which thou rearedst with thy own hands, will they not droop and fade away sooner upon thy departure? Who will be thy successor to nurse them in thy absence? Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree. If trees, and shrubs, and flowers, could compose an elegy, I should expect a very plaintive one upon this subject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me, ever, ever thine,

L. STERNE.

V.—To Mrs. F.———

York, Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1759.

DEAR MADAM,—Your kind inquiries after my health deserve my best thanks. What can give one more pleasure than the good wishes of those we value? I am sorry you give so bad an account of your own health, but hope you will find benefit from tar-water: it has been of infinite service to me. I suppose, my good lady, by what you say in your letter, "that I am busy writing an extraordinary book," that your intelligence comes from York, the fountain-head of all chit-chat news, and, no matter. Now for your desire of knowing the reason of my turning author? why truly I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage.—'Tis a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person. I depend much upon the candour of the public, but I shall not pick out a jury to try the merit of my book amongst *****, and till you read my Tristram, do not, like some people, condemn it. Laugh I am sure you will at some passages. I have hired a small house in the Minster Yard for my wife and daughter, the latter is to begin dancing, &c. If I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at least give her an education. As I shall publish my works very soon, I shall be in town by March, and shall have the pleasure of meeting with you. All your friends are well, and ever hold you in the same estimation that your sincere friend does.

Adieu, dear lady, believe me, with every wish for your happiness, your most faithful, &c.,

LAURENCE STERNE.

---

*VI.—To Dr.*****.*

Jan. 30, 1760.

DEAR SIR,—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a maxim which you have so often of late urged in conversation, and in your letters (but in your last especially), with such seriousness, and severity against me, as the supposed transgressor of the rule, that you have made me at length as serious and severe as yourself: but that the humours you have stirred up might not work too potently within me, I have waited four days to cool myself, before I would set pen to paper to answer you "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" I declare I have considered the wisdom and foundation of it over and over again, as dispassionatety and charitably as a good Christian can, and, after all, I can find nothing in it, or make more of it than a nonsensical lullaby of some nurse, put into Latin by some pedant, to be chanted by some hypocrite to the end of the world, for the consolation of departing lechers.—'Tis, I own, Latin; and I think that is all the weight it has—for in plain English, 'tis a loose and futile position below a dispute—"*you are not to speak anything of the dead but what is good.*" Why so? Who says so? neither reason nor scripture. Inspired authors have done otherwise, and reason and common sense tell me that, if the characters of past ages and men are to be drawn at all, they are to be drawn like themselves; that is, with their excellences, and with their foibles; and it is as much a piece of justice to the world, and to virtue too, to do the one, as the other. The ruling passion, *et les egaremens du cœur*, are the very things which mark and distinguish a man's character; in which I would as soon leave out a man's head as his hobby-horse. However, if, like the poor devil of a painter, we must conform to this pious canon, *de mortuis*, &c.; which I own has a spice of piety in the *sound* of it, and be obliged to paint both our angels and our devils out of the same pot, I then infer that our Sydenhams, and Sangrados, our Lucretias, and Messalinas, our Somers, and our Bolingbrokes—are alike entitled to statues, and all the historians or satirists who have said otherwise since they departed this life, from Sallust to S—e are guilty of the crimes you charge me with, "cowardice and injustice."

But why cowardice? "because 'tis not courage to attack a dead man who can't defend himself." But why do you doctors of the faculty attack such a one with your incision-knife? Oh! for the good of the living. 'Tis my plea, but I have something more to

say in my behalf, and it is this, I am not guilty of the charge, tho' defensible. I have not cut up Doctor Kunastrokius at all. I have just scratch'd him, and that scarce skin deep. I do him first all honour—speak of Kunastrokius as a great man (be he whom he will), and then most distantly hint at a droll foible in his character, and that not first reported (to the few who can even understand the hint) by me, but known before by every chambermaid and footman within the bills of mortality—but Kunastrokius, you say, was a great man—'tis that very circumstance which makes the pleasantry, for I could name at this instant a score of honest gentlemen who might have done the very thing which Kunastrokius did, and seen no joke in it at all: as to the failing of Kunastrokius, which you say can only be imputed to his friends as a misfortune, I see nothing like a misfortune in it, to any friend or relation of Kunastrokius, that Kunastrokius upon occasion should sit with ***** and *****—I have put these stars not *to hurt your worship's delicacy*. If Kunastrokius, after all, is too sacred a character to be even smiled at (which is all I have done), he has had better luck than his betters. In the same page (without imputation of cowardice) I have said as much of a man of twice his wisdom—and that is Solomon, of whom I have made the same remark, "That they were both great men, and like all mortal men had each their ruling passion."

The consolation you give me, "That my book, however, will be read enough to answer my design of raising a tax upon the public"—is very unconsolatory, to say nothing how very mortifying! by h——n! an author is worse treated than a common ***** at this rate—"*You will get a penny by your sins, and that's enough.*" Upon this chapter let me comment. That I proposed laying the world under contribution when I set pen to paper is what I own, and I suppose I may be allow'd to have that view in my head in common with every other writer, to make my labour of advantage to myself.

Do you not do the same? but I beg I may add that, whatever views I had of that kind, I had other views—the first of which was the hopes of doing the world good, by ridiculing what I thought deserving of it, or of disservice to sound learning, &c., how I have succeeded, my book must shew—and this I leave entirely to the world—but not to that little world *of your acquaintance*, whose opinion and sentiments you call the general opinion of the best judges *without exception*, who all affirm (you say) that my book cannot be put into the hands of any woman of *character*. (I hope you except widows, doctor—for they are not *all* so squeamish, but I am told they are all really of my party, in return for some good offices done their interests in the 274th page of my first volume.) But for the chaste married, and chaste unmarried, part of the sex, they must not read my book! Heaven forbid the stock of chastity should be lessened by the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy—yes, his Opinions—it would certainly debauch 'em. God take them under his protection in this fiery trial, and send us plenty of Duennas to watch the workings of their humours, till they have safely got through the whole work. If this will not be sufficient, may we have plenty of Sandrados to pour in plenty of cold water, till this terrible fermentation is over! As for the *nummum in loculo*, which you mention to me a second time, I fear you think me very poor, or in debt—I thank God, though I don't abound, that I have enough for a clean shirt every day—and a mutton chop—and my contentment, with this, has thus far (and I hope ever will) put me above stooping an inch for it, even for ——'s estate. Curse on it, I like it not to that degree, nor envy (*you may be sure*) any man who kneels in the dirt for it, so that, however I may fall short of the ends proposed in commencing author—I enter this *protest*, first, that my end was *honest*; and, secondly, that I wrote not to be *fed*, but to be *famous*. I am much obliged to Mr. Garrick for his very favourable opinion; but why, dear Sir, had he done better in finding fault with it than in commending it? to humble me! An author is not so soon humbled as you imagine—no, but to make the book better by castrations, that is still *sub judice*, and I can assure you, upon this chapter, that the very passages and descriptions you propose that I should sacrifice in my second edition are what are best relished by men of wit, and some others whom I esteem as sound critics—so that, upon the whole, I am still kept up, if not above fear, at least above despair, and have seen enough to show me the folly of an attempt of castrating my book to the prudish humours of particulars. I believe the short cut would be to publish this letter at the beginning of the third volume, as an apology for the first and second. I was sorry to find a censure upon the insincerity of some of my friends—I have no reason myself to reproach any one man, my friends have continued in the same opinions of my books which they first gave me on them, many indeed have thought better of 'em, by considering them more, few worse.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

VII.—To David Garrick, Esq.

[*About April*, 1760]

Thursday, 11 o'clock—Night.

DEAR SIR,—'Twas for all the world like a cut across my finger with a sharp pen-knife. I saw the blood—gave it a suck—wrapt it ud—and thought no more about it.

But there is more goes to the healing of a

wound than this comes to:—a wound (unless it is a wound not worth talking of,—but, by the bye, mine is) must give you some pain after. Nature will take her own way with it—it must ferment—it must digest.

The story you told me of Tristram's pretended tutor, this morning—My letter by right should have set out with this sentence, and then the simile would not have kept you a moment in suspense.

This vile story, I say—though I then saw both how and when it wounded—I felt little from it at first—or, to speak more honestly (though it ruins my simile), I felt a great deal of pain from it, but affected an air usual on such accidents, of less feeling than I had.

I have now got home to my lodgings, since the play (you astonished me in it), and have been unwrapping this self-same wound of mine and shaking my head over it this half-hour.

What the devil!—is there no one learned blockhead throughout the many schools of misapplied science in the Christian World to make a *tutor* of for my Tristram?—*ex quovis ligno non fit*—Are we so run out of stock that there is no one lumber-headed, muddle-headed, mortar-headed, pudding-headed *chap* amongst our doctors?—Is there no one single wight of much reading and no learning, amongst the many children in my *mother's* nursery, who bid high for this charge—but I must disable my judment by choosing a Warburton?—Vengeance! have I so little concern for the honour of my hero! Am I a wretch so void of sense, so bereft of feeling for the figure he is to make in story, that I should choose a preceptor to rob him of all the immortality I intended him? O! dear Mr. Garrick.

Malice is ingenious—unless where the excess of it outwits itself—I have two comforts in this stroke of it; the first is that this one is partly of this kind; and secondly that it is one of the number of those which so unfairly brought poor Yorick to his grave. The report might draw blood of the author of Tristram Shandy—but could not harm such a man as the author of the Divine Legation—God bless him! though (by the bye, and according to the natural course of descents) the blessing should come from him to me.

Pray have you no interest, lateral or collateral, to get me introduced to his Lordship?

Why do you ask?

My dear Sir, I have no claim to such an honour, but what arises from the honour and respect which, in the progress of my work, will be shewn in the world I owe to so great a man.

Whilst I am talking of owing—I wish, my dear Sir, that anybody would tell you how much I am indebted to you. I am determined never to do it myself, or say more upon the subject than this, that I am yours,

L. STERNE.

VIII.—To S—— C——, Esq.

May, 1760.

DEAR SIR,—I return you ten thousand thanks for the favour of your letter and the account you give me of my wife and girl. I saw Mr. Ch—y to-night at Ranelagh, who tells me you have inoculated my friend Bobby. I heartily wish him well through, and hope in God all goes right.

On Monday we set on with a grand* retinue of Lord Rockingham's (in whose suite I move) for Windsor—they have contracted for fourteen hundred pounds for the dinner, to some general undertaker, of which the K. has bargained to pay one third. Lord George Sackville was last Saturday at the opera, some say with great effrontery,—others, with great dejection.

I have little news to add. There is a large pamphlet† wrote against Tristram. I wish they would write a hundred such.

Mrs. Sterne says her purse is light: will you, dear Sir, be so good as to pay her ten guineas, and I will reckon with you, when I have the pleasure of meeting you. My best compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends. Believe me, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful,

LAU. STERNE.

IX.—To the Same.

May, 1760.

DEAR SIR,—I this moment received the favour of your kind letter—the letter in the Ladies' Magazine,‡ about me, was wrote by the noted Dr. Hill, who wrote the Inspector, and undertakes that magazine—the people of York are very uncharitable to suppose any man so gross a beast as to pen such a character of himself.—In this great town, no soul ever suspected it, for a thousand reasons—could they suppose I should be such a fool as to fall foul upon Dr. Warburton, my best friend, by representing him so weak a man—or by telling such a lie of him—as his giving me a purse, to buy off his tutorship for Tristram! or I should be fool enough to own I had taken his purse for that purpose!

You must know there is a quarrel between Dr. Hill and Dr. M—y, who was the physician meant at Mr. Charles Stanhope's, and Dr. Hill has changed the place on purpose to give M—y a lick.—Now that conversation (though perhaps true,) yet happened at another place,§ and another physician; which

* Prince Ferdinand, the Marquis of Rockingham, and Earl Temple, were installed Knights of the Garter, on Tuesday, May 6th, 1760, at Windsor.

† "The Clock-maker's outcry against the author of Tristram Shandy." 8vo.

‡ The Royal Female Magazine, for April, 1760.

§ As the truth of this anecdote is not denied, it may gratify curiosity to communicate it in Dr. Hill's own words.—"At the last dinner that the

I have contradicted in this city, for the honour of my friend M—y: all of which shews the absurdity of York credulity and nonsense. Besides, the account is full of falsehoods—first, with regard to the place of my birth, which was at Clonmel, in Ireland; the story of a hundred pounds to Mrs. W—,* not true, or of a *pension promised;* the merit of which I disclaimed, and indeed there are so many other things so untrue, and unlikely to come from me, that the worst enemy I have here never had a suspicion—and, to end all, Dr. Hill owns the paper.

I shall be down before May is out. I preach before the judges on Sunday—my Sermons come out on Thursday after, and I purpose the Monday, at furthest, after that, to set out for York. I have bought a pair of horses for that purpose. My best respects to your Lady.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your most obliged and faithful
L. STERNE.

P.S.—I beg pardon for this hasty scrawl, having just come from a concert where the D. of York performed. I have received great notice from him, and last week had the honour of supping with him.

late lost amiable Charles Stanhope gave to genius, Yorick was present. The good old man was vexed to see a pedantic medicine-monger take the lead, and prevent that pleasantry which good wit and good wine might have occasioned, by a discourse in the unintelligible language of his profession, concerning the difference between the phrenitis and the paraphrenitis and the concomitant categories of the mediastium and pleura.

"Good-humoured Yorick saw the sense of the master of the feast—and fell into the cant and jargon of physic, as if he had been one of Radcliffe's travellers. 'The vulgar practice, says he, 'savours much of mechanical principles; the venerable ancients were all empirics, and the profession will never regain its ancient credit, till practice falls into the old track again. I am myself an instance; I caught cold by leaning on a damp cushion, and after sneezing and snivelling a fortnight, it fell upon my breast; they blooded me, blistered me, and gave me robs and bobs, and lohocks and eclegmata: but I grew worse; for I was treated according to the exact rules of the College. In short, from an inflammation it came to an ADHESION, and all was over with me. They advised me to Bristol, that I might not do them the scandal of dying under their hands: and the Bristol people for the same reason consigned me over to Lisbon. But what do I? why, I considered an adhesion is, in plain English, only a sticking of two things together, and that force enough would pull them asunder. I bought a good ash pole, and began leaping over all the walls and ditches in the country. From the height of the pole I used to come souse down upon my feet like an ass, when he tramples upon a bull-dog, but it did not do. At last—when I had raised myself, perpendicularly over a wall, I used to fall exactly across the ridge of it upon the side opposite to the adhesion. This tore it off at once, and I am as you see. Come, fill a glass to the memory of empiric medicine.' If he had been asked elsewhere about this disorder (for he really had a consumptive disorder,) he would have answered, that he was cured by Huxham's decoction of the bark and elixir of vitriol."

* The Widow of Mr. Sterne's predecessor in the living of Coxwould.

X.—To Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.

York, June 9, 1760.

MY LORD,—Not knowing where to send two sets of my Sermons, I could not think of no better expedient than to order them into Mr. Berenge's hands, who has promised me that he will wait upon your Lordship with them, the first moment he hears you are in town. The truest and humblest thanks I return to your Lordship, for the generosity of your protection, and advice to me; by making a good use of the one, I will hope to deserve the other: I wish your Lordship all the health and happiness in this world, for I am

Your Lordship's most obliged and
Most grateful Servant,
L. STERNE.

P.S.—I am just sitting down to go on with Tristram, &c.—the scribblers use me ill, but they have used my betters much worse, for which may God forgive them.

XI.—To the Rev. Mr. Sterne.

Prior-Park, June 15, 1760.

REVEREND SIR,—I have your favour of the 9th instant, and am glad to understand you are got safe home, and employed again in your proper studies and amusements. You have it in your power to make that, which is an amusement to yourself and others, useful to both: at least you should, above all things, beware of its becoming hurtful to either, by any violations of decency and good manners: but I have already taken such repeated liberties of advising you on that head, that to say more would be needless, or perhaps unacceptable.

Whoever is, in any way, well received by the public, is sure to be annoyed by that pest of the public, *profligate scribblers.* This is the common lot of successful adventurers; but such have often a worse evil to struggle with, I mean the over officiousness of their indiscreet friends. There are two Odes,* as they are called, printed by Dodsley. Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monster of impiety and lewdness—yet, such is the malignity of the scribblers, some have given them to your friend Hall; and others, which is still more impossible, to yourself; though the first Ode has the insolence to place you both in a mean and a ridiculous light. But this might arise from a tale equally ground-

* Intitled, "Two Lyric Epistles: one to my Cousin Shandy, on his coming to Town; and the other to the Grown Gentlewomen, the "Misses of ***" 4to.

less and malignant, that you had shewn them to your acquaintances in MS. before they were given to the public. Nor was their being printed by Dodsley the likeliest means of discrediting the calumny.

About this time, another, under the mask of friendship, pretended to draw your character, which was since published in a *Female Magazine* (for dulness, who often has as great a hand as the devil, in deforming God's works of the creation, has *made them*, it seems, *male* and *female*,) and thence it was transferred into a *Chronicle*.* Pray have you read it—or do you know its author?

But of all these things, I dare say Mr. Garrick, whose prudence is equal to his honesty or his talents, has remonstrated to you with the freedom of a friend. He knows the inconstancy of what is called the Public, towards all, even the best intentioned, of those who contribute to its pleasures or amusement. He (as every man of honour and discretion would) has availed himself of the public favour, to regulate the taste, and, in his proper station, to reform the manners, of the fashionable world; while, by a well-judged economy, he has provided against the temptations of a mean and servile dependency on the follies and vices of the great.

In a word, be assured there is no one more sincerely wishes your welfare and happiness than,

Reverend Sir,

W. G.

XII.—To my Witty Widow, Mrs. F——.

Coxwould, August 3, 1760.

MADAM,—When a man's brains are as dry as a squeezed orange,—he feels he has no more conceit in him than a mallet, 'tis in vain to think of sitting down, and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unless in the honest John-Tro style of *yours of the 15th instant came safe to hand, &c.;* which, by the bye, looks like a letter of business; and you know very well, from the first letter I had the honour to write to you, I am a man of no business at all. This vile plight I found my genius in was the reason I told Mr.——, I would not write to you till the next post, hoping by that time to get some small recruit, at least of vivacity, if not wit, to set out with; but upon second thoughts, thinking a bad letter in season to be better than a good one out of it, this scrawl is the consequence, which if you will burn the moment you get it, I promise to send you a fine set essay in the style of your female epistolizers, cut and trimm'd at all points. God defend me from such, who never yet knew what it was to say or write one premeditated word in my whole life, for this reason I send you this with pleasure, because wrote with the careless irregularity of an easy heart. Who told you Garrick wrote the medley for Beard? 'Twas wrote in his house, however, and before I left town. I deny it, I was not lost two days before I left town. I was lost all the time I was there, and never found till I got to this Shandy-castle of mine. Next winter I intend to sojourn amongst you with more decorum, and will neither be lost nor found anywhere.

Now I wish to God I was at your elbow. I have just finished one volume of Shandy, and I want to read it to some one who I know can taste and relish humour, this by the way is a little impudent in me, for I take the thing for granted, which their high mightinesses the world have yet to determine; but I mean no such thing, I could wish only to have your opinion: shall I, in truth, give you mine; I dare not, but I will; provided you keep it to yourself—know then, that I think there is more laughable humour, with an equal degree of Cervantic satire, if not more than in the last, but we are bad judges of the merit of our children.

I return you a thousand thanks for your friendly congratulations upon my habitation, and I will take care, you shall never wish me but well, for I am, Madam,

With great esteem and truth,

Your most obliged,

L. STERNE.

P.S.—I have wrote this so vilely and so precipitately, I fear you must carry it to a decypherer. I beg you'll do me the honour to write, otherwise you draw *me* in, instead of Mr. — drawing *you* into a scrape, for I should sorrow to have a *taste* of so agreeable a correspondent—and *no more*. Adieu.

XIII.—To S—— C——, Esq.

London, Christmas Day, 1760.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been in such a continual hurry since the moment I arrived here—what with my books, and what with visitors and visitings, that it was not in my power sooner to sit down and acknowledge the favour of your obliging letter: and to thank you for the most friendly motives which led you to write it: I am not much in pain upon what gives my kind friends at Stillington so much on the chapter of *Noses*—because, as the principal satire throughout that part is levelled at those learned blockheads who, in all ages, have wasted their time and much learning upon points as foolish—it shifts off the idea of what you fear to another point, and 'tis thought here very good, 'twill pass muster, I mean not with all; no, no! I shall be attacked and pelted, either from cellars or garrets, write what I will—and besides, must expect to have a party against me of many hundreds, who either do not, or will not, laugh. 'Tis enough if I divide the world;—

* The London Chronicle, May 6, 1760.

at least, I will not contend with it. I wish you was here to see what changes of looks and political reasoning have taken place in every company and coffee-house since last year; we shall be soon Prussians, and Anti-Prussians, B——s and Anti-B——s, and those distinctions will just do as well as Whig and Tory; and for aught I know, serve the same ends. The king seems resolved to bring all things back to their original principles, and to stop the torrent of corruption and laziness. He rises every morning at six to do business, rides out at eight to a minute, returns at nine to give himself up to his people. By persisting, 'tis thought he will oblige his ministers and dependants to dispatch affairs with him many hours sooner than of late, and 'tis much to be questioned whether they will not be enabled to wait upon him sooner by being freed from long levees of their own, and applications; which will in all likelihood, be transferred from them directly to himself, the present system being to remove that phalanx of great people, which stood betwixt the throne and the subjects, and suffer them to have immediate access without the intervention of a cabal—(this is the language of others): however, the king gives every thing himself, knows every thing, and weighs every thing maturely, and then is inflexible—this puts old stagers off their game—how it will end we are all in the dark.

'Tis feared the war is quite over in Germany; never was known such havoc amongst troops—I was told yesterday, by a colonel from Germany, that, out of two battalions of nine hundred men, to which he belonged, but seventy-one are left! Prince Ferdinand has sent word, 'tis said, that he must have forty thousand men directly to take the field—and with provisions for them too, for he can but subsist them for a fortnight. I hope this will find you all got to York. I beg my compliments to the amiable Mrs. Croft, &c.

Though I purposed going first to Golden-Square, yet fate has thus long disposed of me—so I have never been able to set a foot towards that quarter.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours affectionately,
L. STERNE.

XIV.—To the Same.

[*About January*, 1761.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just time to acknowledge the favour of yours, but not to get the two prints you mention—which shall be sent you by next post—I have bought them, and lent them to Miss Gilbert, but will assuredly send for them and enclose them to you:—I will take care to get your pictures well copied, and at a moderate price. And if I can be of further use, I beseech you to employ me; and from time to time will send you an account of whatever may be worth transmitting. The stream now sets in strong against the German war. Loud complaints of — — — making a trade of the war, &c., &c.; much expected from L—Granby's evidence to these matters, who is expected every hour: the king wins every day upon the people, shews himself much at the play (but no opera), rides out with his brothers every morning, half-an-hour after seven, till nine—returns with them, spends a hour with them at breakfast and chat—and then sits down to business. I never dined at home once since I arrived—am fourteen dinners deep engaged just now, and fear matters will be worse with me in that point than better. As to the main points in view, at which you hint—all I can say is that I see my way, and unless Old Nick throws the dice—shall in due time come off winner.—Tristram will be out the twentieth—There is a great rout about him before he enters the stage—whether this will be of use or no, I can't say—some wits of the first magnitude here, both as to wit and station, engage me success—time will shew—

Adieu.

XV.—To the Same.

[March, 1761.]

DEAR SIR,—Since I had the favour of your obliging letter nothing has happened, or been said one day, which has not been contradicted the next; so, having little certain to write, I have forborne writing at all, in hopes every day of something worth filling up a letter. We had the greatest expectations yesterday that ever were raised of a pitched battle in the House of Commons, wherein Mr. Pitt was to have entered and thrown down the gauntlet, in defence of the German war. There never was so full a house—the gallery full to the top—I was there all the day—when lo! a political fit of the gout seized the great combatant—he entered not the lists—Beckford got up, and begged the house, as he saw not his right honourable friend there, to put off the debate—it could not be done, so Beckford rose up, and made a most long, passionate, incoherent, speech, in defence of the Germanic war—but very severe upon the unfrugal manner it was carried on—in which he addressed himself principally to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and laid him on terribly. It seems the chancery of Hanover had laid out 350,000 pounds on account, and brought in our treasury debtor—and the grand debate was for an honest examination of the particulars of this extravagant account, and for vouchers to authenticate it. Legge answered Beckford very rationally and coolly. Lord N. spoke long.—Sir F. Dashwood maintained the German war was most pernicious—Mr. C——, of Surrey, spoke well against the account, with some others. L. Barrington at last got up, and spoke half-

an-hour with great plainness and temper—explained a great many hidden springs relating to these accounts, in favour of the late King, and told two or three conversations which had passed between the King and himself, relative to these expenses—which cast great honour upon the King's character. This was with regard to the money the King had secretly furnished out of his pocket to lessen the account of the Hanover score brought us to discharge.

Beckford and Barrington abused all who sought for peace, and joined in the cry for it; and Beckford added that the reasons of wishing a peace now were the same as the peace of Utrecht, that the people behind the curtain could not both maintain the war and their places too, so were for making another sacrifice of the nation to their own interests. After all, the cry for a peace is so general that it will certainly end in one. Now for myself.—

One half of the town abuse my book as bitterly as the other half cry it up to the skies, the best is, they abuse and buy it, and at such a rate that we are going on with a second edition as fast as possible.

I am going down for a day or two with Mr. Spencer to Wimbleton; on Wednesday there is to be a grand assembly at Lady N——. I have enquired everywhere about Stephen's affair, and can hear nothing. Mr. Charles Townshend will be now Secretary-at-war*—he bid me wish him joy of it, though not in possession—I will ask him—and depend, my most worthy friend, that you shall not be ignorant of what I learn from him.

Believe me ever, ever yours, **L. S.**

XVI.—To the Same.

[*April*, 1761.]

MY DEAR SIR,—A strain which I got in my wrist by a terrible fall prevented my acknowledging the favour of your obliging letter. I went yesterday morning to breakfast with Mr. V., who is a kind of right-hand man to the secretary, on purpose to inquire about the propriety, or feasibility, of doing what you wish me—and he has told me an anecdote, which, had you been here, would, I think, have made it wiser to have deferred speaking about the affair a month hence than now; it is this—You must know that the numbers of officers who have left their regiments in Germany, for the pleasures of the town, have been long a topic for merriment; as you see them in St. James's Coffee-house and the Park, every hour, inquiring, open mouth, how things go on in Germany, and what news when they should have been there to have furnished news themselves;—but the worst part has been that many of them have left their brother-officers on their duty, and in all the fatigues of it, and have come with no end but to make friends, to be put unfairly over the *heads of those* who were left risking *their lives*.—In this attempt there have been some but too successful, which has justly raised ill-blood and complaints from the officers who staid behind—the upshot has been that they have every soul been ordered off, and woe be to him ('tis said) who shall be found listening! Now just to mention our friend's case, whilst this cry is on foot, I think would be doing more hurt than good: but, if you think otherwise, I will go with all my heart, and mention it to Mr. Townshend, for to do more I am too inconsiderable a person to pretend to.—You made me and my friends here very merry with the accounts current at York, of my being forbid the Court—but they do not consider what a considerable person they make of me, when they suppose either my going or my not going there, is a point that ever enters the King's head—and for those about him, I have the honour either to stand so personally well known to them, or to be so well represented by those of the first rank, as to fear no accident of that kind.

I thank God (B——s excepted) I have never yet made a friend or connection I have forfeited, or done aught to forfeit—but on the contrary, my true character is better understood, and where I had one friend last year, who did me honour, I have three now.—If my enemies knew that by this rage of abuse and ill-will they were effectually serving the interests both of myself and works, they would be more quiet—but it has been the fate of my betters, who have found that the way to fame is like the way to heaven, through much tribulation—and till I shall have the honour to be as much maltreated as Rabelais and Swift were, I must continue humble: for I have not filled up the measure of half their *persecutions*.

The Court is turning topsy-turvy. Lord Bute, le premier*—Lord Talbot, to be groom of the chambers† in the room of the D. of R——d—Lord Halifax to Ireland‡—Sir F. Dashwood in Talbot's place—Pitt seems unmoved—a peace inevitable—Stocks rise—the peers this moment kissing hands, &c., &c., (this week may be christened the kiss hands week) for a hundred changes will happen in consequence of these. Pray present my compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends, and believe me, with the greatest fidelity,

Your ever obliged, L. STERNE.

P.S. Is it not strange that Lord Talbot

* He was appointed Secretary-at-war the 24th of March, 1761.

* Lord Bute was appointed Secretary-of-state on the 26th of March, 1761.

† Lord Talbot was appointed Steward of the Household on the same day.

‡ Lord Halifax was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on the 20th of March, 1761.

should have power to remove the Duke of R——d?

Pray when you have read this, send the news to Mrs. Sterne.

---

*XVII.—To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.**

Coxwould, July 28, 1761.

DEAR H—,—I sympathised for, or with, you, on the detail you give me of your late agitations, and would willingly have taken my horse, and trotted to the oracle to have enquired into the etymology of all your sufferings, had I not been assured that all evacuation of bilious matter, with all that abdominal motion attending it (both which are equal to a month's purgation and exercise) will have left you better than it found you.—Need one go to D— to be told that all kind of mild (mark I am going to talk more foolishly than your apothecary), opening, saponacious, dirty-shirt, sud-washing liquors are proper for you, and consequently all styptical potations, death and destruction—if you had not shut up your gall-ducts by these, the glauber-salts could not have hurt—as it was, 'twas like a match to the gunpowder, by raising a fresh combustion, as all physic does at first, so that you have been let off—nitre, brimstone, and charcoal (which is blackness itself), all at one blast—'twas well the piece did not burst, for I think it underwent great violence, and as it is proof, will, I hope, do much service in this militating world.—Panty† is mistaken. I quarrel with no one.—There was that coxcomb of —— in the house, who lost temper with me for no reason upon earth but that I could not fall down and worship a brazen image of learning and eloquence, which he set up, to the persecution of all true believers—I sat down upon *his altar*, and whistled in the time of his divine service—and broke down his carved work, and kicked his incense-pot to the D——, so he retreated, *sed non sine felle in corde suo*.—I have wrote a clerum; whether I shall take my doctor's degrees or no—I am much in doubt, but I trow not.—I go on with Tristram—I have bought seven hundred books at a purchase, dog cheap—and many good—and I have been a week getting them set up in my best room here—why do not you transport yours to town? but I talk like a fool.—This will just catch you at your spaw—I wish you *incolumem apud Londinum*—do you go there for good and all—or ill?—I am, dear cousin,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

---

* John Hall Stevenson is the "Eugenius" of Sterne. He was a man of great wit, and his poems, written somewhat in the manner of Colman's "Broad Grins," but with more freedom, were once in considerable vogue, especially his "Crazy Tales," which it was endeavoured to suppress.

† The Reverend Mr. R—— L——

XVIII.—To the Same.

Coxwould [*about August*], 1761.

DEAR H,—I rejoice you are in London—rest you there in peace:—here 'tis the devil. You was a good prophet.—I wish myself back again, as you told me I should—but not because a thin, death-doing, pestiferous, north-east wind blows in a line directly from Crazy-castle turret full upon me in this cuckoldy retreat (for I value the north-east wind and all its powers not a straw),—but the transition from rapid motion to absolute rest was too violent.—I should have walked about the streets of York ten days, as a proper medium to have passed through, before I entered upon my rest.—I staid but a moment, and I have been here but a few, to satisfy me I have not managed my miseries like a wise man—and if God, for my consolation under them, had not poured forth the spirit Shandeism into me, which will not suffer me to think two moments upon any grave subject, I would else, just now, lie down and die—die—and yet, in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea, I shall be as merry as a monkey—and as mischievous too, and forget it all—so that this is but a copy of the present train running cross my brain.—And so you think this cursed stupid—but that, my dear H—, depends much upon the quotâ horâ of your shabby clock, if the pointer of it is in any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon—I give it up—or if the day is obscured by dark engendering clouds of either wet or dry weather, I am still lost—but who knows but it may be five, and the day as fine a day as ever shone upon the earth since the destruction of Sodom,—and peradventure your Honour may have got a good hearty dinner to-day, and ate and drank your intellectuals into a placidulish and a blandulish amalgama—to bear nonsense, so much for that.

'Tis as cold and churlish just now as (if God had not pleased it to be so) it ought to have been in bleak December, and therefore I am glad you are where you are, and where (I repeat it again) I wish I was also.—Curse of poverty and absence from those we love!—they are two great evils which embitter all things—and yet with the first I am not haunted much. As to matrimony, I should be a beast to rail at it, for my wife is easy—but the world is not—and had I staid from her a second longer, it would have been a burning shame—else she declares herself happier without me—but not in anger is this declaration made—but in pure sober good sense, built on sound experience—she hopes you will be able to strike a bargain for me before this time twelvemonth, to lead a bear round Europe: and from this hope from you, I verily believe it is that you are so high in her favour at present.—She swears you are a fellow of wit, though humorous; a funny, jolly

soul, though somewhat splenetic; and (bating the love of women) as honest as *gold*—how do you like the simile?—Oh, Lord! now are you going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am sitting sorrowful as the prophet was, when the voice cried out to him, and said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"—'Tis well the Spirit does not make the same at Coxwould—for, unless for the few sheep left me to take care of, in this wilderness, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca.—When we find we can, by a shifting of places, run away from ourselves, what think you of a jaunt there, before we finally pay a visit to the *vale of Jehosaphat?*—As ill a fame as we have, I trust I shall one day or other see you face to face—so tell the two colonels, if they love good company, to live righteously and soberly, as *you do*, and then they will have no doubts or dangers within or without them—present my best and warmest wishes to them, and advise the eldest to prop up his spirits, and get a rich dowager before the conclusion of the peace—why will not the advice suit both, *par nobile fratrum?*

To-morrow morning (if Heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume* of Shandy—I care not a curse for the critics—I'll load my vehicle with what goods *he* sends me, and they may take 'em off my hands, or let them alone—I am very valorous—and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and see it in its true dimensions, that we despise it—no bad rant!—God above bless you! You know I am your affectionate cousin,

LAURENCE STERNE.

What few remain of the Demoniacs, greet—and write me a letter, if you are able, as foolish as this.

XIX.—To Lady ——.

Coxwould, Sept. 21, 1760.

I RETURN to my new habitation, fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you most cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my Lord Fauconberg's having presented me with the curacy of this place—though your congratulation comes somewhat of the latest, as I have been possessed of it some time.—I hope I have been of some service to his Lordship, and he has sufficiently requited me.—'Tis seventy guineas a year in my pocket, though worth a hundred—but it obliges me to have a curate to officiate at Sutton and Stillington.—'Tis within a mile of his Lordship's seat and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the chaise I purchased for my wife.—Lyd has a pony which she delights in.—Whilst they take these diversions, I am scribbling away at my Tristram. These two volumes are, I think, the best.—I shall write as long as I live, 'tis in fact, my hobby-horse; and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast. My Lydia helps to copy for me—and my wife knits and listens as I read her chapters.—The coronation of his Majesty (whom God preserve!) has cost me the value of an ox, which is to be roasted whole in the middle of the town, and my parishioners will, I suppose, be very merry upon the occasion.—You will then be in town—and feast your eyes with a sight, which 'tis to be hoped will not be in either of our powers to see again—for in point of age we have about twenty years the start of his Majesty.—And now, my dear friend, I must finish this—and, with every wish for your happiness, conclude myself your most sincere well-wisher and friend,

L. STERNE.

* Alluding to the first edition.

XX.—To David Garrick, Esq.

Paris, Jan. 31, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Think not, because I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart—heart! yes, yes, say you—but I must not waste paper in *badinage* this post, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health, for the time, as ever your friendship could wish, or at least your faith give credit to—by the bye, I am somewhat worse in my intellectuals, for my head is turned round with what I see, and the unexpected honours I have met with here. Tristram was almost as much known here as in London, at least among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into so many circles ('tis *comme à Londres*). I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers upon my hands.—My application to the Count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly, for not only M. Pelletiere (who, by the bye, sends ten thousand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the Count de Limbourg—the Baron d'Holhach, has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France—'tis more, you rogue! than you will do.—This Baron is one of the most learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the Sçavans who are no wits—keeps open house three days a week—his house is now, as yours was to me, my own—he lives at great expense. 'Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the Count de Bissie, which I was at his desire—I found him reading Tristram—this grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments into the Palais Royal, to view the Duke of Orleans's collections, every day I have time.—I have been at the doctors of Sorbonne.—I hope in a fortnight to break

through, or rather from the delights of this place, which, in the *scavoir vivre*, exceeds all the places, I believe, in this section of the globe.—

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox and Mr. Maccartny, to Versailles—the next morning I wait upon Mons. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartny, who is known to him, to deliver your commands.—I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical, declamation; I have bought another in verse worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a servant of Mr. Hodges, whom he is sending back to England.

I was last night with Mr. Fox to see Mademoiselle Clairon, in *Iphigéne*—she is extremely great—would to God you had one or two like her—what a luxury to see you with one of such powers in the same interesting scene—but 'tis too much.—Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himself.—By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have bespoke this week, *The Frenchman in London*, in which Preville is to send us home to supper, *all happy*—I mean about fifteen or sixteen English of distinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every respect to me like a man of good-breeding, and good-nature.—In a post or two, I will write again. Foley is an honest soul.—I could write six volumes of what has passed comically in this great scene, since these last fourteen days—but more of this hereafter.—We are all going into mourning; nor you, nor Mrs. Garrick, would know me if you met me in my *remise*.—Bless you both! Service to Mrs. Denis. Adieu, adieu; L. S.

XXI.—To Lady D.

London,* Feb. 1, 1762.

YOUR Ladyship's kind enquiries after my health are indeed kind, and of a-piece with the rest of your character. Indeed I am very ill, having broke a vessel in my lungs—hard writing in the summer, together with preaching, which I have not strength for, is ever fatal to me—but I cannot avoid the latter yet, and the former is too pleasurable to be given up—I believe I shall try if the south of France will not be of service to me—his G. of Y. has most humanely given me the permission for a year or two—I shall set off with great hopes of its efficacy, and shall write to my wife and daughter to come and join me at Paris, else my stay could not be so long.—" Le Fevre's story has beguiled your ladyship of your tears," and the thought of the accusing spirit flying up to heaven's chancery with the oath, you are kind enough to say is sublime—my friend, Mr. Garrick, thinks so too, and I am most vain of his approbation—your Ladyship's opinion adds not a little to my vanity.

I wish I had time to take a little excursion to Bath, were it only to thank you for all the obliging things you say in your letter—but 'tis impossible—accept at least my warmest thanks.—If I could tempt my friend Mr. H. to come to France, I should be truly happy.—If I can be of any service to you at Paris, command him who is, and ever will be,

Your Ladyship's faithful, L. STERNE.

* This letter, though dated from *London*, was evidently written at *Paris*.

XXII.—To David Garrick, Esq.

Paris, March 19, 1762.

DEAR GARRICK,—This will be put into your hands by Dr. Shippen, a physician, who has been here some time with Miss Poyntz, and is this moment setting off for your metropolis; so I snatch the opportunity of writing to you and my kind friend Mrs. Garrick.—I see nothing like her here, and yet I have been introduced to one half of their best Goddesses, and in a month more shall be admitted to the shrines of the other half—but I neither worship—nor fall (much) upon my knees before them; but, on the contrary, have converted many unto Shandeism—for be it known, I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonsense than ever you heard me talk in your days—and to all sorts of people. *Qui le diable est cet homme la*—said Choiseul, t'other day—*ce Chevalier Shandy*—You'll think me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the rest of the dialogue—whether the bearer knows it or no, I know not—'Twill serve up after supper, in Southampton Street, amongst other small dishes, after the fatigues of Richard the Third.—O God! they have nothing here which gives the nerves so smart a blow as those great characters in the hands of Garrick! but I forgot I am writing to the man himself—The devil take (as he will) these transports of enthusiasm! Apropos—the whole city of Paris is *bewitch'd* with the comic opera, and if it was not for the affair of the Jesuits, which takes up one half of our talk, the comic opera would have it all—It is a tragical nuisance in all companies as it is, and was it not for some sudden starts and dashes—of Shandeism, which now and then either break the thread, or entangle it so that the devil himself would be puzzled in winding it off—I should die a martyr—this by the way I never will.—

I send you over some of these comic operas by the bearer, with the *Sallon*, a satire—The French comedy, I seldom visit it—they act scarce anything but tragedies—and the Clarion is great, and Mademoiselle Dumesnil, in some places, still greater than her—yet I cannot bear preaching—I fancy I got a sur-

feit of it in my younger days.—There is a tragedy to be damn'd to-night—peace be with it, and the gentle brain which made it! I have ten thousand things to tell you; I cannot write—I do a thousand things which cut no figure, *but in the doing*—and as in London, I have the honour of having done and said a thousand things I never did or dream'd of—and yet I dream abundantly. If the devil stood behind me in the shape of a courier, I could not write faster than I do, having five letters more to dispatch by the same Gentleman; he is going into another section of the globe, and when he has seen you, he will depart in peace.

The Duke of Orleans has suffered my portrait to be added to the number of some odd men in his collection; and if a gentleman who lives with him has taken it most expressively, at full length—I purpose to obtain an etching of it, and to send it you—your prayer for me of *rosy health*, is heard—If I stay here for three or four months, I shall return more than re-instated. My love to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, my dear Garrick, Your most humble servant, L. STERNE.

XXIII.—To the Same.

Paris, April 12, 1762.

MY DEAR GARRICK,—I snatch the occasion of Mr. Wilcox (the late Bishop of Rochester's son) leaving this place for England, to write to you, and I inclose it to Hall, who will put it into your hand, possibly behind the scenes. I hear no news of you, or your *empire*, I would have said *kingdom*—but here everything is hyperbolized—and if a woman is but simply pleased—'tis *Je suis charmé*—and if she is charmed, 'tis nothing less than she is *ravi*-sh'd—and when ravi-sh'd (which may happen) there is nothing left for her but to fly to the other world for a metaphor, and swear, qu'lle etoit tout *extasiée*—which mode of speaking is, by the bye, here creeping into use, and there is scarce a woman who understands the *bon ton* but is seven times in a day in downright extasy—that is, the devil's in her—by a small mistake of one world for the other—Now, where am I got?

I have been these two days reading a tragedy, given me by a lady of talents to read, and conjecture if it would do for you—'Tis from the plan of Diderot, and possibly half a translation of it.—The Natural Son, or the Triumph of Virtue, in five acts—It has too much sentiment in it (at least for me), the speeches too long, and savour too much of *preaching*—this may be a second reason it is not to my taste—'Tis all love, love, love, throughout, without much separation in the character; so I fear it would not do for your stage, and perhaps for the very reasons which recommend it to a French one.—After a vile suspension of three weeks—we are beginning with our comedies and operas again—yours I hear never flourished more—here the comic actors were never so low—the tragedians hold up their heads—in all senses. I have known *one little man* support the theatrical world, like a David Atlas, upon his shoulders, but Preville can't do half as much here, though Mademoiselle Clairon stands by him, and sets her back to his—she is very great, however, and highly improved since you saw her—she also supports her dignity at table, and has her public day every Thursday, when she *gives to eat* (as they say here) to all that are hungry and dry.

You are much talked of here, and much expected as soon as the peace will let you—these two last days you have happened to engross the whole conversation at two great houses where I was at dinner—'Tis the greatest problem in nature, in this meridian, that one and the same man should possess such tragic and comic powers, and in such an equilibrio, as to divide the world for which of the two Nature intended him.

Crebillon has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage*—as soon as I get to Toulouse, he has agreed to write me an expostulatory letter upon the indecorums of T. Shandy—which is to be answered by recriminations upon the liberties in his own works—these are to be printed together—Crebillon against Sterne—Sterne against Crebillon—the copy to be sold, and the money equally divided—This is good Swiss policy.

I am recovered greatly, and if I could spend one whole winter at Toulouse, I should be fortified, in my inner man, beyond all danger of relapsing.—A sad asthma my daughter has been martyr'd with these three winters, but mostly this last, makes it, I fear, necessary she should try the last remedy of a warmer and softer air, so I am going this week to Versailles, to wait upon Count Choiseul to solicit passports for them—If this system takes place, they join me here—and after a month's stay we all decamp for the south of France—if not, I shall see you in June next. Mr. Fox, and Mr. Maccartny, having left Paris, I live altogether in French families—I laugh till I cry, and in the same tender moments *cry till I laugh*. I Shandy it more than ever, and verily do believe that, by mere Shandeism, sublimated by a laughter-loving people, I fence as much against infirmities as I do by the benefit of air and climate. Adieu, dear Garrick! present ten thousand of my best respects and wishes to and for my friend Mrs. Garrick—had she been last night upon the Tuileries, she would have annihilated a thousand French goddesses, *in one single turn*. I am, most truly,

My dear friend, L. STERNE.

XXIV.—To Mrs. Sterne, York.

Paris, May 16th, 1762.

My Dear,—It is a thousand to one that this reaches you before you have set out—However, I take the chance—you will receive one wrote last night, the moment you get to Mr. E., and to wish you joy of your arrival in town,—to that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on—for I have almost drain'd my brains dry upon the subject. For God's sake rise early and gallop away in the cool—and always see that you have not forgot your baggage in changing post-chaises—You will find good tea on the road from York to Dover—only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris—give the Custom-House Officers what I told you; at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch snuff—but as tobacco is good here, you had best bring a Scotch mill and make it yourself, that is, order your valet to manufacture it—'twill keep him out of mischief. I would advise you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourselves—See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but you will look sharp—drink small Rhenish to keep you cool (that is if you like it). Live well, and deny yourselves nothing your hearts wish. So God in heaven prosper and go along with you—kiss my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately,

Yours, L. Sterne.

XXV.—To the Same.

Paris, May 21, 1762.

My Dear,—There have no mails arrived here till this morning, for three posts, so I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia—and lo! it is arrived. You are as busy as Thorp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be busier still—I have exhausted all my ideas about your journey—and what is needful for you to do before and during it—so I write only to tell you I am well—Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swisserland's secretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Custom-House Office at Calais—it shall be sent you next post.—You must be cautious about Scotch snuff—take half-a-pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same. 'Tis well I bought you a chaise—there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price—for they are all sent to the army, and such a one as yours we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going hence to Italy—the weather was never known to set in so hot, as it has done the latter end of this month, so he and his party are to get into his chaise by four in the morning, and travel till nine—and not stir out again till six;—but I hope this severe heat will abate by the time you come here—however, I beg of you once more to take special care of heating your blood in travelling, and come *toute doucement*, when you find the heat too much—I shall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your passport, my picture, &c. Write and tell me something of everything. I long to see you both, you may be assured, my dear wife and child, after so long a separation—and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive. For my own part I shall continue writing to you a fortnight longer—present my respects to all friends—you have bid Mr. C. get my visitations at P. done for me, &c., &c. If any offers are made about the inclosures at Rascal, they must be inclosed to me—nothing that is fairly proposed shall stand still on my score. Do all for the best, as He who guides all things will I hope do for us—so heaven preserve you both—believe me

Your affectionate

L. Sterne.

Love to my Lydia—I have bought her a gold watch to present to her when she comes.

XXVI.—To the Same.

Paris, June 17, 1762.

My Dear,—I keep my promise, and write to you again—I am sorry the bureau must be opened for the deeds—but you will see it done—I imagine you are convinced of the necessity of bringing three hundred pounds in your pocket—if you consider Lydia must have two slight negligées—you will want a new gown or two—as for painted linens, buy them in town, they will be more admired because English than French. Mrs. H. writes me word that I am mistaken about buying silk cheaper at Toulouse than Paris, that she advises you to buy what you want here—where they are very beautiful and cheap, as well as blonds, gauzes, &c. These I say will all cost you sixty guineas—and you must have them—for in this country nothing must be spared for the back—and if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret seven stories high, you must not betray it in your clothes, according to which you are well or ill looked on. When we are got to Toulouse, we must begin to turn the penny, and we may (if you do not game much) live very cheap—I think that expression will divert you—and now God knows I have not a wish but for your health, comfort, and safe arrival here—write to me every other post, that I may know how you go on—you will be in raptures with your chariot—Mr. R., a gentleman of fortune, who is going to Italy, and has seen it, has offered me thirty guineas for

my bargain. You will wonder all the way how I am to find room in it for a third—to ease you of this wonder, 'tis by what the coachmakers here call a cave, which is a second bottom added to that you set your feet upon, which lets the person (who sits over against you) down with his knees to your ancles, and by which you have all more room —and what is more, less heat,—because his head does not intercept the fore-glass—little or nothing—Lyd and I will enjoy this by turns; sometimes I shall take a bidet—(a little post-horse) and scamper before—at other times I shall sit in fresco upon the arm-chair without doors, and one way or other will do very well. I am under infinite obligations to Mr. Thornhill - for accommodating me thus, and so genteelly, for 'tis like making a present of it.—Mr. T. will send you an order to receive it at Calais—and now, my dear girls, have I forgot any thing? Adieu! Adieu!

Yours most affectionately,

L. STERNE.

A week or ten days will enable you to see every thing—and so long you must stay to rest your bones.

XXVII.—To the Same.

Paris, June 14, 1762.

MY DEAREST,—Having an opportunity of writing by a friend who is setting out this morning for London, I write again, in case the two last letters I have wrote to you this week should be detained by contrary winds at Calais—I have wrote to Mr. E——, by the same hand, to thank him for his kindness to you in the handsomest manner I could—and have told him, his good heart, and his wife's, have made them overlook the trouble of having you at his house, but that if he takes your apartments near him they will have occasion still enough left to shew their friendship to us —I have begged him to assist you, and stand by you, as if he was in my place with regard to the sale of the Shandys—and then the copyright—Mark to keep these things distinct in your head—But Becket I have ever found to be a man of probity, and I dare say you will have very little trouble in finishing matters with him—and I would rather wish you to treat with him than with another man—but whoever buys the fifth and sixth volumes of Shandys, must have the nay-say of the seventh and eighth.*—I wish, when you come here, in case the weather is too hot to travel, you could think it pleasant to go to the Spa for four or six weeks, where we should live for half the money we should spend at Paris—after that we should take the sweetest season of the vintage to go to the south of France—but we will put our heads together, and you shall just do as you please in this, and in every thing which depends on me—for I am a being perfectly contented when others are pleased—to bear and forbear will ever be my maxim—only I fear the heats through a journey of five hundred miles for you and my Lydia, more than for myself.—Do not forget the watch-chains—bring a couple for a gentleman's watch likewise; we shall lie under great obligations to the Abbé M., and must make him such a small acknowledgment; according to my way of flourishing, 'twill be a present worth a kingdom to him—They have bad pins, and vile needles here—bring for yourself, and some for presents—as also a strong bottle-screw, for whatever scrub we may hire as butler, coachman, &c., to uncork us our Frontiniac—You will find a letter for you at the Lyon d'Argent—Send for your chaise into the court-yard, and see all is right —Buy a chain, at Calais, strong enough not to be cut off, and let your portmanteau be tied on the fore part of your chaise, for fear of a dog's trick—so God bless you both, and remember me to my Lydia.

I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

* Alluding to the first edition.

XXVIII.—To the Same.

Paris, June 17, 1762.

MY DEAREST,—Probably you will receive another letter with this by the same post—if so, read this the last—It will be the last you can possibly receive at York, for I hope it will catch you just as you are upon the wing —if that should happen, I suppose in course you have executed the contents of it, in all things which relate to pecuniary matters, and when these are settled to your mind, you will have got through your last difficulty—every thing else will be a step of pleasure, and by the time you have got half-a-dozen stages, you will set up your pipes and sing Te Deum together, as you whisk it along. Desire Mr. C—— to send me a proper letter of attorney by you, he will receive it back by return of post. You have done every thing well with regard to our Sutton and Stillington affairs, and left things in the best channel—if I was not sure you must have long since got my picture, garments, &c., I would write and scold Mr T——, abominably—he put them in Becket's hands to be forwarded by the stage-coach to you, as soon as he got to town. I long to hear from you, and that all my letters and things are come safe to you, and then you will say I have not been a bad lad—for you will find I have been writing continually, as I wished you to do.—Bring your silver coffee-pot, 'twill serve both to give water, lemonade, and orjead—to say nothing of coffee and chocolate, which, by the bye, is both cheap and good at Toulouse, like other things—I had like to have forgot a most necessary thing, there are no copper tea-

kettles in France, and we shall find such a thing the most comfortable utensil in the house—buy a good strong one, which will hold two quarts—a dish of tea will be of comfort to us in our journey south—I have a bronze tea-pot, which we will carry also—as china cannot be brought over from England, we must make a villanous party-coloured tea-equipage, to regale ourselves and our English friends, whilst we are at Toulouse—I hope you have got your bill from Becket. There is a good-natured kind of a trader I have just heard of, at Mr. Foley's, who they think will be coming off from England to France with horses the latter end of June. He happened to come over with a lady, who is sister to Mr. Foley's partner, and I have got her to write a letter to him in London, this post, to beg he will seek you at Mr. E——'s, and, in case a cartel-ship does not go off before he goes, to take you under his care. He was infinitely friendly, in the same office, last year, to the lady who now writes to him, and nursed her on ship-board, and defended her by land with great good-will. Do not say I forget you, or whatever can be conducive to your ease of mind in this journey—I wish I was with you, to do these offices myself, and to strew roses on your way—but I shall have time and occasion to shew you I am not wanting—Now, my dears, once more pluck up your spirits—trust in God—in me—and in yourselves—with this, was you put to it, you would encounter all these difficulties ten times told—Write instantly, and tell me you triumph over all fears; tell me Lydia is better, and a help-mate to you—You say she grows like me—let her show me she does so in her contempt of small dangers, and fighting against the apprehensions of them, which is better still. As I will not have F.'s share of the books, you will inform him so—Give my love to Mr. Fothergill, and to those true friends which envy has spared me—and for the rest, *laissez passer*—You will find I speak French tolerably—but I only wish to be understood. You will soon speak better; a month's play with a French Demoiselle will make Lyd chatter like a magpie. Mrs.—— understood not a word of it when she got here, and writes me word she begins to prate apace, you will do the same in a fortnight—Dear Bess, I have a thousand wishes, but have a hope for everyone of them—you shall chant the same *jubilate*, my dears, so God bless you. My duty to Lydia, which implies my love too. Adieu, believe me

Your affectionate, L. STERNE.

Memorandum: Bring watch-chains, tea-kettles, knives, cookery-book, &c.

You will smile at this last article—so adieu—at Dover, the Cross Keys: At Calais, the Lyon D'Argent—the master, a Turk in grain.

XXIX.—To Lady D.

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I WILL not send your ladyship the trifles you bid me purchase without a line. I am very well pleased with Paris—indeed I meet with so many civilities amongst the people here that I must sing their praises—the French have a great deal of urbanity in their composition, and to stay a little time amongst them will be agreeable.—I splutter French so as to be understood—but I have had a droll adventure here, in which my Latin was of some service to me.—I had hired a chaise and a horse to go about seven miles into the country, but, *Shandean-like*, did not take notice that the horse was almost dead when I took him—Before I got half-way, the poor animal dropped down dead—so, I was forced to appear before the Police, and began to tell my story in French, which was that the poor beast had to do with a worse beast than himself, namely, *his master*, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu-like), and that he had neither corn nor hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horse—but I might as well have whistled as have spoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lillabullero—being not understood because of its purity; but by dint of words, I forced my judge to do me justice—no common thing, by the way, in France.—My wife and daughter are arrived—the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of the torment of being frizzled.—I wish she may ever remain a child of nature—I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your ladyship well—that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Toulouse, which place I shall set out for very soon.

I am, with truth and sincerity,

Your Ladyship's most faithful,

L. STERNE.

XXX.—To Mr. E——.

Paris, July 12, 1762.

DEAR SIR,—My wife and daughter arrived here safe and sound on Thursday, and are in high raptures with the speed and pleasantness of their journey, and particularly of all they see and meet with here. But in their journey from York to Paris nothing has given them a more sensible and lasting pleasure than the marks of kindness they received from you and Mrs. E. The friendship, good-will, and politeness of my two friends I never doubted to me or mine, and I return you both all a grateful man is capable of, which is merely my thanks. Have taken, however, the liberty of sending an Indian tafferty, which Mrs. E. must do me the honour to wear for my wife's sake, who would have got it made up, but that Mr. Stanhope, the consul of Algiers, who

sets off to-morrow morning for London, has been so kind (I mean his lady) as to take charge of it; and we had but just time to procure it; and had we missed that opportunity, as we should have been obliged to have left it behind us at Paris, we knew not when nor how to get it to our friend.—I wish it had been better worth a paragraph. If there is anything we can buy or procure for you here (intelligence included), you have a right to command me—for I am yours, with my wife and girl's kind love to you and Mrs. E.

LAU. STERNE.

XXXI.—To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.

Toulouse, August 12, 1764.

MY DEAR H.—By the time you have got to the end of this long letter, you will perceive that I have not been able to answer your last till now—I have had the intention of doing it almost as often as my prayers in my head—'tis thus we use our best friends.—What an infamous story is that you have told me!—After some little remarks on it, the rest of my letter will go on like silk. *** is a good-natured old easy fool, and has been deceived by the most artful of her sex, and she must have abundance of impudence and charlatanery to have carried on such a farce. I pity the old man for being taken in for so much money—a man of sense I should have laughed at.—My wife saw her when in town, and she had not the appearance of poverty; but when she wants to melt ***'s heart, she puts her gold watch and diamond rings in her drawer.—But he might have been aware of her. I could not have been mistaken in her character—and 'tis odd she should talk of her wealth to one, and tell another the reverse—so good-night to her.—About a week or ten days before my wife arrived at Paris, I had the same accident I had at Cambridge, of breaking a vessel in my lungs. It happened in the night, and I bled the bed full, and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed to death, I sent immediately for a surgeon to bleed me at both arms—this saved me, and with lying speechless for three days, I recovered upon my back in bed; the breach healed, and, in a week after, I got out.—This, with my weakness and hurrying about, made me think it high time to haste to Toulouse.—We have had four months of such heats that the oldest Frenchman never remembers the like—'twas as hot as *Nebuchadnezzar's oven*, and never has relaxed one hour—in the height of this, 'twas our destiny (or rather destruction) to set out by way of Lyons, Montpellier, &c., to shorten, I trow, our sufferings.—Good God!—but 'tis over—and here I am in my own house, quite settled by M——'s aid and good-natured offices, for which I owe him more than I can express, or know how to pay at present.—'Tis in the prettiest situation in Toulouse, with near two acres of garden—the house too good by half for us—well furnished, for which I pay thirty pounds a year.—I have got a good cook—my wife a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good-looking *laquais*.—The Abbé has planned our expenses, and set us in such a train we cannot easily go wrong—though, by-the-bye, the d—l is seldom found sleeping under a hedge. Mr. Trotter dined with me the day before I left Paris—I took care to see all executed according to your directions—but Trotter, I dare say, by this, has wrote to you—I made him happy beyond expression with your Crazy Tales, and more so with its frontispiece—I am in spirits, writing a crazy chapter—with my face turned towards thy turret.—'Tis now I wish all warmer climates, countries, and every thing else, at ——, that separates me from our paternal seat—*ce sera là où reposera ma cendre—et se sera là où mon cousin viendra repandre les pleurs dues à noire amitié*.—I am taking asses' milk three times a day, and cow's milk as often—I long to see thy face again once more.—Greet the Colonel kindly in my name, and thank him cordially from me for his many civilities to Madame and Mademoiselle Shandy at York, who send all due acknowledgments. The humour is over for France, and Frenchmen, but that is not enough for your affectionate cousin,

L. S.

(A year will tire us all out, I trow), but thank Heaven the post brings me a letter from my Anthony.—I felicitate you upon what Messrs. the Reviewers allow you—they have too much judgment themselves not to allow you what you are actually possessed of, "talents, wit, and humour."—Well, write on, my dear cousin, and be guided by thy own fancy.—Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Castle!—I could like to spend a month with you—and should return back again for the vintage.—I honour the man that has given the world an idea of our paternal seat—'tis well done—I look at it ten times a day with a *quando te aspiciam?*—Now farewell—remember me to my beloved Colonel—greet Panty most lovingly on my behalf, and if Mrs. C——, and Miss C——, *&c.*, are at G——, greet them likewise with a holy kiss.—So God bless you.

XXXII.—To Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse, August 14, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY,—After many turnings (*alias* digressions), to say nothing of downright overthrows, stops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouse, and are now settled in our house, with servants, &c., about us, and look as composed as if we had been here seven years.—In our journey we suffered so much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it—I never saw a cloud from Paris

to Nismes half as broad as a twenty-four sols piece.—Good God! we were toasted, roasted, grill'd, stew'd, and carbonaded on one side or other all the way—and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unswept-out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at.—Can you conceive a worse accident than that in such a journey, in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub which could cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig-leaves—that we should break a hind wheel into ten thousand pieces, and be obliged, in consequence, to sit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or possibility of getting any?—To mend the matter, my two postilions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a-crying—Nothing was to be done! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waistcoat, something shall be done, for I'll thrash you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves.—Our luggage weighed ten quintails —'twas the fair of Baucaire—all the world was going or returning—we were asked by every soul who passed by us, if we were going to the fair of Baucaire?—No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *vous avez raison, mes amis.*

Well! here we are, after all, my dear friend, and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house, well furnish'd, and elegant beyond any thing I look'd for.—'Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town—and behind, the best garden in Toulouse, laid out in serpentine walks, and so large that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent—"the more the merrier."—The house consists of a good *salle à manger* above stairs, joining to the very great *salle à campagnie* as large as the Baron d'Holbach's; three handsome bedchambers with dressing-rooms to them—below stairs two very good rooms for myself, one to study in, the other to see company.—I have, moreover, cellars round the court, and all other offices.—Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country-house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other.—My landlord is, moreover, to keep the gardens in order—and what do you think that I am to pay for all this? neither more or less than thirty pounds a-year —all things are cheap in proportion—so we shall live for very little.—I dined yesterday with Mr. H.; he is most pleasantly situated, and they are all well.—As for the books you have received for D——, the bookseller was a fool not to send the bill along with them—I will write to him about it.—I wish you was with me for two months; it would cure you of all evils ghostly and bodily—but this like many other wishes both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere.—Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason, for I am most truly yours, L. STERNE.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you.—My best respects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that society. Remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

XXXIII.—To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.

Toulouse, Oct. 19, 1762.

MY DEAR H.,—I received your letter yesterday—so it has been travelling from Crazy Castle to Toulouse full eighteen days. —If I had nothing to stop me, I would engage to set out this morning, and knock at Crazy Castle gates in three days less time—by which time I should find you and the Colonel, Panty, &c., all alone—the season I most wish and like to be with you.—I rejoice, from my heart down to my reins, that you have snatch'd so many happy and sunshiny days out of the hands of the blue devils—If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore, we will give these gentry a drubbing—and turn them for ever out of their usurped citadel—some legions of them have been put to flight already by your operations this last campaign—and I hope to have a hand in dispersing the remainder the first time my dear cousin sets up his banners again under the square tower—But what art thou meditating with axes and hammers? —"*I know the pride and the naughtiness of thy heart,*" and thou lovest the sweet visions of architraves, friezes, and pediments, with their tympanums, and thou hast found out a pretence *à raison de cinq cent livres sterling* to be laid out in four years, &c., &c. (so as not to be felt, which is always added by the d—l as a bait) to justify thyself unto thyself—It may be very wise to do this—but 'tis wiser to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilst there are wars without and rumours of wars within. St. —— advises his disciples to sell both coat and waistcoat, and go rather without a shirt or sword, than leave no money in their scrip to go to Jerusalem with—Now these *quatre ans consecutifs*, my dear Anthony, are the most precious morsels of thy *life to come* (in this world,) and thou wilt do well to enjoy that morsel without cares, calculations, and curses, and damns, and debts—for as sure as stone is stone, and mortar is mortar, &c., 'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance—But after all, if the Fates have decreed it, as you and I have some time supposed it, on account of your generosity, "*that you are never to be a monied man,*" the decree will be

fulfilled whether you adorn your castle and line it with cedar, and paint it within side and without side with vermillion, or not *et celle étant* (having a bottle of Frontiniac and glass at my right hand)—I drink, dear Anthony to thy health and happiness, and to the final accomplishment of all thy lunary and sublunary projects.—For six weeks together, after I wrote my last letter to you, my projects were many stories higher, for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world—I feel ill of an epidemic vile fever which killed hundreds about me—The physicians here are the errantest charlatans in Europe, or the most ignorant of all pretending fools—I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature—She (dear goddess) has saved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthusiasm now in her favour, and in my own, that one or two more escapes will make me believe I shall leave you all at last by translation, and not by fair death. I am now stout and foolish again as a happy man can wish to be—and am busy playing the fool with my uncle Toby, whom I have got soused over head and ears in love. —I have many hints and projects for other works; all will go on, I trust, as I wish in this matter.—When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouse—I cannot see I have anything more to do with it; therefore, after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnieres, I shall return whence I came.—Now my wife wants to stay away another year, to save money, and this opposition of wishes, though 'twill not be as sour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as sweet as sugar-candy.—I wish T— would lead Sir Charles to Toulouse; 'tis as good as any town in the South of France—for my own part 'tis not to my taste—but I believe the ground-work of my *ennui* is more to the eternal platitude of the French character—little variety, no originality in it at all—than to any other cause—for they are very civil—but civility itself, in that uniform, wearies and bothers one to death. If I do not mind, I shall grow most stupid and sententious. Miss Shandy is hard at it with music, dancing, and French-speaking, in the last of which she does *à merveille*, and speaks it with an excellent accent, considering she practises within sight of the Pyrenean mountains. If the snows will suffer me, I propose to spend two or three months at Barege, or Bagnieres, but my dear wife is against all schemes of additional expenses,—which wicked propensity (though not of despotic power) yet I cannot suffer—tho', by the bye, laudable enough—But she may talk—I will do my own way, and she will acquiesce without a word of debate on the subject.—Who can say so much in praise of his wife? Few, I trow. M—— is out of town vintaging—so write to me, *Monsieur Sterne, Gentilhomme Anglais*—'twill find me. We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here as at the Cape of Good Hope—so write a long nonsensical letter like this, now and then, to me—in which say nothing but what may be shewn (tho' I love every paragraph and spirited stroke of your pen, others might not), for you must know, a letter no sooner arives from England, but curiosity is upon her knees to know the contents. Adieu, dear H., believe me

Your affectionate, L. STERNE.

We have had bitter cold weather here these fourteen days—which has obliged us to sit with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our noses—'tis a dear article—but, every thing else being extremely cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good house, with *soupe, bouilli, roti*,—&c., &c., for two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

XXXIV.—To Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Toulouse, November 9, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY,—I have had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not answering it sooner—and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M—'s. I would not omit, one post more, acknowledging the favour—In a few posts I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love.—Thank you for having done what I desired you—and for the future direct to me under cover at Monsieur Brousse's—I receive all letters through him more punctually and sooner than when left at the post-house.

H—'s family greet you with mine—we are much together, and never forget you—forget me not to the Baron—and all the circle—nor to your domestic circle.

I am got pretty well, and sport much with my uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world—for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers—so God help them.—I shall hear from you in a post or two at least, after you receive this—in the mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and believe no man wishes or esteems you more than your

L. STERNE.

XXXV.—To the Same.

Toulouse, Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1762.

DEAR FOLEY,—I have for this last fortnight every post-day gone to Messrs. B— and Sons, in expectation of the pleasure of a letter from you with the remittance I desired you to send me here.—When a man has no more than half a dozen guineas in his pocket—and a thousand miles from home—and in a country where he can as soon raise the d—l as a six livre piece to go to market with in case he had changed his last guinea—you will not envy

my situation—God bless you—remit me the balance due upon the receipt of this.—We are all at H—'s, practising a play we are to act here this Christmas holidays—all the Dramatis Personæ are of the English, of which we have a happy society living together like brothers and sisters—Your banker here has just sent me word the tea Mr. H. wrote for is to be delivered into my hands—'tis all one into whose hands the treasure falls—we shall pay Brousse for it the day we get it.—We join in our most friendly respects, and believe me, dear Foley, Truly yours,

L. STERNE.

XXXVI.—To the Same.

Toulouse, Dec. 17, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY,—The post after I wrote last, I received yours, with the inclosed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks—I have received this day likewise the box and tea all safe and sound—so we shall all of us be in our cups this Christmas, and drink without fear or stint.—We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night—fiddling, laughing and singing, and cracking jokes. You will scarce believe the news I tell you—there is a company of English strollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Christmas, and are now busy in making dresses, and preparing some of our best comedies—your wonder will cease when I inform you these strollers are your friends, with the rest of our society to whom I proposed this scheme *soulagement*—and I assure you we do well.—The next week, with a grand orchestra, we play the Busy Body—and the Journey to London, the week after; but I have some thought of adapting it to our situation—and making it the Journey to Toulouse, which, with the change of half-a-dozen scenes, may be easily done.—Thus, my dear F., for want of something better we have recourse to ourselves, and strike out the best amusements we can from such materials.—My kind love and friendship to all my true friends—my service to the rest. H——'s family have just left me, having been this last week with us—they will be with me all the holidays.—In the summer shall visit them, and so balance hospitalities. Adieu,

Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

XXXVII.—To the Same.

Toulouse, March 29, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY,—Though that's a mistake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H.'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week.—"How does Tristram do?" you say in yours to him—faith but so so—the worst of human maladies is poverty—though that is a second lie—for poverty of spirit is worse than poverty of purse by ten thousand per cent.—I enclose you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I insist upon a rescription by the very return—or I will send you and all your commissaries to the d—l.—I do not hear they have tasted of one fleshy banquet all the Lent—you will make an excellent *gillé*. P— they can make nothing of him but *bouillon*—I mean my other two friends no ill—so shall send them a reprieve as they acted out of necessity—not choice.—My kind respects to Baron d'Holbach, and all his household—Say all that's kind for me to my other friends—you know how much, dear Foley, I am yours,

L. STERNE.

I have not five Louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs. My wife's compliments.

XXXVIII.—To the Same.

Toulouse, April 18, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY,—I thank you for your punctuality in sending me the rescription, and for your box by the courier, which came safe by last post.—I was not surprised much with your account of Lord *** being obliged to give way, and for the rest, all follows in course.—I suppose you will endeavour to fish and catch something for yourself in these troubled waters—at least I wish you all a reasonable man can wish for himself—which is wishing enough for you—all the rest is in the brain.—Mr. Woodhouse (whom you know) is also here—he is a most amiable, worthy man, and I have the pleasure of having him much with me—in a short time he proceeds to Italy. The first week in June, I decamp like a patriarch with my whole household, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amusement from the concourse of adventurers from all corners of the earth.—Mrs. M—— sets out at the same time, for another part of the Pyrenean Hills at Courtray—whence to Italy—This is the general plan of operation here—except that I have some thoughts of spending the winter at Florence, and crossing over with my family to Leghorn by water—and in April of returning by way of Paris home—but this is a sketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumstances—so that what is fit to be done on Monday may be very unwise on Saturday—On all days of the week, believe me yours,

With unfeigned truth, L. STERNE.

P.S. All compliments to my Parisian friends.

XXXIX.—To the Same.

Toulouse, April 29, 1763.

MY DEAR FOLEY,—Last post, my agent

wrote me word he would send up from York a bill for fourscore guineas, with orders to be paid into Mr. Selwin's hands for me. This he said he would expedite immediately, so 'tis possible you may have had advice of it, and 'tis possible also the money may not be paid this fortnight; therefore, as I set out for Bagnieres in that time, be so good as to give me credit for the money for a few posts or so, and send me either a rescription for the money, or a draught for it —at the receipt of which, we shall decamp for ten or twelve weeks.—You will receive twenty pounds more on my account, which send also. So much for that—as for pleasure—you have it all amongst you at Paris—we have nothing here which deserves the name—I shall scarce be tempted to sojourn another winter in Toulouse—for I cannot say it suits my health as I hoped—'tis too moist—and I cannot keep clear of agues here —so that if I stay the next winter on this side of the water—'twill be either at Nice or Florence—and I shall return to England in April. —Wherever I am, believe me, dear Foley, that I am, yours faithfully, L. STERNE.

Madame and Mademoiselle present their best compliments—Remember me to all I regard, particularly Messrs. Panchaud and the rest of your *household*.

XL.—To the Same.

Toulouse, May 21, 1763.

I TOOK the liberty, three weeks ago, to desire you would be so kind as to send me fourscore pounds, having received a letter the same post, from my agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correspondent in London in a fortnight. It is some disappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, especially as I told you we waited for the money before we set out for Bagnieres—and so little distrust had I that such a civility would be refused me, that we have actually had all our things packed up these eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter. Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London—but you might have trusted to my honour—that all the cash in your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to say the thing *that is not*. I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London. But it would have been taken kindly if you had wrote me word you would transmit me the money when you had received it, but no sooner:—for Mr. R—— of Montpellier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the sum.

I am, dear Foley,
Your friend, and hearty well-wisher,
L. STERNE.

I saw the family of the H—— yesterday, and asked them if you was in the land of the living—they said yea—for they had just received a letter from you. After all, I heartily forgive you—for you have done me a signal service in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God send you wealth and happiness. All compliments to ——. Before April next I am obliged to revisit your metropolis in my way to England.

XLI.—To the Same.

MY DEAR FOLEY,—I this moment received yours—consequently the moment I got it I sat down to answer it. So much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote to you so testy a letter, had I not both loved and esteemed you—and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendship that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt—for neglect me in your heart I know you could not, without cause, which my heart told me I never had—or will ever give you: I was the best friends with you that ever I was in my life, before my letter had got a league, and pleaded the true excuse for my friend, "That he was oppressed with a multitude of business." Go on, my dear F., and have but that excuse (so much do I regard your interest), that I would be content to suffer a *real evil* without future murmuring—but in truth, my disappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom—having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a person I never saw by me—but which, out of nicety of temper, I would not make any use of—I set out in two days for Bagnieres, but direct to me to Brousse, who will forward all my letters. Dear F., adieu. Believe me,

Yours affectionately,
L. STERNE.

XLII.—To the Same.

Toulouse, June 12, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY,—Luckily just before stepping into my chaise for Bagnieres, has a strayed fifty pound bill found its way to me; so I have sent it to its lawful owner enclosed—My noodle of an agent, instead of getting Mr. Selwin to advise you he had received the money (which would have been enough) has got a bill for it, and sent it rambling to the furthest part of France after me; and if it had not caught me just now, it might have followed me into Spain, for I shall cross the Pyreneans, and spend a week in that kingdom, which is enough for a fertile brain to write a volume upon—When I write the history of my travels—Memorandum! I am not to forget how honest a man I have for a banker at Paris.—But, my dear friend, when you say you dare trust me for what little occa-

sions I may have, you have as much faith as honesty, and more of both than of good policy. I thank you, however, ten thousand times—and except such liberty as I have lately taken with you—and that too at a pinch—I say beyond that I will not trespass upon your good-nature or friendliness, to serve me. God bless you, dear Foley.

I am yours whilst L. STERNE.

XLIII.—To the Same.

Montpellier, Oct. 5, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY,—I am ashamed I have not taken an opportunity of thanking you, before now, for your friendly act of civility, in ordering Brousse, your correspondent at Toulouse, in case I should have occasion, to pay me fifteen hundred livres—which, as I knew the offer came from your heart, I made no difficulty of accepting. In my way through Toulouse to Marseilles, where we have been, but neither liking the place nor Aix (particularly the latter, it being a parliament town, of which Toulouse has given me a surfeit), we have returned here where we shall reside the winter. My wife and daughter purpose to stay a year at least behind me, and, when winter is over, to return to Toulouse, or go to Montauban, where they will stay till they return, or I fetch them. For myself I shall set out in February for England, where my heart has been fled these six months, but I shall stay a fortnight with my friends at Paris; though I verily believe, if it was not for the pleasure of seeing and chattering with you, I should pass on directly to Brussels, and so on to Rotterdam, for the sake of seeing Holland, and embark from thence to London; but I must stay a little with those I love and have so many reasons to regard—you cannot place too much of this to your own score. I have had an offer of going to Italy a fortnight ago, but I must like my subject as well as the terms, neither of which were to my mind. Pray what English have you at Paris? where is my young friend Mr. F——? We hear of three or four English families coming to us here. If I can be serviceable to any you would serve, you have but to write. Mr. H. has sent my friend W——'s picture, you have seen the original, or I would have sent it you; I believe I shall beg leave to get a copy of my own from yours, when I come in *propria persona*, till when, God bless you, my dear friend, and believe me

Most faithfully yours, L. STERNE.

XLIV.—To the Same.

Montpellier, Jan. 5, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You see I cannot pass over the fifth of the month without thinking of you, and writing to you. The last is a periodical habit—the first is from my heart, and I do it oftener than I remember—however, from both motives together, I maintain I have a right to the pleasure of a single line—be it only to tell me how your watch goes—You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well. You are going to have them all to yourself (I hear), and that Mr. S—— is true to his first intention of leaving business. I hope this will enable you to accomplish yours in a shorter time, that you may get to your long-wished-for retreat of tranquillity and silence. When you have got to your fireside, and into your arm-chair (and, by the bye, have another to spare for a friend), and are so much a sovereign as to sit in your furred cap, if you like it, though I should not (for a man's ideas are at least the cleaner for being dressed decently), why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghost upon you, and in a very unghost-like fashion help you off with a bottle of your best wine.

January 15.—It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the most perfect health should be concluded in the greatest weakness. I wish the vulgar high and low do not say it was a judgment upon me, for taking all this liberty with *ghosts*.—Be it as it may—I took a ride, when the first part of this was wrote, towards Perenas—and returned home in a shivering fit, though I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beast; and he was as immoveable as Don Quixote's wooden horse, and my arm was half dislocated in whipping him.—This, quoth I, is inhuman.—No, says a peasant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home,—so he laid on his posteriors, but 'twas needless—as his face was turned towards Montpellier, he began to trot. But to return: this fever has confined me ten days in my bed—I have suffered in this scuffle with death terribly—but, unless the spirit of prophecy deceives me—I shall not die but live—in the mean time, dear F., let us live as merrily, but *as innocently*, as we can. It has ever been as good, if not better than a bishopric to me, and *I desire no other*. Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me, yours,

L. S.

Please to give the inclosed to Mr. T——, and tell him I thank him cordially from my heart for his great *good-will*.

XLV.—To the Same.

Montpellier, Jan. 20, [1764].

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Hearing by Lord Rochford (who in passing through here in his way to Madrid has given me a call), that my worthy friend Mr. Fox was now at Paris, I have inclosed a letter to him, which you will present in course, or direct to him. I suppose you are full of English; but, in short,

We are here as if in another world, where, unless some stray'd soul arrives, we know nothing of what is going on in yours. Lord G—r, I suppose, is gone from Paris, or I had wrote also to him. I know you are as busy as a bee, and have few moments to yourself—nevertheless bestow one of them upon an old friend, and write me a line—and if Mr. F. is too idle, and has aught to say to me, pray write a second line for him. We had a letter from Miss P— this week, who it seems has decamp'd for ever from Paris—*All is for the best*—which is my general reflection upon many things in this world.—Well! I shall shortly come and shake you by the hand in St. Sauveur—if still you are there. My wife returns to Toulouse, and purposes to spend the summer at Bagnieres—I, on the contrary, go and visit my wife, the church in Yorkshire. We all live the longer, at least the happier, for having things our own way. This is my conjugal maxim—I own 'tis not the best of maxims—but I maintain 'tis not the worst. Adieu, dear F—, and believe me,

Yours, with truth,

L. STERNE.

XLVI.—To Mrs. F——.

Montpellier, Feb. 1, 1764.

I AM preparing, my dear Mrs. F., to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it—That insipidity there is in French characters has disgusted your friend Yorick. I have been dangerously ill, and cannot think that the sharp air of Montpellier has been of service to me—and so my physicians told me when they had me under their hands for above a month—If you stay any longer here, Sir, it will be fatal to you. And why, good people, were you not kind enough to tell me this sooner?—After having discharged them, I told Mrs. Sterne that I should set out for England very soon; but as she chooses to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England.—The states of Languedoc are met—'tis a fine raree-show, with the usual accompaniments of fiddles, bears, and puppet-shows,—I believe I shall step into my post-chaise with more alacrity to fly from these sights than a Frenchman would to fly to them—and except a tear at parting with my little slut, I shall be in high spirits, and every step I take that brings me nearer England will, I think, help to set this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me, directed to Mr. F. at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over.—How do I long to greet all my friends! few do I value more than yourself.—My wife chooses to go to Montauban, rather than stay here, in which I am truly passive.—If this should not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wish to fulfil your commissions—and so adieu. —Accept every warm wish for your health, believe me ever yours,

L. STERNE.

P.S.—My physicians have almost poisoned me with what they call *bouillons refraichissants*—'tis a cock flayed alive and boiled with poppy-seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards passed thro' a sieve.—There is to be one crawfish in it, and I was gravely told it must be a male one—a female would do me more hurt than good.

XLVII.—To Miss Sterne.

Paris, May 15, 1764.

MY DEAR LYDIA,—By this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you—I acquiesced in your staying in France—likewise it was your mother's wish—but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me.—I have sent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metastasio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement.—I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French women—not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating* —nay, I am so jealous of you that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition.—You have enough to do—for I have also sent you a guitar—and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it. —Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.—If your mother's rheumatism continues, and she chooses to go to Bagnieres, tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the Ambassador's chapel—Hezekiah—(an odd subject your mother will say)—There was a concourse of all nations, and religions too.—I shall leave Paris in a few days.—I am lodged in the same hotel with Mr. T—; they are good and generous souls.—Tell your mother that I hope she will write to me, and that when she does so I may also receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiss your mother from me, and believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

XLVIII.—To Mr. Foley.

York, August 6, 1764.

MY DEAR FOLEY,—There is a young lady with whom I have sent a letter to you, who

will arrive at Paris in her way to Italy—her name is Miss Tuting; a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom :—if you can be of any aid to her in your advice, &c., as to her journey, &c., your good-nature and politeness I am sure need no spur from me to do it.—I was sorry we were like the two buckets of a well, whilst in London, for we were never able to be both resident together the month I continued in and about the environs.—If I get a cough this winter which holds me three days, you will certainly see me at Paris the week following, for now I abandon every thing in this world to health, and to my friends—for the last sermon that I shall ever preach was preached at Paris—so I am altogether an idle man, or rather a free one, which is better. I sent, last post, twenty pounds to Mrs. Sterne, which makes a hundred pounds remitted since I got here. —You must pay yourself what I owe you out of it—and place the rest to account.—Betwixt this and Lady-day next, Mrs. Sterne will draw from time to time upon you to about the amount of a hundred louis—but not more (I think)—I having left her a hundred in her pocket.—But you shall always have money before-hand of mine, and she purposes to spend no further than five thousand livres in the year—but twenty pounds this way or that makes no difference between us.—Give my kindest compliment to Mr. P ——. I have a thousand things to say to you, and would go half-way to Paris to tell them in your ear.—The Messrs. T——, H——, &c., and many more of your friends with whom I am now, send their service—Mine to all friends.—Yours, dear F., most truly,

L. STERNE.

XLIX.—To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.

September 4, 1764.

Now, my dear, dear Anthony—I do not think a week or ten days playing the good fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough, so abominable a thing—but if a man could get there cleverly, and every soul in his house in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof.—I have no one to consult in this affair—therefore as a man may do worse things, the English of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor sheep here in the wilderness for fourteen days—and from pride and naughtiness of heart to go see what is doing at Scarborough—Steadfastly meaning afterwards to lead a new life and strengthen my faith.—Now some folks say there is much company there—and some say not—and I believe there is neither the one nor the other—but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or so.—No, my dear H——, I did not delay sending your letter directly to the post.—As there are critical times, or rather turns and revolutions in *** humours, I know not what the delay of an hour might hazard—I will answer for him, he has seventy times seven forgiven you —and as often wish'd you at the d—l.—After many oscillations the pendulum will rest firm as ever.—

I send all kind compliments to Sir C. D—— and G——s. I love them from my soul. —If G——t is with you, him also.—I go on, not rapidly, but well enough, with my uncle Toby's amours.—There is no sitting, and cudgelling one's brains whilst the sun shines bright—'twill be all over in six or seven weeks, and there are dismal months enow after to endure suffocation by a brimstone fire-side.—If you can get to Scarborough, do. —A man who makes six tons of alum a-week may do any thing.—Lord Granby is to be there—what a temptation!

Yours affectionately, L. STERNE.

L.—To the Same.

Coxwould—Thursday [*Sept.* 1765].

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am but this moment returned from Scarborough, where I have been drinking the waters ever since the races, and have received marvellous strength, had I not debilitated it as fast as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord Granby and Co. too much. I rejoice you have been encamp'd at Harrowgate, from which, by now, I suppose you are decamp'd—otherwise, as idle a beast as I have been, I would have sacrificed a few days to the god of laughter with you and your jolly set.—I have done nothing good that I know of, since I left you, except paying off your guinea and a half to K——, in my way thro' York hither—I must try now and do better—Go on and prosper for a month.

Your affectionate L. STERNE.

LI.—To Mr. Foley, at Paris.

York, Sept. 29, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Having just had the honour of a letter from Miss Tuting, full of the acknowledgments of your attentions and kind services to her, I will not believe these arose from the D. of A——'s letters, nor mine. Surely *she needed no recommendation*—the truest and most honest compliment I can pay you is to say they came from your own good heart, only you was introduced to the object—for the rest followed in course—However let me cast in my mite of thanks to the treasury which belongs to good-natured actions. I have been with Lord G—y these three weeks at Scarborough — the pleasures of which I found somewhat more exalted than those of Bagnieres last year. I am now returned to my Philosophical hut to finish Tristram, which I calculate will be ready for the world about Christmas, at which time I decamp hence,

and fix my head-quarters at London for the winter—unless my cough pushes me forwards to your metropolis—or that I can persuade some *gros* My Lord to take a trip to you—I'll try if I can make him relish the joys of the *Thuilleries, Opera Comique, &c.*

I had this week a letter from Mrs. Sterne from Montauban, in which she tells me she has occasion for fifty pounds immediately—Will you send an order to your correspondent at Montauban to pay her so much cash—and I will in three weeks send as much to Becket—But as her purse is low, for GOD'S sake write directly. Now you must do something equally essential—to rectify a mistake in the mind of your correspondent there, who it seems gave her a hint not long ago, "*that she was separated from me for life*"—Now as this is not true in the first place, and may give a disadvantageous impression of her to those she lives amongst—'twould be unmerciful to let her, or my daughter, suffer by it';—so do be so good as to undeceive him—for in a year or two she proposes (and indeed I expect it with impatience from her) to join me—and tell them I have all the confidence in the world she will not spend more than I can afford, and I only mentioned two hundred guineas a year—because 'twas right to name some certain sum, for which I begged you to give her credit.—I write to you, of all my most intimate concerns, as to a brother: so excuse me, dear Foley. God bless you—Believe me

Yours affectionately, L. STERNE.

Compts. to M. Panchaud, D'Holbach, &c.

LII.—To the Same.

York, Nov. 11, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I sent, ten days ago, a bank bill of thirty pounds to Mr. Becket, and this post one of sixty.—When I get to London, which will be in five weeks, you will receive what shall always keep you in bank for Mrs. Sterne; in the mean time I have desired Becket to send you fourscore pounds, and if my wife, before I get to London, should have occasion for fifty louis, let her not wait a minute, and if I have not paid it, a week or a fortnight I know will break no squares with a good and worthy friend. I will contrive to send you these two new volumes of Tristram, as soon as ever I get them from the press. You will read as odd a tour through France as ever was projected or executed by traveller, or travel-writers, since the world began.—'Tis a laughing, good-tempered satire against travelling (as *puppies* travel)—Panchaud will enjoy it—I am quite civil to your Parisians—*et pour cause* you know—'tis likely I may see them in spring. Is it possible for you to get me over a copy of my picture any how? If so, I would write to Mademoiselle N—— to make as good a copy from it as she possibly could, with a view to do her service here—and I would remit her the price—I really believe it would be the parent of a dozen portraits to her, if she executes it with the spirit of the original in your hands—for it will be seen by many—and as my phiz is as remarkable as myself, if she preserves the true character of both, it will do her honour and service too. Write me a line about this, and tell me you are well and happy—Will you present my kind respects to the worthy Baron—I shall send him one of the best impressions of my picture from Mr. Reynolds's—another to Monsieur P——. My love to Mr. S——n and P——d.

I am, most truly yours, L. STERNE.

LIII.—To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.

Nov. 13, 1764.

DEAR, DEAR COUSIN,—'Tis a church militant week with me, full of marches, and counter-marches—and treaties about Stillington common, which we are going to inclose—otherwise I would have obeyed your summons—and yet I could not well have done it this week, neither having received a letter from C——, who has been very ill; and is coming down to stay a week or ten days with me—Now I know he is ambitious of being better acquainted with you; and longs from his soul for a sight of you in your own castle. I cannot do otherwise than bring him with me—nor can I gallop away and leave him in an empty house to pay a visit to from London, as he comes half express to see me. I thank you for the care of my northern vintage—I fear after all I must give it a fermentation on the other side of the Alps, which is better than being on the lees with it—but *nous verrons*—yet I fear, as it has got such hold of my brain, and comes upon it like an armed man at nights—I must give way for quietness sake, or be hag-ridden with the conceit of it all my life long—I have been *miss-ridden* this last week by a couple of romping girls (*bien mises et comme il faut*) who might as well have been in the house with me (though perhaps not, my retreat here is too quiet for them), but they have taken up all my time, and have given my judgment and fancy more airings than they wanted. These things accord not well with sermon-making—but 'tis my vile errantry, as Sancho says, and that is all that can be made of it. I trust all goes swimmingly on with your alum; that the works amuse you, and call you twice out (at least) a day. I shall see them I trust in ten days or thereabouts—If it was any way possible, I would set out this moment, though I have no cavalry—(*except a she-ass*). Give all friendly respects to Mrs. C. and to Colonel H——'s, and the garrison both of Guisbro, and Skelton. I am, dear Anthony,

Affectionately yours, L. STERNE.

LIV.—To Mr. Foley, at P.

York, Nov. 16, 1764.

My dear Friend,—Three posts before I had the favour of yours (which is come to hand this moment) I had wrote to set Mrs. Sterne right in her mistake—That you had any money of mine in your hands—being very sensible that the hundred pounds I had sent you, through Becket's hands, was but about what would balance with you—The reason of her error was owing to my writing her word I would send you a bill in a post or two for fifty pounds, which, my finances falling short just then, I deferred—so that I had paid nothing to any one—but was, however come to York this day, and I have sent you a draft for a hundred pounds—in honest truth, a fortnight ago I had not the cash—but I am as honest as the king (as Sancho Panza says), *only not so rich.*

Therefore if Mrs. Sterne should want thirty louis more, let her have them—and I will balance all (which will not be much) with honour at Christmas, when I shall be in London, having now just finished my two volumes of Tristram. I have some thoughts of going to Italy this year—at least I shall not defer it above another. I have been with Lord Granby, and with Lord Shelburne, but am now sat down till December in my sweet retirement. I wish you was sat down as happily, and as free of all worldly cares. In a few years, my dear F., I hope to see you a real country gentleman, though not altogether exiled from your friends in London—there I shall spend every winter of my life, in the same lap of contentment, where I enjoy myself now—and wherever I go—we must bring three parts in four of the treat along with us—In short, we must be happy within—and then few things without us make much difference—This is my Shandean philosophy. You will read a comic account of my journey from Calais, through Paris, to Garonne, in these volumes—my friends tell me they are done with spirit—it must speak for itself. Give my kind respects to Mr. Selwin and my friend Panchaud—When you see Baron d'Holbach, present him my respects, and believe me, dear F.,

Yours cordially,

L. Sterne.

LV.—To David Garrick, Esq.

London, March 16, 1765.

Dear Garrick,—I threatened you with a letter in one I wrote a few weeks ago to Foley, but (to my shame be it spoken) I lead such a life of dissipation I have never had a moment to myself which has not been broke in upon, by one engagement or impertinence or another—and as plots thicken towards the latter end of a piece, I find, unless I take pen and ink just now, I shall not be able to do it, till either I am got into the country, or you to the city. You are teazed and tormented too much by your correspondents to return to us, and with accounts how much your friends, and how much your Theatre wants you—so that I will not magnify either our loss or yours—but hope cordially to see you soon.—Since I wrote last I have frequently stept into your house—that is, as frequently as I could take the whole party where I dined along with me—This was but justice to you, as I walked in as a wit—but with regard to myself, I balanced the account thus—I am sometimes in my friend ——'s house, but he is always in Tristram Shandy's—where my friends say he will continue (and I hope the prophecy true for my own immortality), even when he himself is no more.

I have had a lucrative winter's campaign here—Shandy sells well—I am taxing the public with two more volumes of Sermons, which will more than double the gains of Shandy—It goes into the world with a prancing list *de toute la noblesse*—which will bring me in three hundred pounds, exclusive of the sale of the copy—so that with all the contempt of money which *ma facon de penser* has ever impressed on me, I shall be rich in spite of myself: but I scorn, you must know, in the high *ton* I take at present, to pocket all this trash— set out to lay a portion of it out in the service of the world, in a tour round Italy, where I shall spring game or the deuce is in the dice.—In the beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myself of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous, and so saunter philosophically for a year or so, on the other side of the Alps.—I hope your pilgrimages have brought Mrs. Garrick and yourself *à la fleur de jeunesse*—May you both long feel the sweets of it, and your friends with you—Do, dear friend, make my kindest wishes and compliments acceptable to the best and wisest of the daughters of Eve—You shall ever believe, and ever find me affectionately yours,

L. Sterne.

LVI.—To the Same.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I scalp you! my dear Garrick! my dear friend! foul befall the man who hurts a hair of your head! and so full was I of that very sentiment that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me; and I sent to recall it—but failed—you are sadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair—Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own—his sentiments as honest and friendly—thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxcomb, jack-ass, &c. &c.—

and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in *your way*—I say *your way*—for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit as I had passed the account before—for it was a most lamented truth that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris.—Oh! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return, to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you.—The moment you set your foot upon yon stage—mark! I tell it you—by some magic irresistible power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left to heat and enlighten the world these many, many years.

Heaven be praised! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windsor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her—but you may worship with me or not —'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powell! good Heaven! give me some one with less smoke and more fire. There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking—Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu! I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobby-horsically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never say another word about) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me,

L. STERNE.

LVII.—To Mr. Foley.

Bath, April 15, 1765.

MY DEAR FOLEY,—My wife tells me she has drawn for one hundred pounds, and 'tis fit that you should be paid it that minute—the money is now in Becket's hands—send me, my dear Foley, my account, that I may discharge the balance to this time, and know what to leave in your hands. I have made a good campaign of it this year in the field of the literati—my two volumes of Tristram, and two of Sermons, which I shall print very soon, will bring me a considerable sum. Almost all the nobility in England honour me with their names, and 'tis thought it will be the largest and most splendid list which ever pranced before a book, since subscriptions came into fashion. Pray present my most sincere compliments to Lady H——, whose name I hope to insert with many others. As so many men of genius favour me with their names also, I will quarrel with Mr. Hume, and call him Deist, and what not, unless I have his name too. My love to Lord W——. Your name, Foley, I have put in as a free-will offering of my labours, your list of subscribers you will send—'tis but a crown for sixteen sermons—Dog cheap! but I am in quest of honour, not money. Adieu, adieu, believe me, dear Foley,

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LVIII.—To Mr. W——.

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

AT this moment I am sitting in my summer-house with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the Widow Wadman, but my Sermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood—the spirit of it *pleaseth me*, but, in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself? I am glad that you are in love, 'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect both on man and woman—I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head, it harmonizes the soul—and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love, but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—"*l'amour*," (say they) "*n'est rien sans sentiment.*" Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the *word*, they have no precise idea annexed to it—And so much for that same subject called love. I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter. Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*. My answer was, "Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds on the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, Sir, you at least think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds." I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean, that is, a flat refusal. I have had a parsonage-house burnt down by the carelessness of my curate's wife? as soon as I can I must rebuild it, I trow, but I lack the means at present—yet I am never happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket —for when I have I can never call it my own. Adieu, my dear friend, may you enjoy better

health than me, though not better spirits, for that is impossible.

Yours sincerely,

L. STERNE.

My compliments to the Colonel.

LIX.—To Mr. Foley, at Paris.

York, July 13, 1765.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote, some time in spring, to beg you would favour me with my account. I believe you was set out from Paris, and that Mr. Garrick brought the letter with him—which possibly he gave you. In the hurry of your business you might forget the contents of it; and in the hurry of mine in town (though I called once) I could not get to see you. I decamp for Italy in September, and shall see your face at Paris, you may be sure—but I shall see it with more pleasure when I am out of debt, which is your own fault, for Becket has had money left in his hands for that purpose.—Do send Mrs. Sterne her two last volumes of Tristram; they arrived with yours in spring, and she complains she has not got them—My best services to Mr. Panchaud.—I am busy composing two volumes of Sermons—they will be printed in September, though I fear not time enough to bring them with me. Your name is amongst the list of a few of my honorary subscribers—who subscribe for love. If you see Baron d'Holbach, and Diderot, present my respects to them—If the Baron wants any English books he will let me know, and I will bring them with me.—Adieu,

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LX.—To the Same.

London, October 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR,—It is a terrible thing to be in Paris without a periwig on a man's head! In seven days from the date of this, I should be in that case, unless you tell your neighbour Madame Requiere to get her *bon mari de me faire un peruque à bourse, au mieux—c'est-à-dire—une la plus extraordinaire—la plus jolie—la plus gentille—et la plus—*

—Mais qu'importe? j'ai l'honneur d'être grand critique—et bien difficile encore dans les affaires de peruques—and in one word, that he gets it done in five days after notice.—

I beg pardon for this liberty, my dear friend, and for the trouble of forwarding this by the very next post.—If my friend Mr. F. is in Paris, my kind love to him, and respects to all others—in sad haste—

Yours truly, L. STERNE.

I have paid into Mr. Becket's hands six hundred pounds, which you may draw upon at sight, according as either Mrs. Sterne or myself make it expedient.

LXI.—To Mr. Panchaud at Paris.

Beau Point Voisin, Nov. 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR,—I forgot to desire you to forward whatever letters came to your hand to your banker at Rome, to wait for me against I get there, as it is uncertain how long I may stay at Turin, &c.: at present I am held prisoner in this town by the sudden swelling of two pitiful rivulets from the snows melting on the Alps—so that we cannot either advance to them, or retire again to Lyons—for how long the gentlemen who are my fellow-travellers, and myself, shall languish in this state of vexatious captivity, heaven and earth surely know; for it rains as if they were coming together to settle the matter.—I had an agreeable journey to Lyons, and a joyous time there; dining and supping every day at the commandant's—Lord F. W. I left there, and about a dozen English.—If you see Lord Ossory, Lord William Gordon, and my friend Mr. Crawford, remember me to them—if Wilkes is at Paris yet, I send him all kind wishes—present my compliments as well as thanks to my good friend Miss P——, and believe me, dear Sir, with all truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

LXII.—To the Same.

Turin, Nov. 15, 1765.

DEAR SIR,—After many difficulties I have got here safe and sound—tho' eight days in passing the mountains of Savoy. I am stopped here for ten days by the whole country betwixt here and Milan being laid under water by continual rains—but I am very happy, and have found my way into a dozen houses already—To-morrow I am to be presented to the King, and when that ceremony is over, I shall have my hands full of engagements—No English here but Sir James Macdonald, who meets with much respect, and Mr. Ogilby. We are altogether, and shall depart in peace together—My kind services to all, pray forward the enclosed.

Yours truly, L. STERNE.

LXIII.—To the Same.

Turin, Nov. 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR,—I am just leaving this place with Sir James Macdonald for Milan, &c. We have spent a joyous fortnight here, and met with all kinds of honours—and with regret do we both bid adieu—but health on my side—and good sense on his—say 'tis better to be at Rome—you say at Paris—but you put variety out of the question—I entreat you to forward the inclosed to Mrs. Sterne—My compliments to all friends, more particularly to those I most value (that includes Mr. F., if he is in Paris).

I am yours most truly, L. STERNE.

LXIV.—To the Same.

Florence, Dec. 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR,—I have been a month passing the plains of Lombardy—stopping in my way at Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna—with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England, and have been three days in crossing a part of the Appenines covered with thick snow—Sad transition! I stay here three days to dine with our Plenipo Lords T——d and C——r, and in five days shall tread the Vatican, and be introduced to all the Saints in the Pantheon. I stay but fourteen days to pay these civilities, and then decamp for Naples. Pray send the inclosed to my wife, and Becket's letter to London.

Yours truly, L. STERNE.

LXV.—To Miss Sterne.

Naples, Feb. 3, 1776.

MY DEAR GIRL,—Your letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry. Sorry am I that you are both so afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wish you both to fly from Tours, because I remember it is situated between two rivers, la Loire, and le Cher—which must occasion fogs, and damp unwholesome weather—therefore for the same reason go not to Bourges en Bresse—'tis as vile a place for agues. I find myself infinitely better than I was—and hope to have added at least ten years to my life by this journey to Italy—the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a stranger to—but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then. The account you give me at Mrs. C—— is truly amiable, I shall ever honour her—Mr. C. is a diverting companion—what he said of your little French admirer was truly droll—the Marquis de—— is an impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance—he only pretended to know me to get introduced to your mother—I desire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen shall be yours—if fate reserves me not that—the humane and good, partly for thy father's sake, partly for thy own, will never abandon thee! If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England—your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould—your winters at York—you know my publications call me to London. If Mr. and Mrs. C—— are still at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from

Your fond father, L. STERNE.

LXVI.—To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.

Naples, Feb. 5, 1766.

MY DEAR H.,—'Tis an age since I have heard from you—but as I read the London Chronicle, and find no tidings of your death, or that you are even at the point of it, I take it as I wish it, that you have got over thus much of the winter free from the damps, both of climate and spirits; and here I am, as happy as a king after all, growing fat, sleek, and well-liking—not improving in stature, but in breadth. We have a jolly carnival of it—nothing but operas—punchinelloes—festinoes and masquerades—We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dressing out for one this night at the Princess Francavivalla, which is to be superb. The English dine with her (exclusive), and so much for small chat—except that I saw a little comedy acted last week with more expression and spirit, and true character, than I shall see one hastily again. I stay here till the holy week, which I shall pass at Rome, where I occupy myself a month—my plan was to have gone thence for a fortnight to Florence—and then by Leghorn to Marseilles directly home—but am diverted from this by the repeated proposals of accompanying a gentleman, who is returning by Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and so by the Spaw, and thence through Holland to England—'tis with Mr. E. I have known him these three years, and have been with him ever since I reach'd Rome; and as I know him to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it answer both his views and mine—at least I am persuaded we shall return home together, as we set out, with friendship and good-will. Write your next letter to me at Rome, and do me the following favour if it lies in your way, which I think it does—to get me a letter of recommendation to our Ambassador (Lord Stormont) at Vienna. I have not the honour to be known to his Lordship, but Lords P—— or H——, or twenty you better know, would write a certificate for me, importing that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will cost my cousin little trouble, do inclose it in your next letter to me at Belloni's. You have left Skelton, I trow, a month, and I fear have had a most sharp winter, if one may judge of it from the severity of the weather here, and all over Italy, which exceeded any thing known, till within these three weeks, that the sun has been as hot as we could bear it. Give my kind services to my friends—especially to the household of faith—my dear Garland—to Gilbert—to the worthy Colonel—to Cardinal S——, to my fellow-labourer Pantagruel—dear cousin Antony, receive my kindest love and wishes. Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

P.S. Upon second thoughts, direct your next to me at Mr. W. Banker, at Venice.

LXVII.—To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris.

Naples, Feb. 8, 1766.

DEAR SIR,—I desire Mrs. Sterne may have what cash she wants—if she has not received it before now: she sends me word she has been in want of cash these three weeks—be so kind as to prevent this uneasiness to her—which is doubly so to me. I have made very little use of your letters of credit, having, since I left Paris, taken up no more money than about fifty louis at Turin, as much at Rome—and a few ducats here—and as I now travel hence to Rome, Venice, through Vienna to Berlin, &c., with a gentleman of fortune—I shall draw for little more till my return—so you will have always enough to spare for my wife. The beginning of March be so kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin her year with.

There are a good many English here, very few in Rome, or other parts of Italy. The air of Naples agrees very well with me—I shall return fat—my friendship to all who honour me with theirs—Adieu my dear friend—I am ever yours, L. STERNE.

LXVIII.—To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris.

Naples, Feb. 14. 1766.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote last week to you to desire you would let Mrs. Sterne have what money she wanted—it may happen, as that letter went inclosed in one to her at Tours, that you will receive this first—I have made little use of your letters of credit, as you will see by that letter, nor shall I want much (if any) till you see me, as I travel now in company with a gentleman—however, as we return by Venice, Vienna, Berlin, &c., to the Spaw, I should be glad if you will draw me a letter of credit upon some one at Venice, to the extent of fifty louis—but I am persuaded I shall not want half of them—however, in case of sickness or accidents, one would not go so long a rout without money in one's pocket. The bankers here are not so conscientious as my friend P.; they would make me pay twelve per cent., if I was to get a letter here. I beg your letters, &c., may be inclosed to Mr. Watson at Venice—where we shall be in the Ascension. I have received much benefit from the air of Naples—but quit it to be at Rome before the holy week. There are about five-and-twenty English here—but most of them will be decamp'd in two months—there are scarce a third of the number at Rome, I suppose therefore that Paris is full—my warmest wishes attend you—with my love to Mr. F. and compliments to all—I am, dear Sir, very faithfully,

Yours, L. STERNE.

Sir James Macdonald is in the house with me, and is just recovering a long and most cruel fit of rheumatism.

LXIX.—To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.

May 25, near Dijon [1766].

DEAR SIR,—My desire of seeing both my wife and girl has turned me out of my road towards a delicious Chateau of the Countess of M——, where I have been patriarching it these seven days with her ladyship, and half a dozen of very handsome and agreeable ladies—her ladyship has the best of hearts—a valuable present not given to every one. To-morrow, with regret, I shall quit this agreeable circle, and post it night and day to Paris, where I shall arrive in two days, and just wind myself up when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais—so I hope to sup with you the King's birth-day, according to a plan of sixteen days' standing. Never man has been such a wild-goose chase after a wife as I have been—after having sought her in five or six different towns, I found her at last in *Franche Compté*—Poor woman! she was very cordial &c., and begs to stay another year or so—my Lydia pleases me much—I found her greatly improved in every thing I wished her—I am most unaccountably well, and most unaccountably nonsensical—'tis at least a proof of good spirits, which is a sign and token given me, in these latter days, that I must take up again the pen—In faith, I think I shall die with it in my hand, but I shall live these ten years, my Antony, notwithstanding the fears of my wife, whom I left most melancholy on that account. This is a delicious part of the world; most celestial weather, and we lie all day, without damps, upon the grass—and that is the whole of it, except the inner man (for her ladyship is not stingy of her wine) is inspired twice a day with the best Burgundy that grows upon the mountains which terminate our lands here. Surely you will not have decamped to Crazy Castle before I reach town—The summer here is set in in good earnest—'tis more than we can say for Yorkshire—I hope to hear a good tale of your alum-works—have you no other works in hand? I do not expect to hear from you, so God prosper you—and all your undertakings.

I am, my dear cousin,

Most affectionately yours, L. STERNE.

Remember me to Mr. G——, Cardinal S——, the Colonel, &c. &c. &c.

LXX.—To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris.

York, June 28, 1766.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote last week to Mr. Becket to discharge the balance due to you—and I have received a letter from him, telling me that, if you will draw upon him for one hundred and sixty pounds, he will punctually pay it to your order—so send the draughts when you please. Mrs. Sterne writes me word she wants fifty pounds—which I desire you will let her have. I will take care to remit it to your correspondent—I have such an entire

confidence in my wife, that she spends as little as she can, though she is confined to no particular sum—her expenses will not exceed three hundred pounds a year, unless by ill health or a journey—and I am very willing she should have it—and you may rely in case it ever happens that she should draw for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary, that it and every demand shall be punctually paid—and with proper thanks; and for this the whole Shandean family are ready to stand security. 'Tis impossible to tell you how sorry I was that my affairs hurried me so quick through Paris as to deprive me of seeing my old friend Mr. Foley, and of the pleasure I proposed in being made known to his better half—but I have a probability of seeing him this winter. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me,

Most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

P.S. Mrs. Sterne is going to Chalons, but your letter will find her, I believe, at Avignon—She is very poorly—and my daughter writes to me, with sad grief of heart, that she is worse.

LXXI.—To Mr. S——.

Coxwould, July 23, 1766.

DEAR SIR,—One might be led to think that there is a fatality regarding us—we make appointments to meet, and for these two years have not seen each other's face but twice—we must try and do better for the future—Having sought you with more zeal than C—— sought the Lord, in order to deliver you the books you bade me purchase for you at Paris—I was forced to pay carriage for them from London down to York—but as I shall neither charge you the books nor the carriage—'tis not worth talking about.—Never man, my dear Sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick—and at present I am in my peaceful retreat, writing the ninth volume of Tristram.—I shall publish but one this year, and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which, when finished, I shall continue Tristram with fresh spirit. What a difference of scene here! But, with a disposition to be happy, 'tis neither this place nor t'other that renders us the reverse.—In short, each man's happiness depends upon himself—he is a fool if he does not enjoy it.

What are you about, dear S——? Give me some account of your pleasures—you had better come to me for a fortnight, and I will show, or give you (if needful), a practical dose of my philosophy: but I hope you do not want it—if you did—'twould be the office of a friend to give it.—Will not even our races tempt you? You see I use all arguments.—Believe me yours most truly,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LXXII.—To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris.

Coxwould, Sept. 21, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If Mrs. Sterne should draw upon you for fifty louis d'ors, be so kind as to remit her the money—and pray be so good as not to draw upon Mr. Becket for it (as he owes me nothing), but favour me with the draft, which I will pay to Mr. Selwin. A young nobleman is now negociating a jaunt with me for six weeks, about Christmas, to the Fauxbourg de Saint Germain—I should like much to be with you for so long—and if my wife should grow worse (having had a very poor account of her in my daughter's last), I cannot think of her being without me—and, however expensive the journey would be, I would fly to Avignon to administer consolation to both her and my poor girl.—Wherever I am, believe me, dear Sir, yours,

L. STERNE.

My kind compliments to Mr. Foley: though I have not the honour of knowing his rib, I see no reason why I may not present all due respects to the better half of so old a friend, which I do by these presents—with my friendliest wishes to Miss P.

LXXIII.—To Mr. Foley, at Paris.

Coxwould, Oct. 25, 1766.

MY DEAR FOLEY,—I desired you would be so good as to remit to Mrs. Sterne fifty louis, a month ago—I dare say you have done it—but her illness must have cost her a good deal—therefore having paid the last fifty pounds into Mr. Selwin's hands, I beg you to send her thirty guineas more—for which I send a bank bill to Mr. Becket by this post—but surely had I not done so, you would not stick at it—for be assured, my dear Foley, that the First Lord of the Treasury is neither more able or more willing (nor perhaps half so punctual) in repaying with honour all I ever can be in your books. My daughter says her mother is very ill—and I fear going fast down, by all accounts—'tis melancholy in her situation to want any aid that is in my power to give—do write to her—and believe me, with all compliments to your Hotel,

Yours very truly, L. STERNE.

LXXIV.—To Mr. Panchaud.

York, Nov. 25, 1766.

DEAR SIR,—I just received yours—and am glad that the balance of accounts is now paid to you—Thus far all goes well.—I have received a letter from my daughter, with the pleasing tidings that she thinks her mother out of danger—and that the air of the country is delightful (except the winds); but the description of the Chateau my wife has hired is really pretty—on the side of the Fountain of Vaucluse—with seven rooms of a floor, half furnished with tapestry, half with blue

taffety, the permission to fish, and to have game; so many partridges a week, &c.; and the price—guess! sixteen guineas a year—there's for you, P. About the latter end of next month my wife will have occasion for a hundred guineas—and pray be so good, my dear Sir, as to give orders that she may not be disappointed—she is going to spend the Carnival at Marseilles at Christmas.—I shall be in London by Christmas week, and then shall balance this remittance to Mrs. S. with Mr. S——. I am going to lie-in of another child of the Shandaick procreation, in town; I hope you wish me a safe delivery—I fear my friend Mr. F. will have left town before I get there.—Adieu, dear Sir—I wish you every thing in this world which will do you good, for I am, with unfeigned truth,

Yours, L. STERNE.

Make my compliments acceptable to the good and worthy Baron d'Holbach, Miss P., &c. &c.

LXXV.—From Ignatius Sancho, to Mr. Sterne.

[1766.]

REVEREND SIR,—It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it), to apologize for the liberty I am taking.—I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes.—The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.—The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate—having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom—my chief pleasure has been books—Philanthropy I adore.—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby!—I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal.—Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point. —In your tenth discourse, is this very affecting passage—"Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses—Consider slavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it."—Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren—excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Ellison.—I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is this day practised in our West-Indies.—That subject, handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only of one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail.—Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent; figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses!—alas! you cannot refuse.—Humanity must comply —in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, Reverend Sir, &c. I. S.

LXXVI.—From Mr. Sterne, to Ignatius Sancho.

Coxwould, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me—but why *her brethren?* or yours, Sancho, any more than mine? It is by the finest tints, and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's to the sootiest complexion in Africa:—at which tint of these it is that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them! But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so.—For my own part, I never look *westward* (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are *there* carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which, by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However, if you meant my Uncle Toby, more he is your debtor.—If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about—'tis at the service of the afflicted—and a much greater matter; for, in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world that so great a part of it are, and have been so long, bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Yours, L. STERNE.

LXXVII.—To Mr. W——.

Coxwould, Dec. 20, 1766.

THANKS, my dear W., for your letter. I am just preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town—I have drained my ink-stand to the bottom, and after I have published, shall set my face, not towards Jerusalem, but towards the Alps—I find I must once more fly from death whilst I have strength—I shall go to Naples, and see whether the air of that place will not set this poor frame to rights.—As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myself—and, however profitable it might be (according to your opinion), I am sure it would be unpleasurable—Few are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being.—I shall spend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at my return—so shall be back by the King's birth-day—what a project!—and now, my dear friend, am I going to York, not for the sake of society—nor to walk by the side of the muddy Ouse, but to recruit myself of the most violent spitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; because I had rather (in case 'tis ordained so) die there, than in a post-chaise on the road.—If the amour of my uncle Toby do not please you, I am mistaken—and so with a droll story I will finish this letter—A sensible friend of mine, with whom, not long ago, I spent some hours in conversation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours) the latter asked him how he did? Why ill, very ill—I have been with Sterne, who has given me such a dose of *Attic salt* that I am in a fever—Attic salt, Sir, Attic salt! I have Glauber salt, I have Epsom salt, in my shop, &c.—Oh! I suppose 'tis some French salt—I wonder you would trust his report of the medicine, he cares not what he takes himself. I fancy I see you smile—I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there—and shall enjoy myself a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach, and the rest of the joyous set. As to the females—no, I will not say a word about them—only I hate borrowed characters taken up (as a woman does her shift) for the purpose she intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu—I am yours whilst L. STERNE.

LXXVIII.—To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris.

London, Feb. 13, 1767.

DEAR P—— paid yesterday (by Mr. Becket) a hundred guineas, or pounds, I forget which, to Mr. Selwin—But you must remit to Mrs. Sterne at Marseilles a hundred louis before she leaves that place, which will be in less than three weeks. Have you got the ninth volume of Shandy?*—it is liked the best of all here. I am going to publish a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy—the undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our noblesse—'tis subscribed for, at a great rate—'twill be an original—in large quarto—the subscription half-a-guinea—If you can procure me the honour of a few names of men of science, or fashion, I shall thank you—they will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almost have honoured me with their names. My kindest remembrance to Mr. Foley—respects to Baron d'Holbach, and believe me ever, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LXXIX.—To Miss Sterne.

Old Bond-street, Feb. 23, 1767.

AND so, my Lydia! thy mother and thyself are returning back again from Marseilles to the banks of the Sorgue—and there thou wilt sit and fish for trouts—I envy you the sweet situation. Petrarch's tomb I should like to pay a sentimental visit to—the Fountain of Vaucluse, by thy description, must be delightful—I am also much pleased with the account you give me of the Abbé de Sade—you find great comfort in such a neighbour—I am glad he is so good as to correct thy translation of my Sermons—dear girl, go on, and make me a present of thy work—but why not the House of Mourning? 'tis one of the best. I long to receive the life of Petrarch and his Laura, by your Abbé; but I am out of all patience with the answer the Marquis made the Abbé—'twas truly coarse, and I wonder he bore it with any christian patience.—But to the subject of your letter—I do not wish to know who was the busy fool who made your mother uneasy about Mrs. ——, 'tis true I have a friendship for her, but not to infatuation—I believe I have judgment enough to discern hers, and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her answer—"that she wished not to be informed, and begged him to drop the subject." Why do you say your mother wants money?—whilst I have a shilling, shall you not both have ninepence out of it? I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours. I shall not begin my Sentimental Journey till I get to Coxwould—I have laid a plan for something new, quite out of the beaten track. I wish I had you with me—and I would introduce you to one of the most amiable and gentlest of beings, whom I have just been with—not Mrs. ——, but a Mrs. J., the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with—I esteem them both. He possesses every manly virtue—honour and bravery are his characteristics, which have distinguished him nobly in several instances—I shall make you be

* Alluding to the first edition.

better acquainted with his character by sending Orme's History, with the books you desired—and it is well worth your reading; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a just one; he pays no man a compliment at the expense of truth. Mrs. J—— is kind,—and friendly—of a sentimental turn of mind—and so sweet a disposition, that she is too good for the world she lives in.—Just God! if all were like her, what a life would this be!—Heaven, my Lydia, for some wise purpose has created different beings—I wish my dear child knew her—thou art worthy of her friendship, and she already loves thee; for I sometimes tell her what I feel for thee. This is a long letter—write soon—and never let your letters be studied ones—write naturally—and then you will write well. I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague—I have sent her some of Huxham's tincture of the bark. I will order you a guitar, since the other is broke.—Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately, L. STERNE.

LXXX.—To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris.

London, Feb. 27, 1767.

DEAR SIR,—My daughter begs a present of me, and you must know I can deny her nothing—It must be strung with cat-gut, and of five chords,—*sic hiama in Italiano la chitera di cinque corde*—she cannot get such a thing at Marseilles—at Paris one may have everything.—Will you be so good to my girl as to make her happy in this affair, by getting some musical body to buy one, and send it to her at Avignon, directed to Monsieur Teste; —I wrote last week to desire you would remit Mrs. S. a hundred louis—'twill be all, except the guitar, I shall owe you—send me your account, and I will pay Mr. Selwin—direct to me at Mr. Becket's—all kind respects to my friend Mr. F. and your sister.

Yours cordially, L. STERNE.

LXXXI.—To Eliza.†*

ELIZA will receive my books with this. The sermons came all hot from the heart: I wish that I could give them any title to be offered to yours.—The others came from the head—I am more indifferent about their reception.

I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you—I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you; so adieu.

Yours faithfully, if not affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LXXXII.—To the Same.

I CANNOT rest, Eliza, though I shall call on you at half-past twelve, till I know how you do—May thy dear face smile, as thou risest, like the sun of this morning. I was much grieved to hear of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and disappointed, too, at not being let in.—Remember, my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise.—No matter! Delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven; when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to see thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

LXXXIII.—To the Same.

I GOT thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermission) with so much

* This and the nine following Letters have no dates to them, but were evidently written in the months of March and April, 1767. They are therefore here placed together.

† The Editor of the first publication of Mr. Sterne's Letters to Eliza gives the following account of this lady: "Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq., counsellor at Bombay, and at present [*i. e.* in 1775] Chief of the factory at Surat, a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe.—She is by birth an East Indian; but the circumstance of being born in the country not proving sufficient to defend her delicate frame against the heats of that burning climate, she came to England for the recovery of her health, when by accident she became acquainted with Mr. Sterne. He immediately discovered in her a mind so congenial with his own, so enlightened, so refined, and so tender, that their mutual attraction presently joined them in the closest union that purity could possibly admit of: he loved her as his friend, and prided in her as his pupil: all her concerns became presently his; her health, her circumstances, her reputation, her children, were his; his fortune, his time, his country, were at her disposal, so far as the sacrifice of all or any of these might in his opinion contribute to her real happiness. If it is asked, whether the glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never transported him to a flight beyond the limits of pure Platonism, the publisher will not take upon him absolutely to deny; but this he thinks, so far from leaving any stain upon that gentleman's memory, that it perhaps includes his fairest encomium; since to cherish the seeds of piety and chastity, in a heart which the passions are interested to corrupt, must be allowed to be the noblest effort of a soul fraught and fortified with the justest sentiments of religion and virtue."

After reading these letters, the curiosity of the public will be naturally excited to inquire concerning the fate of the lady to whom they were addressed. To this question it will be sufficient to answer, that she has been dead some years; and that it might give pain to many worthy persons if the circumstances which attended the latter part of her life was disclosed, as they are generally said to have reflected no credit either on her prudence or discretion.

pleasure and attention that the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already in exterior, and (what is far better) in interior, merit. I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine.—You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius: and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c., &c., always at his table.—The manner in which his notice began of me was as singular as it was polite.—He came up to me, one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court. "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you should know, also, who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard (continued he) of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much: I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast; but have survived them; and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again; but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die: which I now do; so go home and dine with me."—This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever I knew: added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction;—for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us.—And a most sentimental afternoon, till nine o'clock, have we passed! But thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and enliven'd the discourse.—And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warmed every thought I uttered, for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee. Best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained the whole night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words. Assuredly does Heaven give strength proportioned to the weight he lays upon us! Thou hast been bowed down, my child, with every burden that sorrow of heart, and pain of body, could inflict upon a poor being; and still thou tellest me, thou art beginning to get ease;—thy fever gone, thy sickness, the pain in thy side vanishing also.—May every evil so vanish that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens thy fears for a moment!—Fear nothing, my dear—Hope everything; and the balm of this passion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and cheerfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted.

And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing-desk; and wilt consult it in all doubts and difficulties.—Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost; his picture does not do justice to his own complacency.

Thy sweet little plan and distribution of thy time—how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in; thou leavest me nothing to require, nothing to ask—but a continuation of that conduct which won my esteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roses come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband (if he is the good feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale, poor dejected face with more transport, than he would be able to do in the best bloom of all thy beauty; and so he ought, or I pity him. He must have strange feeling, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art.

I am glad Miss Light* goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments.—I am glad your ship-mates are friendly beings. You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza.—It would civilize savages.—Though pity were it thou shouldest be tainted with the office! How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter? 'tis most delicious to me, for the very reason you excuse it. Write to me, my child, only such. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself, any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust. Such, Eliza, I write to thee,—and so I should ever live with thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if Providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe:—for I am, all that honour and affection can make me,

THY BRAMIN.

LXXXIV.—To the Same.

I WRITE this, Eliza, at Mr. James's, whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing, beside me, to thee.—I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy, indeed, my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness! Thou art encountered with evils enow, without that additional weight! I fear it will sink thy poor soul, and body with it, past recovery.—Heaven supply thee with fortitude! We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James, and thy Bramin, have mixed their tears a hundred times, in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces.—The ****s, by heavens, are worth-

* Miss Light afterwards married George Stratton, Esq., in the service of the East India Company at Madras.

less! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.—How could you, Eliza, leave them (or suffer them to leave you rather) with impressions the least favourable? I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life! yet still thou toldest Mrs. James, at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee.—Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness.—For God's sake write not to them; nor foul thy fair character with such polluted hearts.—*They* love thee! What proof? Is it their actions that say so? or their zeal for those attachments which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderness for thy fame? No—But they *weep*, and say *tender things*.—Adieu to all such for ever. Mrs. James's honest heart revolts against the idea of ever returning them one visit.—I honour her, and I honour thee for almost every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right which arises only out of that fund of affection I have, and shall preserve for thee to the hour of my death! Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually advising thee? think whether I can have any but what proceed from the cause I have mentioned! I think you are a very deserving woman; and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know. I wish I could inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge (though to me it has never been visible); because I think, in a well turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably shall never see you more; yet I flatter myself you'll sometimes think of me with pleasure; because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you than your want of reverence for yourself. I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast.—It's now out; so adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza! Thine,

YORICK.

LXXXV.—To the Same.

To whom should Eliza apply in her distress but to her friend who loves her? why then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me? Yorick would be offended, and with reason, if you ever sent commissions to another, which he could execute. I have been with Zumps; and your pianoforte must be tuned from the brass middle string of your guitar, which is C.—I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of plyers to twist your wire with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate sweet comfort to my hopes! I have bought you ten handsome brass screws to hang your necessaries upon: I purchased twelve; but stole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin, at Coxwould. I shall never hang, or take my hat off one of them, but I shall think of you. I have bought thee moreover, a couple of iron screws, which are more to be depended on than brass, for the globes.

I have written, also, to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had despatched these in a packet, directed to his care; which I desired he would seek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I have, moreover, given him directions, what sort of an arm-chair you would want, and have directed him to purchase the best that Deal could afford, and take it, with the parcel, in the first boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, so supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes! It would be a state of happiness to me. The journal is as it should be—all but its contents. Poor, dear, patient being! I do more than pity you; for I think I lose both firmness and philosophy, as I figure to myself your distresses. Do not think I spoke last night with too much asperity of ****; there was cause; and besides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and, indeed, cannot. But adieu to the ungrateful subject.

I have been this morning to see Mrs. James—She loves thee tenderly and unfeignedly. She is alarmed for thee—She says thou look'dst most ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I shall visit her every Sunday, while I am in town. As this may be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee farewell. May the God of Kindness be kind to thee, and approve himself thy protector, now thou art defenceless! And, for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, that whatever measure of sorrow and distress is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full measure of happiness by the Being thou hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza! whilst I live, count upon me as the most warm and disinterested of earthly friends. YORICK.

LXXXVI.—To the Same.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,—I began a new journal this morning; you shall see it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it to you as a legacy. 'Tis a sorrowful page; but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they should be cheerful ones too: but few, I fear, will reach thee! However, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post; till then, thou wavest thy hand, and bid'st me write no more.

Tell me how you are; and what sort of fortitude Heaven inspires you with. How are you accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing and every

thing to me. Depend upon seeing me at Deal with the James's, should you be detained there by contrary winds. Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any service, or doing you kindness. Gracious and merciful God! consider the anguish of a poor girl. Strengthen and preserve her in all the shocks her frame must be exposed to. She is now without a protector, but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the last.

My prayer, Eliza, I hope is heard; for the sky seems to smile upon me as I look up to it. I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours. She has got your picture, and likes it: and Marriot and some other judges agree that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character. But what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that hers is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to please a very sincere friend, or sentimental philosopher. In the one, you are dressed in smiles, and with all the advantages of silks, pearls, and ermine;—in the other, simple as a vestal—appearing the good girl nature made you;—which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness than Mrs. Draper, habited for conquest, in a birth-day suit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples visible. If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than *common* care, the day you sat for Mrs. James—Your colour, too, brightened; and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simple and unadorned when you sat for me—knowing (as I see with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the silkworm's aid, or jeweller's polish. Let me now tell you a truth, which I believe I have uttered before. When I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dress (though fashionable) disfigured you. But nothing now could render you such but the being solicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one. You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will please a tenth part of your beholders,—bat you are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor was there (nor ever will be) that man of sense, tenderness, and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not (or will not be) your admirer, or friend, in consequence of it; that is, if you assume, or assumed, no character, foreign to your own, but appeared the artless being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes, and voice you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with.

Were your husband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds (if money could purchase the acquisition), to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my "Sentimental Journey." I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times told.—I would not give ninepence for the picture of you the Newnhams have got executed—It is the resemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw), which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist's, or your friend's, false taste. The ****s, who verify the character I once gave of teasing, or sticking like pitch, or bird-lime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. **** on Friday. She sent back, she was engaged.—Then to meet at Ranelagh to-night. —She answered she did not go.—She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance; which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the first use they would make of being with her would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. Let her not then, let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee than thou art to thyself. She begs me to reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her and thy Bramin inexpressible pain. Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side. I have my reasons too, the first of which is that I should grieve to excess if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon. I said I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broken my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it. Adieu.

LXXXVII.—To the Same.

I THINK you could act no otherwise than you did with the young soldier. There was no shutting the door against him, either in politeness or humanity. Thou tellest me he seems susceptible of tender impressions: and that before Miss Light has sailed a fortnight he will be in love with her. Now I think it a thousand times more likely that he attaches himself to thee, Eliza; because thou art a

thousand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza; and in the same room; and an amorous son of Mars besides!—"*It canno be, masser.*" The sun, if he could avoid it, would not shine upon a dunghill; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial,—I never heard that they were polluted by it. Just such will thine be, dearest child, in this, and every such situation you will be exposed to, till thou art fixed for life. But thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honour, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors.

Surely, by this time, something is doing for thy accommodation. But why may not clean washing and rubbing do, instead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung? Paint is so pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you so much longer too out of your apartment; where, I hope, you will pass some of your happiest hours.—

I fear the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew, with which thou must behold them. So was—you know who! from the same fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when—but I will not mortify you. If they are decent, and distant, it is enough; and as much as is to be expected. If any of them are more, I rejoice; —thou wilt want every aid; and 'tis thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open and fall naturally into them. Heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this and every deadly trial. Best of God's works, farewell! Love me, I beseech thee, and remember me for ever!

I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the most comprehensive sense,

Thy friend, YORICK.

P.S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by some Dutch or French ship, or from the Cape de Verd Islands—It will reach me somehow.

LXXXVIII.—To the Same.

MY DEAR ELIZA,—Oh! I grieve for your cabin.—And the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee. Nothing so pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourself, dear girl; and sleep not in it too soon. It will be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy. I hope you will have left the ship; and that my letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise at Deal. When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order. The first eight or nine are numbered: but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee; but thou wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which. I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together, in chronological order, sew them together under a cover. I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them with a single stroke of wit or humour; but they contain something better; and what you will feel more suited to your situation—a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart in every one of them; which speaks more than the most studied periods, and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance upon Yorick than all that laboured eloquence could supply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. "May poverty, distress, anguish, and shame, be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the knowledge of me!" With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him, that so it may speed with me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee! I would not mislead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee, in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown the proudest monarch wears.

Remember, that, while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may style, and think yours.—Though sorry should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake. Money and counters are of equal use in my opinion; they both serve to set up with.

I hope you will answer me this letter; but if thou art debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and knowing it is such a one as thou wouldest have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's.

Honour, and happiness, and health, and comforts of every kind, sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls! I will live for thee, and my Lydia—be rich, for the dear children of my heart—gain wisdom, gain fame, and happiness, to share with them—with thee—and her, in my old age. Once for all, adieu.—Preserve thy life; steadily pursue the ends we proposed; and let nothing rob thee of those powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last postman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myself to Heaven with thee, in the same fervid ejaculation, "that we may be happy, and meet again; if not in this world, in the next."—Adieu,—I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlastingly, YORICK.

LXXXIX.—To the Same.

I WISH to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone the voyage to India for another year.—For I am firmly persuaded, within my own heart,

that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time.

I fear that Mr. B—— has exaggerated matters.—I like not his countenance. It is absolutely killing.—Should evil befall thee, what will he not have to answer for? I know not the being that will be deserving of so much pity, or that I shall hate more. He will be an outcast alien—In which case I will be a father to thy childen, my good girl!—therefore take no thought about them.—

But, Eliza, if thou art so very ill, still put off all thoughts of returning to India this year. —Write to your husband—tell him the truth of your case. If he is the generous, humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct. I am credibly informed that his repugnance to your living in England arises only from the dread, which has entered his brain, that thou mayest run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he must discharge them—that such a creature should be sacrificed for the paltry consideration of a few hundreds, is too, too hard! O! my child! that I could, with propriety, indemnify him for every charge, even to the last mite, that thou hast been of to him! With joy would I give him my whole subsistence—nay, sequester my livings, and trust the treasures Heaven has furnished my head with for a further subsistence.

You owe much, I allow, to your husband —you owe something to appearances, and the opinion of the world; but trust me, my dear, you owe much likewise to yourself. Return, therefore, from Deal, if you continue ill. I will prescribe for you, gratis. You are not the first woman, by many, I have done so for, with success. I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you in pursuit of health, to Montpellier, the wells of Bançois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou shalt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee. We shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinths of its vallies. And then thou should'st warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee,—"I'm lost, I'm lost,"—but we should find thee again, my Eliza. Of a similar nature to this, was your physician's prescription: "Use gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France, or milder Naples,—with the society of friendly, gentle beings." Sensible man! He certainly entered into your feelings. He knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature whose ILLNESS HAS ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICTION OF HER MIND. Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health so enthusiastic a votary to the charming goddess deserves!

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which, if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby's widow. I don't mean to insinuate, hussey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it possible for any *Trim* to convince me it is equally fallacious. I am sure, while I have my reason, it is not. Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob—because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the provinces in France already—and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'Tis true, I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this! —but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good-humour. Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee, my wife elect! All those names, eminent as they were, shall give place to thine. Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal, and that you would, (like the Spectator's mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man's slipper than associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young. Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours, TRISTRAM.

XC.—To the Same.

MY DEAR ELIZA,—I have been within the verge of the gates of death. I was ill the last time I wrote to you, and apprehensive of what would be the consequence. My fears were but too well founded; for in ten minutes after I dispatched my letter, this poor fine-spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning. I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it. It came, I think, from my heart! I fell asleep through weakness. At six I awoke, with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears. I dreamt I was sitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou camest into the room with a shawl in thy hand, and told me my spirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings of my fate; and that you had come to administer what consolation filial affection could bestow, and to receive my parting breath and blessing. With that you folded the shawl about my waist, and, kneeling, supplicated my attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh! my God! "But thou wilt number my tears and put them all into my bottle."—Dear girl! I see thee,—thou art for ever present to my fancy—embracing my feeble knees, and rising thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: and when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as uttered by thee, perpetually

ring in my ears—"Bless *me* even also my father!"—Blessings attend thee, thou child of my heart!—

My bleeding is quite stopped, and I feel the principle of life strong within me; so be not alarmed, Eliza—I know I shall do well. I have eat my breakfast with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleasure arising from that prophetic impression in my imagination, that "all will terminate to our heart's content." Comfort thyself eternally with this persuasion, "that the best of Beings (as thou hast sweetly expressed it) could not, by a combination of accidents, produce such a chain of events, merely to be the source of misery to the leading person engaged in them." The observation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expressed. I wish my memory did justice to the wording of it.—Who taught you the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza?—You have absolutely exalted it to a science.—When I am in want of ready cash, and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters, as finished essays, "by an unfortunate Indian lady." The style is new; and would almost be a sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit—but their sense, natural ease, and spirit, is not to be equalled, I believe, in this section of the globe; nor, I will answer for it, by any of your country-women in yours.—I have shown your letter to Mrs. B——, and to half the literati in town. You shall not be angry with me for it, because I meant to do you honour by it.—You cannot imagine how many admirers your epistolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits. I only wonder where thou couldst acquire thy graces, thy goodness, thy accomplishments—so connected! so educated! Nature has surely studied to make thee her peculiar care—for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the best and fairest of all her works.—

And so this is the last letter thou art to receive from me; because the Earl of Chatham* (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs; and the wind, I find, is fair. If so—blessed woman! take my last, last farewell!—Cherish the remembrance of me; think how I esteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I set upon thee! Adieu, adieu! and with my adieu—let me give thee one straight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms—but I concentre it in one word—

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu, once more, Eliza! May no anguish of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again! May no doubt or misgivings disturb the serenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children—for they are Yorick's,—and Yorick is thy friend for ever!—Adieu, adieu, adieu!

P.S. Remember that Hope shortens all journies, by sweetening them—so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of a hymn, every morning when thou arisest, and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it.

Blessings, rest, and Hygeia, go with thee! May'st thou soon return, in peace and affluence, to illumine my night! I am, and shall be, the last to deplore thy loss, and will be the first to congratulate and hail thy return.—

FARE THEE WELL.

*By the Newspapers of the times it appears that the *Earl of Chatham*, East-Indiaman, sailed from Deal, April 3, 1767.

XCI.—To Miss Sterne.

Bond-street, April 9, 1767.

THIS letter, my dear Lydia, will distress thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining strokes of humour in it—I cannot be cheerful when a thousand melancholy ideas surround me.—I have met with a loss of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner—but what is that loss in comparison of one I may experience?—Friendship is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth sustaining.—I am unhappy—thy mother and thyself at a distance from me, and what can compensate for such a destitution?—For God's sake, persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation—and whilst she lives in one country and I in another, many people will suppose it proceeds from choice—besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart!—I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will smart with weeping, when I tell her the cause that now affects me.—I am apprehensive the dear friend I mentioned in my last letter is going into a decline—I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being so altered—she has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roses are fled from her cheeks—I can never see or talk to this incomparable woman without bursting into tears—I have a thousand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole sex, if not all the world put together—She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few possess—our conversations are of the most interesting nature, and she talks to me of quitting this world with more composure than others think of living in it.—I have wrote an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy—'Tis expressive of her modest worth—but may heaven restore her! and may she live to write mine!

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly shew
An idle scene of decorated woe.
The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.

In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine:
'Twill flow while gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee most truly.—So adieu—I am what I ever was, and hope ever shall be,

Thy affectionate Father, L. S.

As to Mr. ——, by your description he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to such a being.—Send me some *batons pour les dents*—there are none good here.

XCII. To Lady P——.

Mount Coffee-house, Tuesday, 3 o'clock.

THERE is a strange mechanical effect produced in writing a billet-doux within a stone-cast of the lady who engrosses the heart and soul of an inamorato—for this cause (but mostly because I am to dine in this neighbourhood) have I, Tristram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffee-house the nearest I could find to my dear Lady ——'s house, and have called for a sheet of gilt paper to try the truth of this article of my creed—Now for it—

O, my dear lady, what a dish-clout of a soul hast thou made of me!—I think, by the bye, this is a little too familiar an introduction for so unfamiliar a situation as I stand in with you—where, Heaven knows, I am kept at a distance—and despair of getting one inch nearer you, with all the steps and windings I can think of to recommend myself to you.—Would not any man in his senses run diametrically from you—and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus carelessly, foolishly, and foolhardily expose himself afresh—and afresh, where his heart and his reason tells him he shall be sure to come off loser, if not totally undone?—Why would you tell me you would be glad to see me?—Does it give you pleasure to make me more unhappy—or does it add to your triumph that your eyes and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the rest of the town is courting as a wit?—I am a fool—the weakest, the most ductile, the most tender fool that ever woman tried the weakness of—and the most unsettled in my purposes and resolutions of recovering my right mind.—It is but an hour ago that I kneeled down and swore I never would come near you—and, after saying my Lord's Prayer for the sake of the close, *of not being led into temptation*—out I sallied like any christian hero, ready to take the field against the world, the flesh, and the devil; not doubting but I should finally trample them all down under my feet—and now am I got so near you—within this vile stone's cast of your house—I feel myself drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain upside downwards, and though I had purchased a box-ticket to carry me to Miss ****'s benefit, yet I know very well, that was a single line directed to me to let me know Lady —— would be alone at seven, and suffer me to spend the evening with her, she would infallibly see everything verified I have told her.—I dine at Mr. C——r's, in Wigmore-street, in this neighbourhood, where I shall stay till seven, in hopes you purpose to put me to this proof. If I hear nothing by that time, I shall conclude you are better disposed of—and shall take a sorry hack, and sorrily jog on to the play.—Curse on the world. I know nothing but sorrow—except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps foolishly, but) most sincerely, L. STERNE.

XCIII.—To Mr. and Mrs. James.

Old Bond-street, April 21, 1767.

I AM sincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. James, by your friendly enquiry, and the interest you are so good as to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myself, having passed a bad night in much feverish agitation.—My physician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein till some favourable change—I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings—he says it is owing to my taking James's Powder, and venturing out on so cold a day as Sunday—but he is mistaken, for I am certain whatever bears the name must have efficacy with me.—I was bled yesterday, and again to-day, and have been almost dead; but this friendly enquiry from Gerrard-street has poured balm into what blood I have left—I hope still, and (next to the sense of what I owe to my friends) it shall be the last pleasurable sensation I will part with—If I continue mending, it will yet be some time before I shall have strength enough to get out in a carriage—my first visit will be a visit of true gratitude—I leave my kind friends to guess where—a thousand blessings go along with this, and may Heaven preserve you both.—Adieu, my dear Sir, and dear lady.

I am, your ever obliged,
L. STERNE.

XCIV.—To Ignatius Sancho.

Bond-street, Saturday [*April* 25, 1767].

I WAS very sorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courtesy of the Duke of M—g—'s family to me in honouring my list of subscribers with their names—for which I bear them all thanks.—But you have something to add, Sancho, to what I owe your good-will also on this account, and that is, to send me the subscription-money, which I find a necessity of dunning my best friends for before I leave town—to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very slender talents), and collecting

them (for which I have neither strength of body nor mind); and so, good Sancho, dun the Duke of M., the Duchess of M., and Lord M. for their subscriptions, and lay the sin, and money with it too, at my door.—I wish so good a family every blessing they merit, along with my humblest compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wisher,

L. STERNE.

P.S. I leave town on Friday morning—and should on Thursday, but that I stay to dine with Lord and Lady S——.

XCV.—To the Earl of S——.

Old Bond-street, May 1, 1767.

MY LORD,—I was yesterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day, but I am detained by the kindness of Lord and Lady S.—who have made a party to dine and sup on my account.—I am impatient to set out for my solitude, for there the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself—In the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning, but I could not think of quitting a place where I have received such numberless and unmerited civilities from your lordship, without returning my most grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgments for your friendly enquiry from Bath. Illness, my lord, has occasioned my silence—Death knocked at my door but I would not admit him—the call was both unexpected and unpleasant—and I am seriously worn down to a shadow—and still very weak; but, weak as I am, I have as whimsical a story to tell you as ever befell one of my family—Shandy's nose, his name, his sash-window, are fools to it—it will serve at least to amuse you.—The injury I did myself last month, in catching cold upon James's Powder—fell, you must know, upon the worst part it could—the most painful, and most dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this crisis I called in an able surgeon, and with him an able physician (both my friends), to inspect my disaster.—On hearing their opinion, of the inaccuracy of which I was quite certain, I put an end to the conference—and determined to bear all the torments I underwent, and ten times more, rather than submit to be treated like a *sinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *saint*.—Now as the father of mischief would have it, who has no pleasure like that of dishonouring the righteous, it so fell out that, from the moment I dismissed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expressed, or supported. Every hour became more intolerable,—I was got to-bed, cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up so near dead that my friends insisted upon my sending again for my physician and surgeon. I told them upon the word of a man of honour they were both mistaken, as to my case—but though they had reasoned wrong, they might act right; but that sharp as my sufferings were, I felt them not so sharp as the imputation which a venereal treatment of my case laid me under.—They answered that these taints of the blood laid dormant twenty years: but they would not reason with me in a point wherein I was so delicate, but would do all the office for which they were called in, namely, to put an end to my torment, which otherwise would put an end to me.—Was it not as ridiculous an embarrassment as ever Yorick's spirit was involved in?—Nothing but the purest conscience of innocence could have tempted me to write this story to my wife, which, by the bye, would make no bad anecdote in Tristram Shandy's Life.—I have just received letters from France, with some hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England to pay me a visit—if your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himself he shall receive a letter from your Lordship *en attendant*. I am, with great regard, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful humble servant,

L. STERNE.

XCVI.—To J. D——n, Esq.

Old Bond-street, Friday Morning.

I WAS going, my dear D——n, to bed before I received your kind inquiry, and now my chaise stands at my door to take and convey this poor body to its legal settlement. I am ill, very ill,—I languish most affectingly—I am sick both soul and body—it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you—no man interests himself more in your happiness, and I am glad you are in so fair a road to it—enjoy it long, my D., whilst I—no matter what—but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in—things will mend. I dined yesterday with Lord and Lady S——: we talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is so pleasant a situation!—You rogue—you have locked up my boots—and I go bootless home—and I fear I shall go bootless all my life—Adieu, gentlest and best of souls—adieu.

I am yours, affectionately,

L. STERNE.

XCVII.—To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.

Newark, Monday, ten o'clock in the morn.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I have got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods consigned to Pluto and company—lying in the bottom of my chaise most of the route, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to

purchase before I set out—I am worn out—but press on to Barnby Moor to-night, and if possible to York the next. I know not what is the matter with me—but some *derangement* presses hard upon this machine—still I think it will not be overset this bout. My love to G——. We shall all meet from the east, and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together—My kind respects to a few,—I am, dear H.,

Truly yours,
L. STERNE.

XCVIII.—To A. L——e, Esq.

Coxwould, June 7, 1767.

DEAR L.,—I had not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the seal of friendship, and most cordially do I thank you for so kind a proof of your good will—I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my sentimental friend—but I would not write to enquire after her, unless I could have sent her the testimony without the tax, for even how-d'yes to invalids, or those that have lately been so, either call to mind what is past or what may return—at least I find it so. I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwould—and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild-fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds and strawberries, and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce—with a clean cloth on my table—and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard—and not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If solitude would cure a love-sick heart, I would give you an invitation—but absence and time lessen no attachment which virtue inspires. I am in high spirits—care never enters this cottage—I take the air every day in my post-chaise, with two long-tailed horses—they turn out good ones; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I submitted to in town—May you, dear L——, want neither the one nor the other!

Yours truly,
L. STERNE.

XCIX.—To the Same.

Coxwould, June 30, 1767.

I AM in still better health, my dear L——e, than when I wrote last to you, owing I believe to my riding out every day with my friend H——, whose castle lies near the sea,—and there is a beach as even as a mirror, of five miles in length before it—where we daily run races in our chaises, with one wheel in the sea, and the other on land. D—— has obtained his fair Indian, and has this post sent a letter of inquiries after Yorick, and his Bramin. He is a good soul, and interests himself much in our fate. I cannot forgive you, L——e, for your folly in saying you intend to get introduced to the ——. I despise them, and I shall hold your understanding much cheaper than I now do, if you persist in a resolution so unworthy of you. I suppose Mrs. J—— telling you they were sensible is the ground-work you go upon—by — they are not clever; though what is commonly called wit may pass for literature on the other side of Temple Bar. You say Mrs. J—— thinks them amiable—she judges too favourably; but I have put a stop to her intentions of visiting them. They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. *La Bramine* assured me they used their endeavours with her to break off her friendship with me, for reasons I will not write, but tell you. I said enough of them before she left England, and though she had yielded to me in every other point, yet in this she obstinately persisted. Strange infatuation!—but I think I have effected my purpose by a falsity, which Yorick's friendship to the Bramine can only justify. I wrote her word that the most amiable of women reiterated my request, that she would not write to them. I said, too, she had concealed many things for the sake of her peace of mind—when in fact, L——e, this was merely a child of mine own brain, made Mrs. J——'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged so strongly. Do not mention this circumstance to Mrs. J——, 'twould displease her—and I had no design in it but for the Bramine to be a friend to herself. I ought now to be busy from sunrise to sunset, for I have a book to write—a wife to receive—an estate to sell—a parish to superintend, and, what is worst of all, a disquieted heart to reason with—these are continual calls upon me. I have received half a dozen letters to press me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I am at present deaf to them all. I perhaps may pass a few days there something later in the season, not at present—and so, dear L——e, adieu.

I am most cordially yours,
L. STERNE.

C.—To Ignatius Sancho.

Coxwould, June 30 [1767].

I MUST acknowledge the courtesy of my good friend Sancho's letter were I ten times busier than I am, and must thank him too for the many expressions of his good will, and good opinion—'Tis all affectation to say a man is not gratified with being praised—we only want it to be sincere—and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly—and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever—but good air, a quiet

retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an ass to milk, and another to ride upon (if I chuse it), all together do wonders. I shall live this year at least, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impressions of me as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for just so much health and spirits as are sufficient to carry my pen through the task I have set it this summer. But I am a resigned being, Sancho, and take health and sickness, as I do light and darkness, or the vicissitudes of seasons—that is, just as it pleases GOD to send them—and accommodate myself to their periodical returns, as well as I can—only taking care whatever befalls me in this silly world—not to lose my temper at it. This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the truest philosophy—for this we must be indebted to ourselves, but not to our fortunes. Farewell—I hope you will not forget your custom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter—in the meantime, I am very cordially,

My honest friend, Sancho,

Yours, L. STERNE.

CI.—To Mr. and Mrs. James.

Coxwould, July 6, 1767.

IT is with as much true gratitude as ever heart felt, that I sit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. James, for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this last instance of their humanity and politeness to me, I must ever be their debtor—I never can thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from my soul—and for the single day's happiness your goodness would have sent me, I wish I could send you back thousands—I cannot, but they will come of themselves—and so GOD bless you. I have had twenty times my pen in my hand since I came down, to write a letter to you both in Gerrard-street—but I am a shy kind of a soul at the bottom, and have a jealousy about troubling my friends, especially about myself—I am now got perfectly well, but was, a month after my arrival in the country, in but a poor state—my body has got the start, and is at present more at ease than my mind—but this world is a school of trials, and so Heaven's will be done!—I hope you have both enjoyed all that I have wanted—and, to complete your joy, that your little lady flourishes like a vine at your table, to which I hope to see her preferred by next winter. I am now beginning to be truly busy at my "Sentimental Journey"—the pains and sorrows of this life having retarded its progress—but I shall make up my lee-way, and overtake every body in a very short time.

What can I send you that Yorkshire produces? tell me—I want to be of use to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the truest value and esteem,

Your ever obliged L. STERNE.

CII.—To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris.

York, July 20, 1767.

MY DEAR PANCHAUD,—Be so kind as to forward what letters are arrived from Mrs. Sterne at your office by to-day's post, or the next, and she will receive them before she quits Avignon, for England—she wants to lay out a little money in an annuity for her daughter—advise her to get her own life insured in London, lest my Lydia should die before her.—If there are any packets, send them with the ninth volume of Shandy, which she has failed of getting—she says she has drawn for fifty louis—when she leaves Paris send by her my account.—Have you got me any French subscriptions, or subscriptions in France?—Present my kindest service to Miss P. I know her politeness and goodnature will incline her to give Mrs. J. her advice about what she may venture to bring over.—I hope every thing goes on well, though never half so well as I wish—God prosper you, my dear friend—Believe me most warmly

Yours, L. STERNE.

The sooner you send me the gold snuff-box, the better—'tis a present from my best friend.

CIII.—To Mr. and Mrs. James.

Coxwould, August 2, 1767.

MY dear friends Mr. and Mrs. James are infinitely kind to me, in sending now and then a letter to inquire after me—and to acquaint me how they are.—You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how truly I bear a part in your illness. I wish Mr. James would carry you to the South of France in pursuit of health, but why need I wish it, when I know his affection will make him do that and ten times as much to prevent a return of those symptoms which alarmed him so much in the spring—your politeness and humanity are always contriving to treat me agreeably, and what you promise next winter will be perfectly so—but you must get well—and your little dear girl must be of the party, with her parents and friends, to give it a relish—I am sure you show no partiality but what is natural and praiseworthy, in behalf of your daughter, but I wonder my friends will not find her a play-fellow; and I both hope and advise them not to venture along through this warfare of life without two strings at least to their bow. I had letters from France by last night's post, by which (by some fatality) I find not one of my letters has reached Mrs. Sterne. This gives me concern, as it wears the aspect of unkindness, which she by no means merits from me. My wife and dear girl are coming to pay me a visit for a few months;—I wish I may prevail with them to tarry longer.—You must permit me, dear Mrs. James, to make my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and spend a little time in London, as she returns

to France. I expect a small parcel—may I trouble you, before you write next, to send to my lodgings to ask if there is any thing directed to me that you can inclose under cover? I have but one excuse for this freedom, which I am prompted to use, from a persuasion that it is doing you pleasure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing—and as to myself, I rest satisfied, for 'tis only scoring up another debt of thanks to the millions I owe you both already—Receive a thousand and a thousand thanks, yes, and with them ten thousand friendly wishes for all you wish in this world—May my friend Mr. James continue blessed with good health, and may his good lady get perfectly well, there being no woman's health or comfort I so ardently pray for.—Adieu, my dear friends—believe me most truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

P.S. In Eliza's last letter, dated from St. Jago, she tells me, as she does you, that she is extremely ill—God protect her!—By this time surely she has set foot upon dry land at Madras—I heartily wish her well, and if Yorick was with her he would tell her so—but he is cut off from this, by bodily absence—I am present with her in spirit, however—but what is that? you will say.

CIV.—To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.

Coxwould, Aug. 11, 1767.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am glad all has passed with so much amity *inter te & filium Marcum tuum*, and that Madame has found grace in thy sight—All is well that ends well—and so much for moralizing upon it. I wish you could, or would, take up your parable, and prophecy as much good concerning me and my affairs.—Not one of my letters has got to Mrs. Sterne since the notification of her intentions, which has a pitiful air on my side, though I have wrote her six or seven—I imagine she will be here the latter end of September; though I have no date for it, but her impatience, which, having suffered by my supposed silence, I am persuaded will make her fear the worst—If that is the case, she will fly to England—a most natural conclusion.—You did well to discontinue all commerce with James's Powders—as you are so well, rejoice therefore, and let your heart be merry—mine ought upon the same score—for I never have been so well since I left college—and should be a marvellous happy man, but for some reflections which bow down my spirits—but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myself with honour—and—no matter! We will talk this over when we meet.—If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, &c. &c., I will come and sing Te Deum, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do any thing in the world.—I should depend upon G——'s critique upon my head, as much as Molière's old woman upon his comedies—when you do not want her society, let it be carried into your bedchamber to flay her, or clap it upon her bum—to—and give her my blessing as you do it.—

My postilion has set me a-ground for a week, by one of my pistols bursting in his hand, which he taking for granted to be quite shot off—he instantly fell upon his knees and said (Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name), at which, like a good Christian, he stopped, not remembering any more of it—the affair was not so bad as he at first thought, for it has only *bursten* two of his fingers (he says).—I long to return to you, but I sit here alone as solitary and sad as a tom-cat, which by the bye is all the company I keep—he follows me from the parlour to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place—I wish I had a dog—my daughter will bring me one—and so God be about you and strengthen your faith.—

I am affectionately, dear cousin, yours,

L. STERNE.

My service to the C——, though they are from home, and to Panty.

CV.—To Mr. and Mrs. James.

Coxwould, Aug. 13, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I but copy your great civility to me in writing you word that I have this moment received another letter wrote eighteen days after the date of the last from St. Jago—if our poor friend could have wrote another letter to England, you would in course have had it—but I fear, from the circumstance of great hurry and bodily disorder in which she was, when she dispatched this, she might not have time.—In case it has so fallen out, I send you the contents of what I have received—and that is a melancholy history of herself and sufferings since they left St. Jago—continual and most violent rheumatism all the time—a fever brought on with fits, and attended with delirium, and every terrifying symptom—the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a skeleton.—I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart, knowing how much at the same time it will affect yours. The three or four last days of our journal leave us with hopes she will do well at last, for she is more cheerful—and seems to be getting into better spirits; and health will follow in course. They have crossed the line—are much becalmed, by which, with other delays, she fears they will lose their passage to Madras—and be some months sooner for it at Bombay.—Heaven protect her, for she suffers much, and with uncommon fortitude.—She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. James in her last packet. In truth, my good lady, she loves and honours you from her heart; but, if she did not, I should not

esteem her, or wish her so well as I do.—Adieu, my dear friends—you have few in the world more truly and cordially

Yours, L. STERNE.

P.S. I have just received, as a present from a man I shall ever love, a most elegant gold snuff-box, fabricated for me at Paris—'tis not the first pledge I have received of his friendship—may I presume to inclose you a letter of chit-chat which I shall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourself, and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India—they will neither of them be the worse received for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their destined port, as they go first to Bengal.

CVI.—To Miss Sterne.

Coxwould, Aug. 24, 1767.

I AM truly surprised, my dear Lydia, that my last letter has not reached thy mother and thyself—It looks most unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that she has not received my letter to welcome you both—and though in that I said I wished you would defer your journey till March, for before that time I should have published my sentimental work, and should be in town to receive you—yet I will shew you more real politeness than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart.—I am sorry you are not here at the races, but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends.—I know B—— very well, and he is what in France would be called admirable—that would be but so-so here—You are right—he studies nature more than any, or rather most, of the French comedians. If the Empress of Russia pays him and his wife a pension of twenty thousand livres a year, I think he is very well off. —The folly of staying till after twelve for supper—that you two excommunicated beings might have meat!—"his conscience would not let it be served before." Surely the Marquis thought you both, being English, could not be satisfied without it. I would have given, not my gown and cassock (for I have but one), but my topaz ring, to have seen the *petits maîtres et maîtresses* go to mass, after having spent the night in dancing.—As to my pleasures, they are few in compass. My poor cat sits purring beside me—your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of my fire—but if he is as devilish as when I last saw him, I must tutor him, for I will not have my cat abused—in short, I will have nothing devilish about me—a combustion will spoil a sentimental thought.

Another thing I must desire—do not be alarmed—'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you set out—I will have no rouge put on in England—and do not bewail them as —— did her silver seringue or glister equipage, which she lost in a certain river—but take a wise resolution of doing without rouge. I have been three days ago bad again—with a spitting of blood—and that unfeeling brute ****** came and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet, halloo'd in my ear—Z—ds, what a fine kettle of fish have you brought yourself to, Mr. S——! In a faint voice I bade him leave me, for comfort sure was never administered in so rough a manner—Tell your mother, I hope she will purchase what either of you may want at Paris—'tis an occasion not to be lost—so write to me from Paris, that I may come and meet you in my post-chaise with my long-tailed horses—and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours.—Adieu, dear Lydia—believe me what I ever shall be,

Your affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

I think I shall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris—once more adieu.

CVII.—To Sir W——.

September 19, 1767.

MY DEAR SIR,—You are perhaps the drollest being in the universe—why do you banter me so about what I wrote to you?—Tho' I told you, every morning I jump'd into Venus's lap (meaning thereby the sea), was you to infer from that, that I leaped into the ladies' beds afterwards?—The body guides you—the mind me. I have wrote the most whimsical letter to a lady that was ever read, and talked of body and soul to—I said she had made me vain by saying she was mine more than ever woman was—but she is not the lady of Bond-street, nor —— square, nor the lady who supped with me in Bond-street, on scollop'd oysters, and other such things—nor did she ever go *tête-à-tête* with me to Salt Hill.—Enough of such nonsense—The past is over—and I can justify myself unto myself—can you do as much?—No, 'faith!—"You can feel!"—Aye, so can my cat, when he hears a female caterwauling on the house-top—but caterwauling disgusts me. I had rather raise a gentle flame than have a different one raised in me.—Now I take heaven to witness, after all this *badinage*, my heart is innocent—and the sporting of my pen is equal, just equal to what I did in my boyish days, when I got astride of a stick, and gallop'd away—The truth is this—that my pen governs me—not me my pen. You are much to blame if you dig for marl, unless you are sure of it. I was once such a puppy myself as to pare, and burn, and had my labour for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of my pocket. Curse on farming (said I), I will try if the pen will not succeed better than the spade. The fol-

lowing up of that affair (I mean farming) made me lose my temper, and a cart-load of turnips was (I thought) very dear at two hundred pounds.

In all your operations may your own good sense guide you—bought experience is the devil.—Adieu, adieu !—Believe me,

Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

CVIII.—To the Same.

Coxwould, Sept. 27, 1767.

DEAR SIR,—You are arrived at Scarborough when all the world has left it—but you are an unaccountable being, and so there is nothing more to be said on the matter—You wish me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finished—besides, I have other things in my head. My wife will be here in three or four days, and I must not be found straying in the wilderness—but I have been there. As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart—I will laugh, and drink my barley-water with you. As soon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a house at York, I shall go to London, where you generally are in spring—and then my "Sentimental Journey" will, I dare say, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of moulds—praised be God for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt. Write to me the day you will be at York—'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me, my good Sir,

Ever yours, L. STERNE.

CIX.—To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris.

York, Oct. 1, 1767.

DEAR SIR,—I have ordered my friend Becket to advance for two months your account which my wife this day deliver'd—she is in raptures with all your civilities. This is to give you notice to draw upon your correspondent—and Becket will deduct out of my publication. To-morrow morning I will repair with her to Coxwould, and my Lydia seems transported with the sight of me. Nature, dear Panchaud, breathes in all her composition; and except a little vivacity—which is a fault in the world we live in—I am fully content with her mother's care of her.—Pardon this digression from business—but 'tis natural to speak of those we love. As to the subscriptions which your friendship has procured me, I must have them to incorporate with my lists which are to be prefixed to the first volume. My wife and daughter join in millions of thanks—they will leave me the first of December. Adieu, adieu! Believe me, Yours, most truly, L. STERNE.

CX.—To Mr. and Mrs. James.

Coxwould, Oct, 3, 1767.

I HAVE suffered under a strong desire for above this fortnight to send a letter of inquiries after the health and the well-being of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. James; and I do assure you both 'twas merely owing to a little modesty in my temper not to make my good-will troublesome, where I have so much, and to those I never think of but with ideas of sensibility and obligation, that I have refrain'd. Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go the first step I made to Gerrard-street !—My mind and body must be at sad variance with each other, should it ever fall out that it is not both the first and last place also where I shall betake myself, were it only to say, "God bless you"—May you have every blessing he can send you! 'tis a part of my litany, where you will always have a place whilst I have a tongue to repeat it—And so you heard I had left Scarborough, which you would no more credit than the reasons assign'd for it—I thank you for it kindly—tho' you have not told me what they were; being a shrewd divine, I think I can guess. I was ten days at Scarborough in Sept., and was hospitably entertained by one of the best of our Bishops; who, as he kept house there, press'd me to be with him—and his household consisted of a gentleman, and two ladies, which, with the good Bishop and myself, made so good a party that we kept much to ourselves. I made in this time a connection of great friendship with my mitred host, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland. However, we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted—Now it was supposed (and have since heard) that I e'en went on with the party to London, and this I suppose was the reason assign'd for my being there. I dare say charity would add a little to the account, and give out that 'twas on the score of one, and perhaps both, of the ladies—and I will excuse charity on that head, for a heart disengaged could not well have done better. I have been hard writing ever since—and hope by Christmas I shall be able to give a gentle rap at your door—and tell you how happy I am to see my two good friends. I assure you I spur on my Pegasus more violently upon that account, and am now determined not to draw bit till I have finished this "Sentimental Journey"—which I hope to lay at your feet, as a small (but a very honest) testimony of the constant truth with which I am, My dear friends,

Your ever obliged and grateful

L. STERNE.

P.S. My wife and daughter arrived here last night from France. My girl has returned an elegant accomplished little slut—my wife—but I hate to praise my wife—'tis as much as decency will allow to praise my daughter. I suppose they will return next summer to France. They leave me in a month to reside at York for the winter—and I stay at Coxwould till the first of January.

CXI.—To Mrs. F——.

Coxwould, Friday.

DEAR MADAM,—I return you a thousand thanks for your obliging inquiry after me—I got down last summer very much worn out—and much worse at the end of my journey—I was forced to call at his Grace's house (the Archbishop of York) to refresh myself a couple of days upon the road near Doncaster—Since I got home to quietness, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended—and am now very stout—and in a fortnight's time shall perhaps be as well as you yourself could wish me. I have the pleasure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived from France—I shall be in town to greet my friends by the first of January. Adieu, dear Madam—Believe me,

Yours sincerely, L. STERNE.

CXII.—To Mrs. H——.

Coxwould, Oct. 12, 1767.

EVER since my dear H. wrote me word she was mine more than ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together. People think that I have had many, some in body, some in mind; but, as I told you before, you have had me more than any woman—therefore you must have had me, H——, both in mind and in body. Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when—it could not be the lady in Bond-street, or Grosvenor-street, or —— Square, or Pall-mall. We shall make it out, H., when we meet—I impatiently long for it—'tis no matter: I cannot now stand writing to you to-day—I will make it up next post—for dinner is upon table, and if I make Lord F—— stay, he will not frank this.—How do you do? Which parts of Tristram do you like best?—God bless you.

Yours, L. STERNE.

CXIII.—To Mr. and Mrs. James.

Coxwould, November 12, 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. James, if I am troublesome in writing something betwixt a letter and a card, to inquire after you and my good friend Mr. James, whom 'tis an age since I have heard a syllable of.—I think so, however, and never more felt the want of a house I esteem so much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it so seldom—and have nothing to recompense my desires of seein its kind possessors but the hopes before me of doing it by Christmas.—I long sadly to see you—and my friend Mr. James. I am still at Coxwould—my wife and girl* here—She is a dear good creature—affectionate, and most elegant in body and mind—she is all heaven could give me in a daughter—but like other blessings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France—and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France, where she has had many advantageous offers.—Do not smile at my weakness, when I say I don't wonder at it, for she is as accomplish'd a slut as France can produce.—You shall excuse all this—if you won't, I desire Mr. James to be my advocate—but I know I don't want one.—With what pleasure shall I embrace your dear little pledge—whom I hope to see every hour increasing in stature, and in favour, both with God and man! I kiss all your hands with a most devout and friendly heart.—No man can wish you more good than your meagre friend does—few so much, for I am, with infinite cordiality, gratitude, and honest affection, my dear Mrs. James, Your ever faithful, L. STERNE.

P.S. My "Sentimental Journey" will please Mrs. James, and my Lydia, I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past—I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do—so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections which aid so much to it. Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. James continue examples of the doctrine I teach.

CXIV.—To Mrs. H——.

Coxwould, Nov. 15, 1767.

NOW be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute these commissions well—and when I see you I will give you a kiss—there's for you!—But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my "Sentimental Journey," which shall make you cry as much as it has affected me—or I will give up the business of sentimental writing—and write to the body—that is, H., what am I doing in writing to you—but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a score mean souls.—

I am yours, &c. &c. L. SHANDY.

CXV.—To A. L——e, Esq.

Coxwould, November 19, 1767.

YOU make yourself unhappy, dear L——e, by imaginary ills—which you might shun

* Mrs. Medalle thought an apology necessary for publishing this Letter—written by a fond parent to a very sincere friend.

instead of putting yourself in the way of.—Would not any man in his senses fly from the object he adores, and not waste his time and his health in increasing his misery by so vain a pursuit?—The idol of your heart is one of ten thousand.—The Duke of ——has long sighed in vain—and can you suppose a woman will listen to you that is proof against titles, stars, and red ribands?—Her heart (believe me, L——e) will not be taken in by fine men, or fine speeches—if it should ever feel a preference, it will choose an object for itself, and it must be a singular character that can make an impression on such a being—she has a platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name—the natural reserve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from a superiority of understanding, which makes her despise every man that turns himself into a fool—Take my advice and pay your addresses to Miss ——; she esteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken so deep a root in your heart.—I pity you from my soul—but we are all born with passions which ebb and flow (else they would play the devil with us) to different objects—and the best advice I can give you, L——e, is to turn the tide of yours another way.—I know not whether I shall write again while I stay at Coxwould.—I am in earnest at my sentimental work—and intend being in town soon after Christmas—in the mean time, adieu.—Let me hear from you, and believe me, dear L,

Yours, &c., L. STERNE.

CXVI.—To the Earl of ——.

Coxwould, November 28, 1767.

MY LORD,—'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your Lordship for your letter of inquiry about Yorick—he has worn out both his spirits and body with the "Sentimental Journey"—'tis true, that an author must feel himself, or his reader will not—but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings.—I believe the brain stands as much in need of recruiting as the body—therefore I shall set out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myself a week at York. I might, indeed, solace myself with my wife (who is come from France), but in fact I have long been a sentimental being—whatever your Lordship may think to the contrary. The world has imagined, because I wrote "Tristram Shandy," that I was myself more Shandean than I really ever was—'tis a good-natured world we live in, and we are often painted in divers colours according to the ideas each one frames in his head.—A very agreeable lady arrived three years ago at York, in her road to Scarborough—I had the honour of being acquainted with her, and was her *chaperon*—all the females were very inquisitive to know who she was—"Do not tell, ladies; 'tis a mistress my wife has recommended to me—nay, moreover, has sent me from France."

I hope my book will please you, my Lord, and then my labour will not be totally in vain. If it is not thought a chaste book, mercy on them that read it, for they must have warm imaginations indeed! Can your Lordship forgive my not making this a longer epistle?—In short I can but add this, which you already know—that I am, with gratitude and friendship, my Lord,

Your obedient faithful, L. STERNE.

If your Lordship is in town in spring, I should be happy if you became acquainted with my friends in Gerrard-street—you would esteem the husband and honour the wife—she is the reverse of most of her sex—they have various pursuits—she but one—that of pleasing her husband.—

CXVII.—To His Excellency Sir George Macartney.

Coxwould, Dec. 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—For though you are his* Excellency, and I still but Parson Yorick—I still must call you so—and were you to be next Emperor of Russia, I could not write to you, or speak of you under any other relation—I felicitate you, I don't say how much, because I can't—I always had something like a kind of revelation within me, which pointed out this track for you in which you are so happily advanced—it was not only my wishes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impose upon a visionary brain, but I thought I actually saw you just where you now are—and that is just, my dear Macartney, where you should be.—I should long, long ago, have acknowledged the kindness of a letter of yours from Petersburgh, but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it—this is the first time I knew well *where* my thanks would find you—how they will find you I know well—that is, the same I ever knew you. In three weeks I shall kiss your hand,—and sooner, if I can finish my "Sentimental Journey."—The deuce take all sentiments! I wish there was not one in the world! My wife is come to pay me a sentimental visit as far as from Avignon—and the *politesse* arising from such a proof of her urbanity has robbed me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now.—I am going to lye-in; being at Christmas at my full reckoning—and unless what I shall bring forth is not *press'd* to death by these devils of printers, I shall have the honour of presenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaste brain conceived—they are

* Sir George had recently been knighted on his appointment as Envoy-Extraordinary to the Court of Russia.

frolicksome too, *mais cela n'empeche pas*—I put your name down with many wrong and right *honourables*, knowing you would take it not well if I did not make myself happy with it. Adieu, my dear friend,

Believe me, yours, &c., L. STERNE.

P.S. If you see Mr. Crawfurd, tell him I greet him kindly.

CXVIII.—To A. L——e, Esq.

Coxwould, Dec. 7, 1767.

DEAR L.—I said I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to so interesting a letter as yours.—I am certain you may depend upon Lord ——'s promises, he will take care of you in the best manner he can, and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you useful in any department. If his Lordship's scheme does not succeed, leave the kingdom—go to the east, or to the west, for travelling would be of infinite service to both your body and mind—But more of this when we meet—now to my own affairs.—I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a-year in Surrey, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwould, and my prebendaryship—the country also is sweet—but I will not, cannot, come to any determination, till I have consulted with you, and my other friends.—I have great offers too in Ireland—the Bishops of C—— and R—— are both my friends—but I have rejected every proposal, unless Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia could accompany me thither—I live for the sake of my girl, and with my sweet light burthen in my arms, I could get up fast the hill of preferment, if I choose it—but, without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would sit uneasy upon my brow. Mrs. Sterne's health is insupportable in England.—She must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it.—I will allow her enough to live comfortably until she can rejoin me.—My heart bleeds, L——e, when I think of parting with my child—'twill be like the separation of soul and body—and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one respect, for she will be in one kingdom, whilst I am in another.—You will laugh at my weakness—but I cannot help it—for she is a dear disinterested girl.—As a proof of it—when she left Coxwould, and I bade her adieu, I pulled out my purse, and offered her ten guineas for her private pleasures—her answer was pretty, and affected me too much: "No, my dear papa, our expenses of coming from France may have straitened you—I would rather put a hundred guineas into your pocket than take ten out of it."—I burst into tears—but why do I practise upon your feelings—by dwelling on a subject that will touch your heart?—It is too much melted already by its own suffering, L——e, for me to add a pang, or cause a single sigh.—God bless you.—I shall hope to greet you by New-year's day in perfect health.—Adieu, my dear friend—I am most truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

CXIX.—To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.

[*December*, 1767.]

LITERAS vestras lepidissimas, mi consobrine, consobrinis meis omnibus carior, accepi die Veneris; sed posta non rediebat versus Aquilonem eo die, aliter scripsissem prout desideradas. Nescio quid est materia cum me, sed sum fatigatus & ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam—& sum possessus cum diabolo qui pellet me in urbem—& tu es possessus cum eodem malo spiritu qui te tenet in deserto esse tentatum ancillis tuis, et perturbatum uxore tuâ—crede mihi, mi Antoni, quod isthæc non est via ad salutem sive hodiernam; sive eternam; num tu incipis cogitare de pecuniâ, quæ, ut ait Sanctus Paulus, est radix omnium malorum, & non satis dicis in corde tuo, ego Antonius de Castello Infirmo, sum jam quadraginta & plus annos natus, & explevi octavum meum lustrum, et tempus est me curare, & meipsum Antonium facere hominem felicem & liberum, et mihimet ipsi benefacere, ut exhortatur Solomon, qui dicit quòd nihil est melius in hâc vitâ quàm quòd homo vivat festivè & quòd edat et bibat, & bono fruatur quia hoc est sua portio & dos in hoc mundo.

Nunc te scire vellemus, quòd non debeo esse reprehendi pro festinando eundo ad Londinum, quia Deus, est testis, quòd non propero præ gloria, & pro me ostendere; nam diabolus iste qui me intravit, non est diabolus vanus, at consobrinus suus Lucifer—sed est diabolus amabundus, qui non vult sinere me esse solum; nam cùm non cumbenbo cum uxore meâ, sum mentulatior quàm par est—& sum mortaliter in amore—& sum fatuus; ergo tu me, mi care Antoni, excusabis, quoniam tu fuisti in amore, & per mare & per terras ivisti & festinâsti sicut diabolus eodem te propellente diabolo. Habeo multa ad te scribere—sed scribo hanc epistolam in domo coffeatariâ & plenâ sociorum strepitosorum, qui non permittent me cogitare unam cogitationem.

Saluta amicum Panty meum, cujus literis respondebo—saluta amicos in domo Gisbrosensi, & oro, credas me vinculo consobrinitatis & amoris ad te, mi Antoni, devinctissimum. L. STERNE.

CXX.—To Mr. and Mrs. James.

York, Dec. 23, 1767.

I WAS afraid that either Mr. or Mrs. James, or their little blossom, was drooping—or that some of you were ill, by not having the plea-

sure of a line from you, and was thinking of writing again to inquire after you all—when I was cast down myself with a fever, and bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room near three weeks—when I had the favour of yours, which till to-day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I most cordially now do—as well as for all your professions and proofs of good-will to me—I will not say I have not balanced accounts with you in this—All I know is, that I honour and value you more than I do any good creatures upon earth—and that I could not wish your happiness, and the success of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your brother—but, good God! are we not all brothers and sisters who are friendly, virtuous, and good? Surely my dear friends, my illness has been a sort of sympathy for your afflictions upon the score of your dear little ones.—I am worn down to a shadow; but as my fever has left me, I set off the latter end of next week with my friend Mr. Hall for town—I need not tell my friends in Gerrard-street I shall do myself the honour to visit them, before either Lord —— or Lord ——, &c. &c.—I thank you, my dear friend, for what you say so kindly about my daughter—it shews your good heart, for as she is a stranger, 'tis a free gift in you—but when she is known to you, she shall win it fairly—but, alas! when this event is to happen is in the clouds. Mrs. Sterne has hired a house ready-furnished at York, till she returns to France, and my Lydia must not leave her.

What a sad scratch of a letter! but I am weak, my dear friends, both in body and mind—so God bless you—you will see me enter like a ghost—so I tell you before-hand not to be frightened.—I am, my dear friends, with the truest attachment and esteem, ever yours, L. STERNE.

CXXI.—To the Same.

Old Bond-street, Jan 1, [1768].

NOT knowing whether the moisture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends in Gerrard-street a call this morning for five minutes—I beg leave to send them all the good wishes, compliments, and respects I owe them.—I continue to mend, and doubt not but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the best.—I send all compliments to your firesides this Sunday night.—Miss Ascough the wise, Miss Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and so on.—If Lord O—— is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. James will present the inclosed to him—'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you.—I am sorry that I am no subscriber to Soho this season—it deprives me of a pleasure worth twice the subscription—but I am just going to send about this quarter of the town, to see if it is not too late to procure a ticket, undisposed of, from some of my Soho friends; and, if I can succeed, I will either send or wait upon you with it by half an hour after three to-morrow—if not, my friend will do me the justice to believe me truly miserable.—I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get disengaged in order to be with my friends.—If I cannot, I will glide like a shadow uninvited to Gerrard-street some day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together.—God bless you both! I am, with the most sincere regard,

Your ever obliged,
L. STERNE.

CXXII.—To the Same.

Old Bond-street, Monday.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I have never been a moment at rest since I wrote yesterday about this Soho ticket—I have been at a Secretary of State to get one—have been upon one knee to my friend Sir George Macartney, Mr. Lascelles—and Mr. Fitzmaurice—without mentioning five more—I believe I could as soon get you a place at Court, for everybody is going—but I will go out and try a new circle—and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my supplications—I send you this state of the affair, lest my silence should make you think I had neglected what I promised—but no—Mrs. James knows me better, and would never suppose it would be out of the head of one who is with so much truth

Her faithful friend,
L. STERNE.

CXXIII.—To the Same.

Thursday, Old Bond-street.

A THOUSAND thanks, and as many excuses, my dear friends, for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a second note I am astonished I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any mistake in a card wrote by Mrs. James, in which my friend is as unrivalled, as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am now tied down neck and heels (twice over) by engagements every day this week, or most joyfully would have trod the old pleasing road from Bond to Gerrard-street. My books will be to be had on Thursday, but possibly on Wednesday in the afternoon.—I am quite well, but exhausted with a room full of company every morning till dinner.—How do I lament I cannot eat my morsel (which is always sweet) with such kind friends!—The Sunday following I will assuredly wait upon you both—and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time and a little day-light, to see Mrs. James's picture—I beg leave to assure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my senti-

mental thanks for every token of their goodwill.—Adieu, my dear friends—

I am truly yours, L. STERNE.

CXXIV.

From Dr. Eustace, in America, to the Rev. Mr. Sterne, with a walking-stick.

SIR,—When I assure you that I am a great admirer of "Tristram Shandy," and have, ever since his introduction into the world, been one of his most zealous defenders against the repeated assaults of prejudice and misapprehension, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intrusion.

You know it is an observation, as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that a similitude of sentiments is the general parent of friendship.—It cannot be wondered at that I should conceive an esteem for a person whom nature had most indulgently enabled to frisk and curvet with ease through all these intricacies of sentiments, which, from irresistible propensity, she had impelled me to trudge through without merit or distinction.

The only reason that gave rise to this address to you is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean statuary, I mean, according to vulgar opinion, for to such judges both appear equally destitute of regularity or design—it was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and presented to the late governor Dobbs; after his death Mrs. D. gave it me; its singularity made many desirous of procuring it; but I had resolved at first not to part with it, till, upon reflection, I thought it would be a very proper, and probably not an unacceptable, compliment to my favourite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation as a button-hole, or a broomstick.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

CXXV.—Mr. Sterne's Answer.

London, February 9, 1768.

SIR,—I this moment received your obliging letter, and Shandean piece of sculpture along with it, of both which testimonies of your regard I have the justest sense, and return you, dear Sir, my best thanks and acknowledgment. Your walking-stick is in no sense more Shandaick than in that of its having more handles than one; the parallel breaks, only in this, that, in using the stick, every one will take the handle which suits his convenience. In "Tristram Shandy," the handle is taken which suits their passions, their ignorance, or their sensibility. There is so little true feeling in the herd of the world that I wish I could have got an act of parliament, when the books first appeared, that none but wise men should look into them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to understand them; the world, however, seems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here being to a man on its side; and the reception it has met with in France, Italy, and Germany, has engaged one part of the world to give it a second reading. The other, in order to be on the strongest side, has at length agreed to speak well of it too. A few hypocrites and Tartuffes, whose approbation could do it nothing but dishonour, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, Sir, to have had a man like you on my side from the beginning; but it is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God;—and, besides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him entirely correspond with those excited.—'Tis like reading himself—and not the book.

In a week's time I shall be delivered of two volumes of the Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy; but alas! the ship sails three days too soon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleasure of presenting them to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great thanks for the honour you have done me, with true esteem,

Your obliged humble servant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

CXXVI.—To L. S——n, Esq.

Old Bond-street, Wednesday.

DEAR SIR,—Your commendations are very flattering. I know no one whose judgment I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only instance in which I can call it in question.—Thanks, my good Sir, for the prints—I am much your debtor for them—if I recover from my ill state of health, and live to revisit Coxwould this summer, I will decorate my study with them, along with six beautiful pictures I have already of the sculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome.—It grieves one to think such a man should have died in exile, who wrote so well on the art of love. Do not think me encroaching if I solicit a favour—'tis either to borrow, or beg (to beg if you please) some of those touched with chalk which you brought from Italy—I believe you have three sets, and if you can spare the imperfect one of cattle on coloured paper, 'twill answer my purpose, which is namely this, to give a friend of ours.—You may be ignorant she has a genius for drawing, and whatever she excels in she conceals, and her humility adds lustre to her accomplishments—I presented her last year with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her several lessons before I left town.—I wish her to follow this art, to be a complete mistress of it—and it is singular

enough, but not more singular than true, that she does not know how to make a cow or a sheep, though she draws figures and landscapes perfectly well; which makes me wish her to copy from good prints.—If you come to town next week, and dine where I am engaged next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you—I breakfast with Mr. Beauclerc, and am engaged for an hour afterwards with Lord O——; so let our meeting be either at your house or my lodgings—do not be late, for we will go, half an hour before dinner, to see a picture executed by West, most admirably—he has caught the character of our friend—such goodness is painted in that face that when one looks at it, let the soul be ever so much unharmonized, it is impossible it should remain so.—I will send you a set of my books—they will take with the generality—the women will read this book in the parlour, and Tristram in the bed-chamber.—Good night, dear Sir—I am going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me,

Yours most truly, L. STERNE.

CXXVII.—To Miss Sterne.

Feb. 20, Old Bond-street.

MY DEAREST LYDIA,—My "Sentimental Journey," you say, is admired in York by every one—and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no less admired here—but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion?—the want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breast—this vile influenza—be not alarmed, I think I shall get the better of it—and shall be with you both the first of May; and if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child—unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me. The subject of thy letter has astonished me. She could but know little of my feelings to tell thee that, under the supposition I should survive thy mother, I should bequeath thee as a legacy to ——. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whose virtues I wish thee to imitate that I shall entrust my girl to—I mean that friend whom I have so often talked and wrote about—from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend—and you cannot be intimate with her without her pouring some part of the milk of human kindness into your breast, which will serve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a small degree of.—Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful necessity to fly to India for protection, whilst it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England. But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive me—do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account. I have sent you a necklace, buckles, and the same to your mother. My girl cannot form a wish that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in—and I cannot in justice be less kind to thy mother. I am never alone—The kindness of my friends is ever the same—I wish though I had thee to nurse me; but I am denied that. Write to me twice a week, at least. God bless thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever,

Thy affectionate father, L. S.

CXXVII.—To Mrs. James.

Tuesday.

YOUR poor friend is scarce able to write—he has been at death's door this week with a pleurisy—I was bled three times on Thursday, and blistered on Friday—The physician says I am better—God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong, and shall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining strength. Before I have gone through half this letter, I must stop to rest my weak hand above a dozen times. Mr. James was so good to call upon me yesterday. I felt emotions not to be described at the sight of him, and he overjoyed me by talking a great deal of you. Do, dear Mrs. James, entreat him to come to-morrow or next day, for perhaps I have not many days or hours to live—I want to ask a favour of him, if I find myself worse—that I shall beg of you, if in this wrestling I come off conqueror — my spirits are fled—'tis a bad omen—do not weep, my dear lady—your tears are too precious to shed for me—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn. Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women! may health, peace and happiness prove your handmaids! If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemn'd—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will (if she is left parentless) take her to your bosom;—You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for such a benevolent action. I wrote to her a fortnight ago, and told her what I trust she will find in you.*—Mr. James will be a father to her—he will protect her from every insult, for he wears a sword which he has served his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the scabbard in defence of innocence. Commend me to him—as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world. Adieu—all grateful thanks to you and Mr. James.

Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.

CXXIX.—To **********.

——I BEHELD her tender look—her pathetic eye petrified my fluids—the liquid dissolution

* From this circumstance it may be conjectured that this letter was written on Tuesday, the 8th of March, 1768, ten days before Mr. Sterne died.

drowned those once bright orbs—the late sympathetic features, so pleasing in their harmony, are now blasted—withered—and are dead; her charms are dwindled into a melancholy which demands my pity—Yes—my friend—our once sprightly and vivacious Harriot is that very object that must thrill your soul. How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance—Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon?—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory—when villany gets the ascendancy, it seldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him ——T*******, once the joyous companion of our juvenile extravagancies, by a deep-laid scheme, so far ingratiated himself into the good graces of the old man—that even he, with all his penetration and experience (of which old folks generally pique themselves), could not perceive his drift, and, like the goodness of his own heart, believed him honourable:—had I known his pretensions—I would have flown on the wings of friendship, of regard — of affection, and rescued the lovely innocent from the hands of the spoiler;—be not alarmed at my declaration—I have been long bound to her in the reciprocal bonds of affection;—but it is of a more delicate stamp than the gross materials nature has planted in us for procreation—I hope ever to retain the idea of innocence, and love her still:—I would love the whole sex were they equally deserving.

—— taking her by the hand—the other thrown round her waist—after an intimacy allowing such freedoms—with a look deceitfully pleasing, the villain poured out a torrent of protestations—and though oaths are sacred—swore with all the fortitude of a conscientious man—the depth of his love—the height of his esteem—the strength of his attachment;—by these, and other artful means to answer his abandoned purpose (for which you know he is but too well qualified)—gained on the open, inexperienced heart of the generous Harriot, and robbed her of her brightest jewel.—Oh! England! where are your senators?—where are your laws? Ye Heavens! where rests your deadly thunder;—why are your bolts restrained from overwhelming with vengeance this vile seducer!—I, my friend, I, was the minister sent by justice to revenge her wrongs—revenge—I disclaim it—to redress her wrongs.—The news of affliction flies—I heard it, and posted to ****, where, forgetting my character—this is the style of the enthusiast—it most became my character—I saw him in his retreat—I flew out of the chaise—caught him by the collar—and in a tumult of passion—demanded—sure, if anger is excusable, it must be when it is excited by a detestation of vice—I demanded him to restore—alas! what was not in his power to return. Vengeance!—and shall these vermin—these spoilers of the fair—these murderers of the mind—lurk and creep about in dens secure to themselves, and pillage all around them? Distracted with my rage—I charged him with his crime—exploded his baseness—condemned his villany—while coward guilt sat on his sullen brow, and, like a criminal conscious of his deed, tremblingly pronounced his fear.—He hoped means might be found for a sufficient atonement—offered a tender of his hand as a satisfaction, and a life devoted to her service as a recompense for his error. His humiliation struck me—'twas the only means he could have contrived to assuage my anger.—I hesitated—paused—thought—and still must think on so important a concern;—assist me—I am half afraid of trusting my Harriot in the hands of a man whose character I too well know to be the antipodes of Harriot's—He all fire and dissipation;—she all meekness and sentiment!—nor can I think there is any hope of reformation:—the offer proceeds more from surprise, or fear, than justice and sincerity. The world—the world will exclaim, and my Harriot be a cast-off from society. Let her—I had rather see her thus, than miserably linked for life to a lump of vice. She shall retire to some corner of the world, and there weep out the remainder of her days in sorrow—forgetting the wretch who has abused her confidence, but ever remembering the friend who consoles her in retirement. You, my dear Charles, shall bear a part with me in the delightful task of whispering "peace to those who are in trouble, and healing the broken in spirit." Adieu.

LAURENCE STERNE.

CXXX.—To the Same.

SIR,—I feel the weight of obligation which your friendship has laid upon me, and if it should never be in my power to make you a recompense, I hope you will be recompensed at the *resurrection of the just.*—I hope, Sir, we shall both be found in that catalogue;—and we are encouraged to hope, by the example of Abraham's faith, even *against hope.*—I think there is, at least, as much probability of our reaching, and rejoicing in the *haven where we would be*, as there was of the old Patriarch's having a child by his old wife.—There is not any person living, or dead, whom I have so strong a desire to see and converse with as yourself:—indeed I have no inclination to visit, or say a syllable to but a few persons in this lower vale of vanity and tears, beside you;—but I often derive a peculiar satisfaction in conversing with the ancient and modern dead,—who yet live and speak excellently in their works. My neighbours

think me *often alone*,—and yet at such times I am in company with more than five hundred mutes—each of whom, at my pleasure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb signs—quite as intelligibly as any person living can do by the *uttering* of words. They always keep the distance from me which I direct,—and with a motion of my hand, I can bring them as near to me as I please. I lay hands on fifty of them sometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like:—they never complain of ill-usage,—and when dismissed from my presence,—though ever so abruptly—take no offence. Such convenience is not to be enjoyed—nor such liberty to be taken with the living:—we are bound—in point of good manners, to admit all our pretended friends when they knock for an entrance, and dispense with all the nonsense or impertinence which they broach till they think proper to withdraw: nor can we take the liberty of humbly and decently opposing their sentiments, without exciting their disgust, and being in danger of their splenetic representation after they have left us.

I am weary of talking to the *many*—who though quick of hearing—are so *slow of heart to believe*—propositions which are next to self-evident;—you and I were not cast in *one mould*,—corporal comparison will attest it, and yet we are fashioned so much alike that we may pass for twins:—were it possible to take an inventory of all our sentiments and feelings—just and unjust—holy and impure—there would appear as little difference between them as there is between instinct and reason,—or wit and madness: the barriers which separate these—like the real essence of bodies—escape the piercing eye of metaphysics, and cannot be pointed out more clearly than geometricians define a straight line, which is said to have length without breadth.—O ye learned anatomical aggregates, who pretend to instruct other aggregates! be as candid as the sage whom ye pretend to revere—and tell them that all you know is, that you know nothing!

——I have a *mort* to communicate to you on different subjects—my mountain will be in labour till I see you—and then—what then?—why you must expect to see it bring forth—a mouse.—I therefore beseech you to have a watchful eye to the cats!—but it is said that mice were designed to be killed by cats!—cats to be worried by dogs, &c., &c.—This may be true—and I think I am made to be killed by my cough,—which is a perpetual plague to me; what, in the name of sound lungs, has my cough to do with you—or—you with my cough?

I am, Sir, with the most perfect affection and esteem, Your humble servant,

L. STERNE.

CXXXI.—To ****.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your kind letter of critical, and, I will add, of parental, advice, which, contrary to my natural humour, set me upon looking gravely for half a day together: sometimes I concluded you had not spoke out, but had stronger grounds for your hints and cautions than what your good-nature knew how to tell me, especially with regard to prudence, as a divine; and that you thought in your heart the vein of humour too free for the solemn colour of my coat. A meditation upon Death had been a more suitable trimming to it, I own; but then it could not have been set on by me. Mr. F——, whom I regard in the class I do you, as my best of critics and well-wishers, preaches daily to me on the same text: "Get your preferment first, Lory," he says, "and then write and welcome." But suppose preferment is long a-coming—and, for aught I know, I may not be preferred till the resurrection of the just—and am all that time in labour, how must I bear my pains? Like pious divines? or rather like able philosophers, knowing that one passion is only to be combatted with another? But to be serious (if I can), I will use all reasonable caution—only with this caution along with it, not to spoil my book, that is the air and originality of it, which must resemble the author; and I fear it is the number of these slighter touches which make the resemblance, and identify it from all others of the same stamp, which this understrapping virtue of prudence would oblige me to strike out.—A very able critic, and one of my colour too, who has read over Tristram, made answer, upon my saying I would consider the colour of my coat as I corrected it, that that idea in my head would render my book not worth a groat.—Still I promise to be cautious; but deny I have gone as far as Swift: he keeps a due distance from Rabelais; I keep a due distance from him. Swift has said a hundred things I durst not say, unless I was Dean of St. Patrick's.

I like your caution, "ambitiosa recides ornamenta." As I revise my book, I will shrive my conscience upon that sin, and whatever ornaments are of that kind shall be defaced without mercy. Ovid is justly censured for being "ingenii sui amator;" and it is a reasonable hint to me as I'm not sure I am clear of it. To sport too much with your wit, or the game that wit has pointed out, is surfeiting; like toying with a man's mistress, it may be very delightful solacement to the inamorato but little to the bye-stander. Though I plead guilty to part of the charge, yet it would greatly alleviate the crime, if my readers knew how much I have suppressed of this device. I have burnt more wit than I have published, on that very account, since I

began to avoid the fault, I fear, I may yet have given proofs of.—I will reconsider Slop's fall, and my too minute description of it; but, in general, I am persuaded that the happiness of the Cervantic humour arises from this very thing,—of describing silly and trifling events with the circumstantial pomp of great ones. Perhaps this is overloaded, and I can ease it.—I have a project of getting Tristram put into the hands of the Archbishop, if he comes down this autumn, which will ease my mind of all trouble upon the topic of discretion. I am, &c. L. STERNE.

CXXXII.—To Mr. B——.

Exeter, July, 1765.

SIR,—The inclosed was quite an *Impromptu* of Yorick's after he had been thoroughly *soused*.—He drew it up in a few moments without stopping his pen. I should be glad to see it in your intended collection of Mr. Sterne s Memoirs, &c. If you should have a copy of it, you will be able to rectify a misapplication of a term that Mr. Sterne could never be guilty of, as one great excellence of his writing lies in the most happy choice of metaphors and allusions—such as showed his philosophic judgment, at the same time that they display his wit and genius—but it is not for me to comment on, or correct, so great an original. I should have sent this fragment as soon as I saw Mrs. Medalle's advertisement, had I not been at a distance from my papers. I expect much entertainment from this posthumous work of a man to whom no one is more indebted for amusement and instruction than, Sir,

Your humble servant, S. P.

AN IMPROMPTU.

No—not one farthing would I give for such a coat in wet weather, or dry.—If the sun shines, you are sure of being melted, because it closes so tight about one—if it rains, it is no more a defence than a cobweb—a very sieve, o' my conscience! that lets through every drop, and, like many other things that are put on only for a cover, mortifies you with disappointment, and makes you curse the impostor, when it is too late to avail one's self of the discovery. Had I been wise, I should have examined the claim the coat had to the title of "defender of the body"—before I had trusted my body in it—I should have held it up to the light, like other suspicious matters, to have seen how much it was likely to admit of that which I wanted to keep out—whether it was no more than such a frail, flimsy, contexture of flesh and blood, as I am fated to carry about with me through every tract of this dirty world, could have comfortably and safely dispensed with in so short a journey—taking into my account the chance of spreading trees—thick hedges o'erhanging the road—with twenty other coverts that a man may trust his head under—if he is not violently pushed on by that d—d stimulus—you know where—that will not let a man sit still in one place for half a minute together—but, like a young mettlesome tit, is eternally on the fret, and is for pushing on still further—or if the poor scared devil is not hunted tantivy by a hue and cry with gyves and a halter dangling before his eyes—now in either case he has not a minute to throw away in standing still, but, like King Lear, must brave "the peltings of a pitiless storm," and give Heaven leave to "rumble its bellyful,—spit fire—or spout rain"—as spitefully as it pleaseth, without finding the inclination or the resolution to slacken his pace, lest something should be lost that might have been gained, or more gotten than he well knows how to get rid of.—Now, had I acted with as much prudence as some other good folks—I could name many of them who have been made b—ps within my remembrance, for having been hooded and muffled up in a larger quantity of this dark drab of mental manufacture than ever fell to my share—and absolutely for nothing else—as will be seen when they are undressed another day—Had I but as much as might have been taken out of their cloth, without lessening much of the size, or injuring the least the shape, or contracting aught of the doublings and foldings, or confining to a less circumference the superb sweep of any one cloak that any one b—p ever wrapt himself up in—I should never have given this coat a place upon my shoulders. I should have seen by the light, at one glance, how little it would keep out of rain by how little it would keep in of darkness.—This a coat for a rainy day? do, pray! madam, hold it up to that window—did you ever see such an *illustrious* coat since the day you could distinguish between a coat and a pair of breeches?—My lady did not understand derivatives, and so could not see quite through my splendid pun. Pope Sixtus would have blinded her with the same "darkness of excessive light." What a flood of it breaks in through this rent! what an irradiation beams through that! what twinklings—what sparklings as you wave it before your eyes in the broad face of the sun! Make a fan out of it for the ladies to look at their gallants with at church—It has not served me for one purpose—it will serve them for two—This is coarse stuff—of worse manufacture than the cloth—put it to its proper use, for I love when things sort and join well—make a philtre* of it while there is a drop

* This allusion is improper. A philtre originally signifies a love-potion—and as it is used as a noun

to be extracted—I know but one thing in the world that will draw, drain, or suck like it—and that is—neither wool nor flax—make—make anything of it but a vile, hypocritical coat for me—for I never can say, *sub Jove*, (whatever Juno might) that it is a pleasure to be wet."

L. STERNE.

from the verb *philtrate*, it must signify a *strainer*, not a *sucker*—cloth is sometimes used for the purpose of *draining*, by means of its pores, or capillary tubes, but its action is contrary to philtration. His meaning is obvious enough: but as he drew up this fragment without stopping his pen, as I was informed, it is no wonder he erred in the application of some of his terms.

JUNE, 1868.

A

CATALOGUE

OF

Novels, Cheap Literature,

AND

Useful Books,

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS, AND AT ALL RAILWAY STATIONS.

PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
AT THE
OFFICE OF "THE BROADWAY,"
LUDGATE, LONDON.

CONTENTS.

Novels at One Shilling.

Lord Lytton 3
Alexandre Dumas ... 4
Capt. Marryat 3
J. Fenimore Cooper ... 3
G. P. R. James 4
W. H. Ainsworth ... 4
Various Authors 5

Novels at Two Shillings.

James Grant 5
Alexandre Dumas ... 6
Albert Smith 6
Henry Cockton 6
Miss Wetherell 6
Author of "Whitefriars" ... 6
Various Authors 6

Novels at Eighteenpence.

Railway Library 7

Miscellaneous.

Cheap Literature ... 9
Books for the Country, 1*s.* 10
Ditto, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* 11
Useful Library, 1*s.* ... 12
Ditto, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* ... 12
Song Books, 1*s.* 13
Ditto, 6*d.* 13
Handbooks, 6*d.* 11
Miniature Library, 6*d.* ... 14
Cookery Books, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, &c. 14
Dictionaries, 1*s.*, &c. ... 16
Reckoners, 6*d.*, 1*s.* ... 16
Routledge's 6*d.* Novels ... 8
Household Manuals, 6*d.* ... 14
Beadle's Library, 6*d.* ... 15

NOVELS AT ONE SHILLING.

(Postage, 3d.)

By LORD LYTTON.

Night and Morning.
Ernest Maltravers.
Alice.
Devereux.
Eugene Aram.
The Last of the Barons.
The Pilgrims of the Rhine.
The Caxtons.
My Novel. 2 vols.
Rienzi.
Godolphin.
Pelham.
Leila.
A Strange Story.
What will he Do with it? 2 vols.
The Last Days of Pompeii.
Zanoni.
Lucretia.
The Disowned.
Paul Clifford.
Harold.

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

Peter Simple.
The King's Own.
Midshipman Easy.
Rattlin the Reefer.
The Pacha of Many Tales.
Newton Forster.
Jacob Faithful.
The Dog Fiend.
Japhet in Search of a Father.
The Poacher.
The Phantom Ship.
Percival Keene.
Valerie.
Frank Mildmay.
Olla Podrida.
Monsieur Violet.

By J. FENIMORE COOPER.

The Pilot.
The Last of the Mohicans.
The Pioneers.
The Spy.
Lionel Lincoln.
The Deerslayer.
The Pathfinder.
The Bravo.
The Waterwitch.
The Two Admirals.
The Red Rover.
Satanstoe.
Afloat and Ashore.
Wyandotte.
Eve Effingham.
Miles Wallingford.
The Headsman.
The Prairie.
Homeward Bound.
The Borderers.
The Sea Lions.
Precaution.
The Oak Openings.
Mark's Reef.
Ned Myers.
The Heidenmauer.

Published by George Routledge & Sons.

By G. P. R. JAMES.

Morley Ernstein.
Darnley.
The Gipsy.
Arabella Stuart.
The Woodman.
Agincourt.
Russell.
The Stepmother.
Forest Days.
The Huguenot.
The Man-at-Arms.
A Whim and its Consequences.
Henry Masterton.
The Convict.
Mary of Burgundy.
Attila.
Margaret Graham.
Gowrie.
Delaware.
Henry of Guise.
Dark Scenes.
The Robber.
One in a Thousand.
The Smuggler.
Charles Tyrrell.
Castleneau.
Sir Theodore Broughton.
The Forgery.
The Gentleman of the Old School.
The Jacquerie.
Philip Augustus.
The Black Eagle.
Rose D'Albret.
The Old Dominion.
Leonoro D'Orco.
John Marston Hall.
Beauchamp.
Arrah Neil.
My Aunt Pontypool.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

The Three Musketeers.
Twenty Years After.
Doctor Basilius.
The Twin Captains.
Captain Paul.
Memoirs of a Physician. 2 vols.
The Queen's Necklace.
The Chevalier de Maison Rouge.
The Countess de Charney.
Monte Cristo. 2 vols.
Nanon; or Woman's War.
The Two Dianas.
The Black Tulip.

By W. H. AINSWORTH.

Windsor Castle.
Tower of London.
The Miser's Daughter.
Rookwood.
Old St. Paul's.
Crichton.
Guy Fawkes.
The Spendthrift.
James the Second.
The Star Chamber.
The Flitch of Bacon.
The Lancashire Witches.
Mervyn Clitheroe.
Ovingdean Grange.
St. James'.
Auriol.
Jack Sheppard.

By VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Stories of Waterloo. *W. H. Maxwell.*
The Colleen Bawn; or, the Collegians. *Gerald Griffin.*
Dark Lady. *W. H. Maxwell.*
Violet, the Danseuse.
Royal Favourite. *Mrs. Gore.*
The Ghost Hunter. *Banim.*
The Ambassador's Wife. *Mrs. Gore.*
The Old Commodore. *Author of "Rattlin the Reefer."*
The Albatross. *Kingston.*
Cinq Mars. *De Vigny.*
Zingra, the Gipsy. *Mrs. Maillard.*
The Ladder of Life. *Amelia B. Edwards.*
The Pride of the Mess. *Author of "Cavendish."*
Lilly Dawson. *Mrs. Crowe.*
My Brother's Keeper. *Miss Wetherell.*
Scarlet Letter. *Hawthorn.*
The House of the Seven Gables. *Hawthorn.*
Whom to Marry, &c. *Mayhew.*
The Henpecked Husband. *Lady Scott.*
The Little Wife. *Mrs. Gore.*
Adelaide Lindsay. *Author of "Emilia Wyndham."*
The Family Feud. *Thomas Cooper.*
Nothing but Money. *T. S. Arthur.*
The Letter Bag of the Great Western. *Sam Slick.*
Respectable Sinners.
Moods. *Louisa M. Alcott.*
Singleton Fontenoy. *James Hannay.*

NOVELS AT TWO SHILLINGS.

(Postage, 4d.)

By JAMES GRANT.

The Romance of War; or, The Highlanders in Spain.
The Aide-de-Camp.
The Scottish Cavalier.
Bothwell.
Jane Seton; or, The Queen's Advocate.
Philip Rollo.
Legends of the Black Watch.
Mary of Lorraine.
Oliver Ellis; or, The Fusilier.
Lucy Arden; or, Hollywood Hall.
Frank Hilton; or, The Queen's Own.
The Yellow Frigate.
Harry Ogilvie; or, The Black Dragoons.
Arthur Blane.
Laura Everingham; or, The Highlanders of Glenora.
The Captain of the Guard.
Letty Hyde's Lovers.
Cavaliers of Fortune.
Second to None; or, The Scots Greys.
The Constable of France.
The Phantom Regiment.
The King's Own Borderers.
The White Cockade.

By ALBERT SMITH.

The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury.
The Scattergood Family.
Christopher Tadpole.
The Pottleton Legacy.
The Marchioness of Brinvilliers. 1*s.* 6*d.*
The Medical Student. 1*s.*

By MISS WETHERELL.

The Old Helmet.
Melbourne House.
Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf.
The Two School-Girls.
The Wide, Wide World.
Queechy.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

The Half-Brothers.
Marguerite de Valois.
Vicomte de Bragelonne. Vols. 1 and 2. 2*s.* 6*d. each vol.*

By HENRY COCKTON.

Percy Effingham.
Valentine Vox.
Stanley Thorn.
George Julian.

By AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS."

Whitehall.
Cæsar Borgia.
Owen Tudor.
The City Banker.
Mauleverer's Divorce.

By VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Price 2*s. each.*

The Night Side of Nature. *Mrs. Crowe.*
Scottish Chiefs. *Jane Porter.*
Pastor's Fireside. *Jane Porter.*
The Prairie Bird. *Hon. C. A. Murray.*
Captain Blake. *Maxwell.*
Colin Clink. *Hooton.*
Hector O'Halloran. *Maxwell.*
Country Curate. *G. R. Gleig.*
The Clockmaker. (2*s.* 6*d.*) *Sam Slick.*
Rory O'More. *Samuel Lover.*
The Manœuvring Mother. *Author of "The Flirt."*
The Two Frigates. *Cupples.*
Soldier of Lyons. *Mrs. Gore.*
The Pirate of the Mediterranean. *Kingston.*
Mothers and Daughters. *Mrs. Gore.*
The Pride of Life. *Lady Scott.*
Who is to Have it?
The Two Convicts. *Gerstaecker.*

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS—*continued.*

Feathered Arrow. *Gerstaecker.*
The Secret of a Life. *M. M. Bell.*
Caleb Stukely. *Sam. Phillips.*
Iron Cousin. *Mrs. C. Clark.*
Each for Himself. *Gerstaecker.*
Sir Roland Ashton. *Lady C. Long.*
The Greatest Plague of Life. *Mayhew.*
The Young Curate.
Matrimonial Shipwrecks. *Mrs. Maillard.*
Hajji Baba of Ispahan. *Morier.*
The Two Baronets. *Lady Charlotte Bury.*
Emily Chester.
The Man of Fortune. *Albany Fonblanque, Jun.*
Black and Gold. *Captain Patten Saunders.*
The First Lieutenant's Story. *Lady C. Long.*
Vidocq, the French Police Spy.
Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea.
Lamplighter. *Miss Cummins.*
Tom Jones. *Fielden.*
Handy Andy. *Lover.*
Gideon Giles. *Thomas Miller.*
Ben Brace. *Captain Chamier.*
The Hussar. *Gleig.*
Roderick Random. *Smollett.*
The Parson's Daughter. *Theodore Hook.*
Guy Livingstone.
Running the Gauntlet *Edmund Yates.*
Kissing the Rod. *Ditto.*
Sir Victor's Choice. *Annie Thomas.*
The Two Midshipmen. *Captain Armstrong.*
All in the Wrong. *Theodore Hook.*
Outward Bound. *By Author of "Rattlin the Reefer."*
The Widow and the Marquess. *Theodore Hook.*
The Flying Dutchman.
Joseph Andrews. *Fielding.*
Dr. Goethe's Courtship.
Half a Million of Money. *A. B Edwards.*

RAILWAY LIBRARY.

Price 1*s.* 6*d. each.* *(Postage* 4*d.)*

The Hour and the Man. *Martineau.*
Northanger Abbey. *Miss Austin.*
Peregrine Bunce. *Theodore Hook.*
The Only Daughter. *Gleig.*
Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated.
Swiss Family Robinson. do.
Sandford and Merton. do.
Evenings at Home. do.

ROUTLEDGE'S SIXPENNY NOVELS.

By J. F. COOPER.

The Waterwitch.
The Pathfinder.
The Deerslayer.
The Last of the Mohicans.
The Pilot.
The Prairie.
Eve Effingham.
The Spy.
The Red Rover.
Homeward Bound.
The Two Admirals.
Miles Wallingford.
The Pioneers.
Wyandotte.
Lionel Lincoln.
Afloat and Ashore.
The Bravo.
The Sea Lions.
The Headsman.
Precaution.
The Oak Openings.
The Heidenmauer.
Mark's Reef.
Ned Myers.
Satanstoe.
The Borderers.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Guy Mannering.
The Antiquary.
Ivanhoe.
The Fortunes of Nigel.
The Heart of Midlothian.
The Bride of Lammermoor.
Waverley.
Rob Roy.
Kenilworth.
The Pirate.
The Monastery.
Old Mortality.
Peveril of the Peak.
Quentin Durward.
St. Ronan's Well.
The Abbot.

By VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Robinson Crusoe.
Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Mrs. Stowe.*
Colleen Bawn. *Gerald Griffin.*
Vicar of Wakefield.
Sketch Book. *Washington Irving.*
Tristram Shandy. *Sterne.*
Sentimental Journey. *Do.*
English Opium Eater. *De Quincey.*
Essays of Elia. *Chas. Lamb.*
Notre Dame. *Victor Hugo.*
Roderick Random. *Smollett.*
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.
Tom Jones. 2 vols. *Fielding.*
Artemus Ward, his Book.
A. Ward among the Mormons.
The Nasby Papers.
Major Jack Downing.
The Biglow Papers.
Orpheus C. Kerr.
The Wide, Wide World. (Double vol., 1s.)
Queechy. (Double vol., 1s.)

Published by George Routledge & Sons.

ROUTLEDGE'S CHEAP LITERATURE.

Price 1*s. each.*

Life of Nelson. *Allen.*
The Vicar of Wakefield. *Goldsmith.*
Bundle of Crowquills. *Crowquill.*
Infidelity: its Cause and Cure. *Nelson.*
The Hidden Path. *Harland.*
Acting Proverbs. *Harwood.*
A Lady's Captivity among Chinese Pirates. *F. Laviot.*
Pilgrim's Progress. *Bunyan.*
Balthazar; or, Science and Love. *Balzac.*
The Christmas Hamper. *Mark Lemon.*
The Medical Student. *Albert Smith.*
Love Tales, by Heyse. *Edited by G. H. Kingsley.*
Riddles and Jokes. 3rd Series. *E. Routledge.*
Advertise: How? When? Where? *W. Smith.*
Adventures of a Sporting Dog.
Sam Spangles. *Stirling Coyne.*
Mrs. Jones' Evening Party. *E. Routledge.*
Toddles' Highland Tour. *E. Routledge.*
New Charades for the Drawing Room. *Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."*
The Sparrowgrass Papers; or, Living in the Country.
A Sea-side Sensation. *Charles Ross.*
Lives of Conservative Statesmen.
Fly Notes on Conjuring. *Col. Stodare.*
A Week with Mossoo. *C. Ross.*
Recollections of Harrow.
Mixed Sweets.
Mrs. Brown's Visit to Paris. *Arthur Sketchley.*
Miss Tomkins' Intended. *Do.*
The Public School Matches.
The Celebrated Jumping Frog. *Mark Twain.*
On the Cards.
On the Road.

Price 1*s.* 6*d. each.*

Hills of the Shatemuc. *Miss Warner.*
Flood and Field. *Maxwell.*
A Mounted Trooper's Adventures in the Australian Constabulary. *W. Burrows.*
Echoes from the Backwoods. *Sir R. Levinge.*
Land and Sea Tales. *The Old Sailor.*
Life of Admiral Lord Dundonald. *Allen.*

Price 2*s. each.*

Forest Life in Norway and Sweden. *Newland.*
Eminent Men, and Popular Books. *Reprinted from "The Times."*
Biography and Criticism. *Do.*
Sporting in both Hemispheres. *D'Ewes.*
Marvels of Science. *Fullom.*
Horses and Hounds. *Scrutator.*
Life in China. *Milne.*
Life of Julius Cæsar. *Archdeacon Williams.*
A Cruise upon Wheels. *C. A. Collins.*

BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

With Numerous Illustrations. Price 1*s. each. (Postage,* 3*d.)*

Angling, and Where to Go. *Blakey.*
Pigeons and Rabbits, in their Wild, Domestic, and Captive State, with Illustrations by Weir. *Delamer.*
Shooting. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. *Blakey.*
The Sheep: our Domestic Breeds, and their Treatment. Illustrations by Harvey. *W. C. L. Martin.*
Flax and Hemp: their Culture and Manipulation. With Plates. *Delamer.*
The Poultry Yard, comprising the Management of Fowls. Illustrated by H. Weir. *E. Watts.*
The Horse. Illustrated by Wells. *Cecil and Youatt.*
Bees: their Habits, Management, and Treatment, &c. *Rev. J. G. Wood.*
Cage and Singing Birds. *H. G. Adams.*
Small Farms, and How they ought to be Managed. *M. Doyle.*
The Kitchen Garden. *Delamer.*
The Flower Garden. *Delamer.*
The Common Objects of the Sea Shore. Boards. Illustrated with Coloured Plates. *Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.*
The Common Objects of the Country. Boards. Illustrated with Coloured Plates. *Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.*
Woodlands, Heaths, and Hedges. Boards. *Coleman.*
British Ferns. Boards. Coloured Plates. *Thomas Moore, F.L.S.*
Favourite Flowers: How to Grow Them. *A. G. Sutton.*
British Butterflies. With 200 Illustrations. Boards. *Coleman.*
Hints for Farmers. *R. Scott Burn.*
English Birds' Eggs and Nests. Illustrations by W. S. Coleman. Boards. *Rev. F. C. Atkinson.*
Life of a Nag Horse. Fcap. 8vo. Boards. *J. Taylor.*
A Field Full of Wonders. Illustrated. Boards. *C. S. Cheltnam.*
Food, Feeding, and Manure. *Sibson.*
Mr. Mechi's Farm Balance-Sheets, Lectures, and Papers on Farming.
Crab, Shrimp, and Lobster Lore. *W. B. Lord, R.A.*

Price 1*s.* 6*d. each.* (*Postage,* 2*d.*)

Cattle: their History and Various Breeds, Management, Treatment, and Diseases. Revised by W. and H. Raynbird. *W. C. L. Martin.*
The Rat. With Anecdotes. *Uncle James.*
Dogs: their Management in Health and Disease. With Illustrations. *Edward Mayhew, M.R.C.V.S.*
British Timber Trees. *John Blenkarn.*

BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY—*continued.*

Haunts of the Wild Flowers. Illustrated by Noel Humphreys. Boards. *Anne Pratt.*

Scientific Farming made Easy. Fcap. 8vo. *T. C. Fletcher, Analytical Chemist.*

Horse-Taming, Horsemanship, and Hunting. *Rarey and Sidney.*

The Pig: How to Choose, Breed, Rear, Keep, and Cure. *Youatt and Sidney.*

Price 2s., in boards.

Wild Flowers: Where to Find and How to Know Them. Illustrated. *Spencer Thomson.*

The Fine Edition, printed on superior paper in a large type, with the Plates printed in Colours, fcap. 8vo, gilt. Price 2s. 6d. each. (*Postage*, 4*d.*)

Common Objects of the Sea Shore. *Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.*
Common Objects of the Country. *Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.*
Woodlands, Heaths, and Hedges. *Coleman.*
British Ferns and Allied Plants. *Moore.*
British Butterflies. *Coleman.*
British Birds' Eggs and Nests. *Atkinson.*
Wild Flowers. *Spencer Thomson.*
Common Objects of the Microscope. *Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.*
Haunts of the Wild Flowers. *Anne Pratt.*
The Kitchen and Flower Garden. *E. S. Delamer.*
The Fresh and Salt-water Aquarium. (3*s.* 6*d.*) *Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.*

ROUTLEDGE'S SIXPENNY HANDBOOKS.

With Illustrations, and Illustrated Boarded Covers.

(*Postage* 1*d.*)

Swimming and Skating.
Gymnastics.
Chess, with Diagrams.
Whist.
Billiards and Bagatelle.
Draughts and Backgammon.
Cricket.
The Cardplayer.
Rowing and Sailing.
Riding and Driving.
Conundrums.
Archery, Fencing, and Broadsword.
Manly Exercises; Boxing, Running, and Training.
Croquet.
Fishing.
Ball Games.
Conjuring.
Football.
Quoits and Bowls.

ROUTLEDGE'S USEFUL LIBRARY.

INCLUDING THE SHILLING LAW BOOKS.

In fcap. 8vo, cloth limp or illustrated bds. (Postage 2d.)

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Letter Writer, containing Letters on the Simplest Matters of Life, with Applications for Situations, and a Copious Appendix of Forms of Addresses, &c.

*** *The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Letter Writer, in Separate Books, 6d. each.*

Martin Doyle's Things Worth Knowing, a Book of General Practical Utility.

Landlord and Tenant (The Law of), with an Appendix of Useful Forms, Glossary of Law Terms. *W. A. Holdsworth.*

History of France, from the Earliest Period to the Peace of Paris, 1856. *Amelia B. Edwards.*

Wills, Executors, and Administrators (The Law of), with Useful Forms. *W. A. Holdsworth.*

Rundell's Domestic Cookery, unabridged, with illustrations. *W. T. Coleman, M.D.*

Notes on Health; How to Preserve and Regain it.

Common Objects of the Microscope, with 400 Illustrations by Tuffen West. *Rev. J. G. Wood.*

The Law of Bankruptcy. *W. A. Holdsworth.*

One Thousand Hints for the Table, including Wines.

The County Court Guide, with Forms. *W. A. Holdsworth.*

Geology for the Million, by M. Plues, edited by Rev. J. G. Wood.

A Handy Book of Criminal Law. *W. A. Holdsworth.*

The Licensed Victuallers' Handbook. *Do.*

How to Make Money. *E. T. Freedley.*

Infant Management. *Mrs. Pedley.*

Practical Housekeeping. *Mrs. Pedley.*

A Manual of Weathercasts. *Steinmetz.*

Commercial Letter Writer. *P. L. Simmonds.*

The Law of Cabs and Omnibuses. *W. T. Charley.*

Home Book of Domestic Economy. *Anne Bowman.*

Common Things of Every Day Life. *Anne Bowman.*

A Handbook of English Prose and Dramatic Literature.

A Handbook of English Poetry.

Price 1s. 6d. each.

Landmarks of the History of England. *Rev. Jas. White.*

Landmarks of the History of Greece, with a Map. *Do.*

Price 2s.

The Family Lawyer. *A. Fonblanque.*

ROUTLEDGE'S SHILLING SONG BOOKS.

EDITED AND COMPILED BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Fcap. 24*mo*, *boards*, *with fancy covers.* (*Postage* 2*d.*)

The Modern Song Book.
The Popular Song Book.
The New Universal Song Book.
The Comic Song Book.
The Humorous Song Book.
The New British Song Book.
The Entertainer's Song Book.
The New Standard Song Book.
The Comic Vocalist.
The New Scotch Song Book.
The New Irish Song Book.
The Moral Song Book.
The Religious Song Book.

ROUTLEDGE'S SIXPENNY SONG BOOKS.

EDITED BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Each 144 *pp. fcap.* 24*mo*, *fancy covers.* (*Postage* 1*d.*)

The Fire-Side Song Book.
The Home Songster.
The British Song Book.
Songs for all Ages.
The Select Songster.
The Convivial Songster.
Merry Songs for Merry Meetings.
The Funny Man's Song Book.
The Fashionable Song Book.
The Drawing Room Song Book.
The Laughable Song Book.
The Sensation Songster.
Everybody's Song Book.
The Social Song Book.
The Family Song Book.
The Amusing Songster.
The Social Songster.
Songs for all Seasons.
The Droll Ditty Song Book.
The Whimsical Songster.
The Highland Songster.
The Blue Bell Songster.
The Shamrock Songster.
The Mavourneen Songster.
The Sacred Songster.
The Devout Songster.
Songs for the Righteous.
Songs of Grace.

ROUTLEDGE'S CHEAP COOKERY BOOKS.

Routledge's New Cookery Book. *7s. 6d. AnneBowman.*
Francatelli's Cookery. *6d.*
Soyer's Cookery for the People. *1s.*
Mrs. Rundell's Domestic Cookery. *1s.*
One Thousand Hints for the Table. *1s.*
Mrs. Rundell's Domestic Cookery. *2s.*
The British Cookery Book. *3s. 6d.*

ROUTLEDGE'S HOUSEHOLD MANUALS.

Price 6d. each. (*Postage 1d.*)

The Cook's Own Book.
The Lady's Letter Writer.
Gentleman's Letter Writer.
The Village Museum.
How to Cook Apples in 100 Ways.
How to Cook Eggs in 100 Ways.
How to Cook Rabbits in 124 Ways.
Everyday Blunders in Speaking
How to Cook Potatoes.
How to Cook Fish.
The Lover's Letter Writer.
Cholera, by Dr. Lankester.
Home Nursing.
How to Make Soups.
How to Cook Onions.
Good Food. *Dr. Lankester.*
Dinners and Housekeeping.
How to Preserve Fruit.
Routledge's Recipe Book.
Ready Remedies for Common Complaints.
How to Dress Salad.
How to Cook Game.
How to Make Cakes.
Lady Housekeeper's Poultry Yard.
How to Cook Vegetables.

ROUTLEDGE'S 6d. MINIATURE LIBRARY.

Cloth, gilt edges. (*Postage 1d.*)

The Language of Flowers.
Etiquette for Gentlemen.
Etiquette for Ladies.
Etiquette of Courtship and Matrimony.
The Ball-Room Manual.
Carving.
Toasts and Sentiments.
How to Dress Well.

BEADLE'S LIBRARY.

Price 6d. each.

Seth Jones.
Alice Wilde.
The Frontier Angel.
Malaeska.
Uncle Ezekiel.
Massasoit's Daughter.
Bill Biddon, Trapper.
The Backwoods' Bride.
Nat Todd.
Myra, the Child of Adoption.
The Golden Belt.
Sybil Chase.
Monowano, the Shawnee Spy.
Brethren of Coast.
King Barnaby.
The Forest Spy.
The Far West.
The Riflemen of Miami.
Alicia Newcombe.
The Hunter's Cabin.
The Block House.
The Allens.
Esther ; or, The Oregon Trail.
Ruth Margerie.
Oonomoo, the Huron.
The Gold Hunters.
The Two Guards.
Single Eye, the Indians' Terror.
Mabel Meredith.
Ahmo's Plot.
The Scout.
The King's Man.
Kent, the Ranger.
The Peon Prince.
Irona.
Laughing Eyes.
Mahaska, the Indian Queen.
The Slave Sculptor.
Myrtle.
Indian Jem.
The Wrecker's Bride.
The Brigantine.
The Indian Queen.
The Moose Hunter.
The Cave Child.
The Lost Trail.
The Wreck of the Albion.
Joe Davis's Client.
The Cuban Heiress.
The Hunter's Escape.
The Silver Bugle.
Pomfret's Ward.
Quindaro.
The Rival Scouts.
The Trapper's Pass.
The Hermit.
The Oronoco Chief.
On the Plains.
The Scout's Prize.
Red Plume.
The Three Hunters.
The Secret Shot.
The Prisoner of the Mill.
The Black Hollow.
The Seminole Chief.
On the Deep.
Captain Molly.
Star Eyes.
The Twin Scouts.
The Mad Skipper.
Little Moccasin.
The Doomed Hunter.
Eph Peters.
The Fugitives.
Big Foot, the Guide.
Ruth Harland.
Karaibo.
The Shawnee's Foe.
The Creole Sisters.
The Mohigan Bride.
The Maid of Wyoming.
The Hunchback.
Bald Eagle.
Old Jupe.

ROUTLEDGE'S CHEAP DICTIONARIES.

EDITED BY DR. NUTTALL.

Well printed. Bound in cloth.

Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, containing all the New Words. 1*s.*

Diamond Dictionary, 640 pages, 25,000 words, clear type. 1*s.*

Johnson's Dictionary, adapted to the Present State of Literature. 1*s.*

Johnson's Dictionary. 1*s.*

Webster's Pronouncing Dictionary: 2,000 New Words; Scripture Names. 1*s.*

Johnson's Pocket Dictionary, with Walker's Pronunciation. 32mo. 9*d.*

Johnson's Pocket Dictionary. Royal 32mo. 6*d.*

Nuttall's, Dr., Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Founded on Walker, Webster, Worcester, Craig, Ogilvie. Cloth, 800 pages, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Roxburghe binding, gilt tops, 5*s.*

CHEAP RECKONERS.

Masters' Ready Reckoner, 17th Edition, Edited by John Heaton, comprises Tables of Interest, Commission, Wages, Percentage and Profit, Time, Weights and Measures, Decimal Tables, &c. 1*s.*

The Miniature Ready Reckoner. 6*d.*

The Tradesman's Ready Calculator of Measurement for Masons, Plasterers, Painters, &c. Shows the contents, in square yards, of any space measured in feet and inches. 6*d.*

Routledge's Ready Reckoner. By John Heaton. 1*s.* 6*d.*

ROUTLEDGE'S PENNY TABLE BOOK.

64 pages of Useful Information.

Published by George Routledge & Sons.

J. Ogden & Co., Printers, 172, St. John Street, E.C.

BEADLE'S AMERICAN SIXPENNY PUBLICATIONS.

EACH WORK ORIGINAL AND COMPLETE.

LIBRARY.

1. Seth Jones.
2. Alice Wilde.
3. The Frontier Angel.
4. Malaeska.
5. Uncle Ezekiel.
6. Massasoit's Daughter.
7. Bill Biddon, Trapper.
8. The Backwoods Bride.
9. Natt Todd.
10. Myra, the Child of Adoption.
11. The Golden Belt.
12. Sybil Chase.
13. Monowano, the Shawnee Spy.
14. The Brethren of the Coast.
15. King Barnaby.
16. The Forest Spy.
17. The Far West.
18. Riflemen of the Miami.
19. Alicia Newcombe.
20. The Hunter's Cabin.
21. The Block House.
22. The Allens.
23. Esther; or, The Oregon Trail.
24. Ruth Margerie.
25. Oonomoo, the Huron.
26. The Gold Hunters.
27. The Two Guards.
28. Single Eye, the Indians' Terror.
29. Mabel Meredith.
30. Ahmo's Plot.
31. The Scout.
32. The King's Man.
33. Kent, the Ranger.
34. The Peon Prince.
35. Irona.
36. Laughing Eyes.
37. Mahaska, the Indian Queen.
38. The Slave Sculptor.
39. Myrtle.
40. Indian Jim.
41. The Wrecker's Prize.
42. The Brigantine.
43. The Indian Queen.
44. The Moose Hunter.
45. The Cave Child.
46. The Lost Trail.
47. Wreck of the Albion.
48. Joe Davies's Client.
49. The Cuban Heiress.
50. The Hunter's Escape.
51. The Silver Bugle.
52. Pomfret's Ward.
53. Quindaro.
54. Rival Scouts.
55. The Trapper's Pass.
56. The Hermit.
57. The Oronoco Chief.
58. On the Plains.
59. The Scout's Prize.
60. Red Plume.
61. The Three Hunters.
62. The Secret Shot.
63. The Prisoner of the Mill.
64. Black Hollow.
65. The Seminole Chief.
66. On the Deep.
67. Captain Molly.
68. Star Eyes.
69. The Twin Scouts.
70. The Mad Skipper.
71. Little Moccasin.
72. The Doomed Hunter.
73. Eph Peters.
74. The Fugitives.
75. Bigfoot, the Guide.
76. Ruth Harland.
77. Karaibo.
78. The Shawnees' Foe.
79. The Creole Sisters.
80. The Mohegan Maiden.
81. The Maid of Wyoming.
82. The Hunchback.

BIOGRAPHIES.

Life of Garibaldi.
Life of Col. David Crockett.
Life and Times of Daniel Boone.
Kit Carson.
Pontiac, the Conspirator.
Fremont.
Life of Tecumseh.

TALES.

The Hunted Life.
Madge Wylde.
Hunting Adventures in the Northern Wilds.
Thayen-da-ne-gea.
Florida.
Legends of the Missouri and Mississippi. Parts I., II., III.

USEFUL LIBRARY.

Ready Remedies for Common Complaints.
Cookery Book.
Recipe Book.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

London: George Routledge and Sons, The Broadway, Ludgate.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

TRADE MARK.

STATISTICS show that 50,000 Persons annually fall Victims to Pulmonary Disorders, including Consumption, Diseases of the Chest, and the Respiratory Organs. Prevention is at all times better than cure; be, therefore, prepared during the wet and wintry season, with a supply of KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, which possess the virtue of averting, as well as of curing a Cough or Cold; they are good alike for the young or for the aged—they soothe bronchial irritation; and for improving the voice, the Preacher, Statesman, Singer, and Actor have long patronized them.

TESTIMONIAL FROM COLONEL HEWETT, J.P. AND D.L., 3RD BRIGADE CARDIFF ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.

"*Ter. Mab. Ellis, Ponty-Pridd, Glamorgan, May, 1866.*

"DEAR SIR,—I was attacked with a severe cough, which your Lozenges removed in a few days. My servants also, by taking your Lozenges, were soon cured.

"I feel it a duty (to the public) to offer my testimony to their efficacy, which you are at liberty to publish.

"Yours truly, W. HEWETT.

"To Mr. Thomas Keating."

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1*s.* 1½*d.*, and Tins, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* each, by THOMAS KEATING, CHEMIST, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

CHILDREN'S WORM TABLETS

(KEATING'S).

THE great remedy for these disorders in Children can now be administered IN THE FORM OF A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, at once agreeable and effective.

"*Hydrographic Office, Admiralty, 30th September, 1867.*

"SIR,—On Wednesday last my wife purchased at your Shop a tin case of your Worm Tablets. She gave only four in three days to my little boy, 5½ years of age, as he has had a sad cough, and looked ill, with a tickling of his nose for the last eight months, and on Saturday afternoon he voided a large worm eight inches in length, and he appears already to be a different child.

"Your obedient Servant,

"EDWARD DUNSTERVILLE, Commander R.N.

"32, St. Augustine Road, Camden New Town, N.W. And Admiralty, S.W."

Prepared and sold in Tins, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C., and Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

JOSEPH FOSTER, Printer.